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# Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 10, 1990

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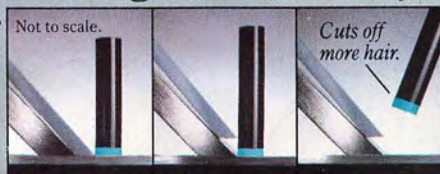
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WISNIEWS

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# Sports Illustrated

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## FROM THE PUBLISHER

**S**ENIOR EDITOR MIKE BEVANS, THE GUIDING HAND BEHIND THIS week's pro football preview package, is not the kind of guy you find careering around the bases of a softball diamond or rushing to daylight in a touch football game on his days off. Unlike many thirtysomething, deskbound American males, he doesn't relive the athletic highlights of his youth, because he didn't have any.

As a lumbering Little League first baseman in Baltimore, Bevans hit some opposite-field doubles—"Anyone else would have had a few triples," he says—and he quit peewee football after the third practice. He didn't survive the first cut for his ninth-grade basketball team and spent a season on the jayvee rifle team without getting a chance to shoot in a match. He even had to be saved from drowning in his high school swimming pool. "I was sports editor of the school newspaper, so I wrote a lot about my phys-ed teachers,"

says Bevans. "It was the only way I could pass gym."

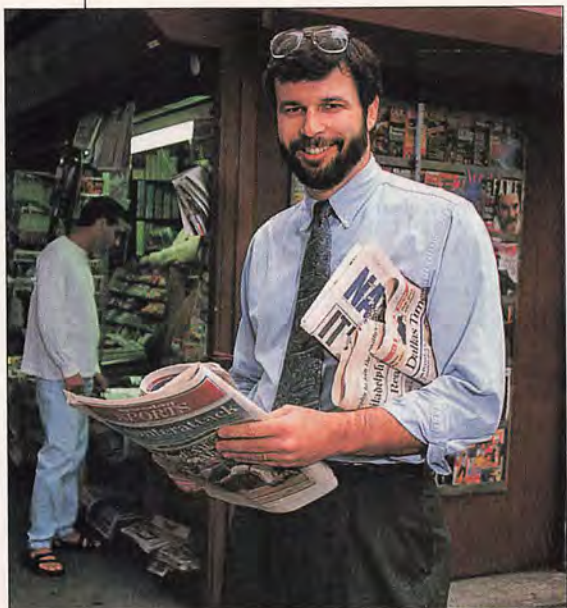
But a career was born, and when Bevans went off to Virginia Commonwealth University in 1970, he began working for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, taking high school football results over the phone on Friday nights. He spent nine years at the *Times-Dispatch*, working his way up to become the paper's Atlantic Coast Conference beat writer.

He moved down Interstate 64 to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* as a writer-editor in 1979, and shortly afterward the sports columnist job opened up. When sports editor George McClelland filled it with another writer,

Bevans went to the boss to vent some steam. "George fired back that I was not a good enough writer to be the columnist and that my future was as an editor," says Bevans. "I didn't have an argument for him then, and I don't have one for him now."

In 1981 Bevans went to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and was quickly promoted to assistant sports editor. Then it was on to the *Dallas Times Herald* as executive sports editor, to *New York Newsday* as a senior sports news editor and to *The National* as a senior editor. That's where SI found him in March, two blocks away in Manhattan.

So far he has been delighted with the opportunity to focus on pro football rather than having to react to all the volatile goings-on in big sports towns like Philadelphia, Dallas and New York. "I knew I had made the right choice to leave newspapers," says Bevans, "when George Steinbrenner fired Bucky Dent and it didn't mess up my day."



Bevans's career in journalism has left a paper trail.

*Donald J. Barr*

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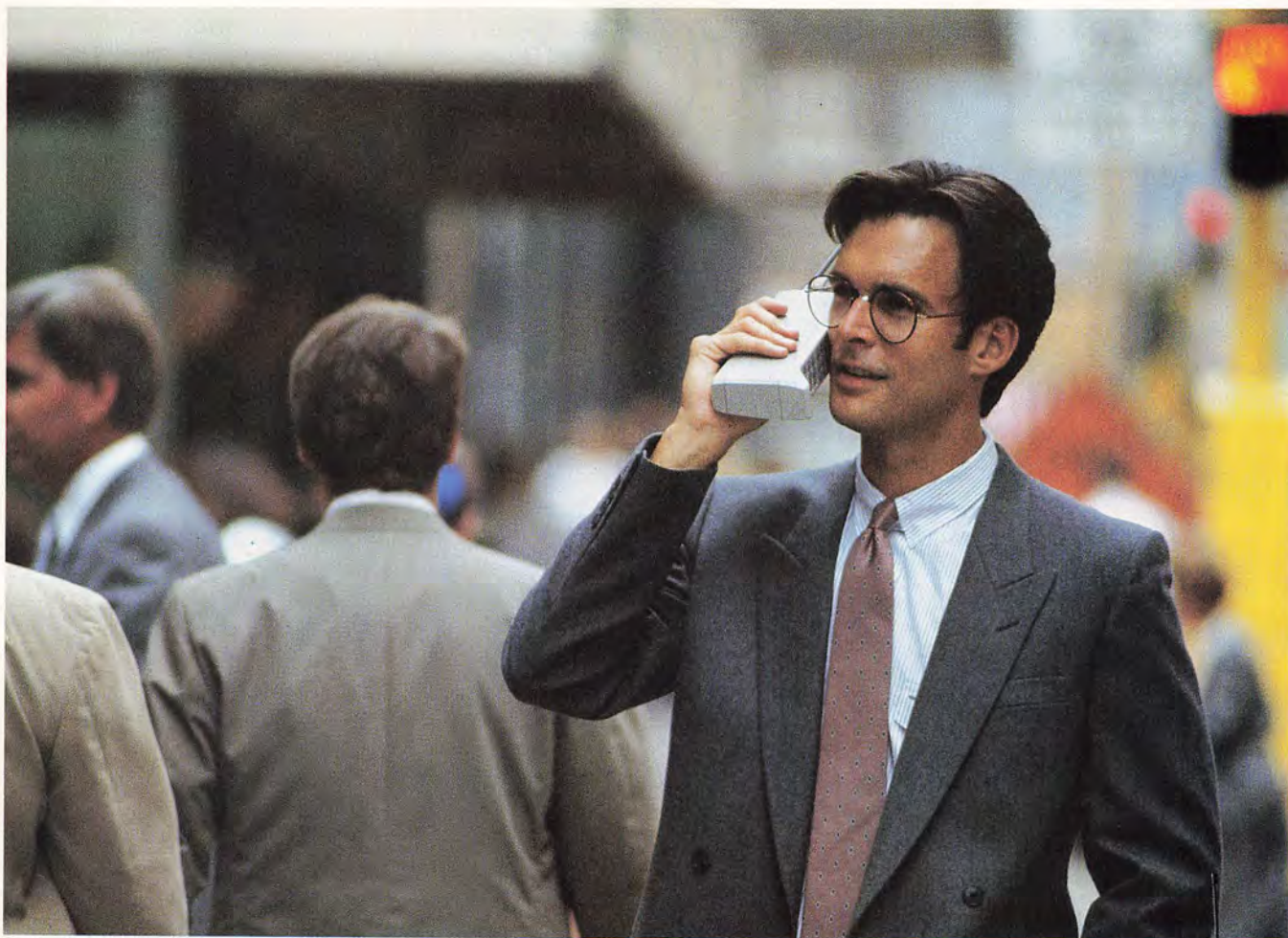
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*Art Into Life: Russian Constructivism 1914-1932* was organized by the Henry Art Gallery of the University of Washington, Seattle, in collaboration with the Ministry of Culture of the U.S.S.R. and the E.V. Vuchetich National Art Production Union, and in association with the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.



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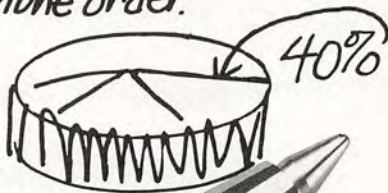
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## THE AUTOGRAPH GAME

E.M. Swift's article about autograph collecting (*Back Off!*, Aug. 13) speaks volumes about what has happened in this country. The only things that seem to matter these days, even to youngsters, have dollar signs attached to them.

Thirty-five to 40 years ago, when I lingered outside the Polo Grounds and Eb-

bets Field at least an hour after a game had concluded, I *settled* for an occasional autograph. But the memories I most treasure are the handshakes from Willie Mays, Duke Snider, Roy Campanella and others, and my having the opportunity to tell them how much they meant to me.

NORMAN KRASNE  
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

The autograph scene hasn't changed all that much from the early 1940s; it has just become better organized and more noticeable. My father tells of getting Ted Williams's autograph. Dad was waiting down the street from Yankee Stadium while his friend Tom Bolen waited with a mob of fans by the players' entrance. Suddenly, an empty cab pulled up in front of my father and Ted Williams came rushing from the Stadium. Dad asked Williams for his autograph, and, seeing the mob charging toward them, Williams told my father to get in the cab with him. People were starting to shove pencils and paper at Williams through the cab window as it pulled away. The cab went around the block while Williams gave my father his autograph and then dropped him off. My father has passed the card down to me.

JEFFREY M. PADELL  
East Walpole, Mass.



The classic Norman Rockwell painting of the three umpires deliberating about a rainout has always confused me. The scoreboard shows the score to be 1-0 Pittsburgh, bottom of the sixth. Wouldn't this go into the books as an official game, Pittsburgh winning? Why then is the Pittsburgh manager so upset and the Brooklyn manager so gleefully pointing up to the clouds?

JIM DEFILIPPI  
Colchester, Vt.

• The players in the Red Sox painting, as they were identified at the time by the *Post*: Seated, from left to right, are catcher Sammy White, Sullivan and Jensen; standing are (as the *Post* put it) "John J. Anonymous," Ted Williams (actually a model stand-in for Williams, who wasn't present when Rockwell painted the picture) and a Pittsfield High student named Sherman Safford; and barely visible, at right, is infielder Billy Goodman.

As for the rainout cover, the *Post* wrote that Rockwell imagined Dodger coach Clyde Sukeforth saying, "You may be all wet, but it ain't raining a drop," and Pirate manager Billy Meyer responding, "For the love of Abner Doubleday, how can we play in this cloudburst?" The decision of umpires Larry Goetz, Beans Reardon and Lou Gorda is still up in the air. —ED.

## ROCKWELL REPLAYS

In your feature on *Saturday Evening Post* covers (*An Illustrious Pastime*, Aug. 6), the player sitting on the left side of the Red Sox bench on Norman Rockwell's March 2, 1957, cover looks like pitcher Frank Sullivan. Sitting to his right, tying his shoe, is outfielder Jackie Jensen. Can you tell me who the others are?

PAUL LARKIN  
Sparta, N.J.



I'm in the eighth grade and earlier this summer at La Salle basketball camp [former La Salle forward and first-round draft pick] Lionel Simmons came in. All the kids, tons of them, followed him around, waving sheets of paper and pens. I thought I would love to be Lionel at that moment, but after reading E.M. Swift's article, I thought, What if every moment was like that one?

KEVIN RYAN  
Flourtown, Pa.

## RYAN'S 300TH

Steve Rushin's article about Nolan Ryan and his 300th victory (*As Big as All Texas*, Aug. 13) was the pleasure of my week. I was one of the 55,000 in attendance at Milwaukee to witness the great event. When Ryan left the game in the eighth inning to a standing ovation of more than two minutes, it almost brought tears to my eyes. Reading Rushin's article had the same effect. This is what baseball is supposed to be about: great athletes, great role models and great achievements.

ERIK LILYQUIST  
Sheboygan, Wis.

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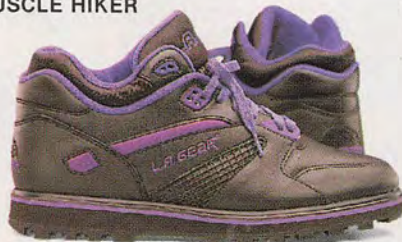
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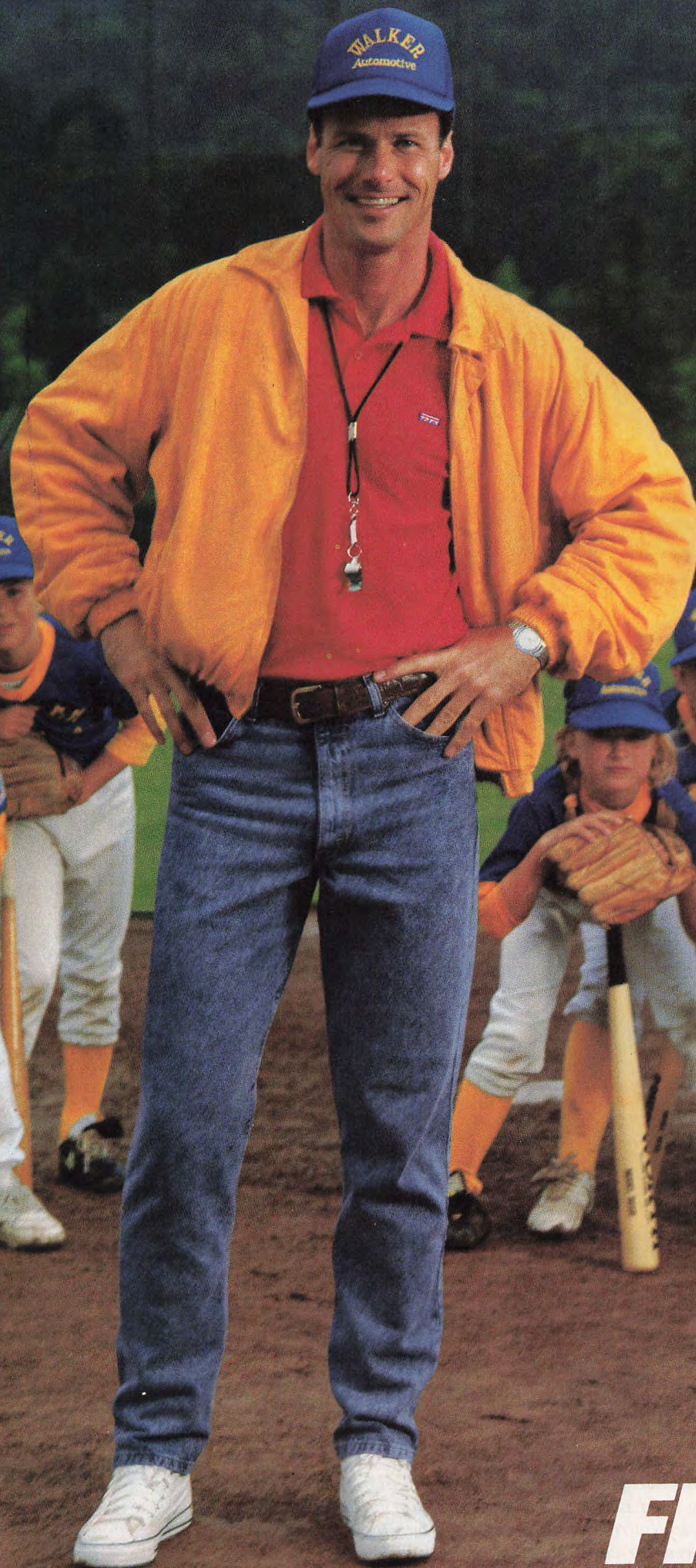
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***FITS.***



FOCUS

# LIFE IS A BALL HERE IN ADA

*An Ohio town is a major pigskin provider*

BY FRANZ LIDZ ■

IT'S HERE: BIG TWIN CRISPY CURLS! ONLY \$1.49! That's what the sign says outside Hardee's, the only restaurant in Ada, Ohio.

"If we need a shepherd . . . we must be sheep." That's the sermon pastor Robert Cassidy delivered a few Sundays back at Ada's First Baptist Church.

"We're the football capital of the world." That's Ada's civic credo. The town is home to a 52-year-old football-manufacturing factory, by far the biggest one owned by Wilson Sporting Goods of River Grove, Ill.

Nestled amid the corn and bean fields of Hardin County, Ada is seven miles from Dola, which is three miles from Dunkirk, which is 14 miles from Mount Blanchard, which is 12 miles from Findlay. The name Ada came not from the Vladimir Nabokov novel, but instead belonged to a postal official's favorite sister. It's the sort of drowsy little college town—Ohio Northern has its campus here—in which you can watch the corn grow, fill your tank at the Sohio station, toss back a brew at the Regal Beagle or get buried in Woodlawn Cemetery.

"The last exciting thing that happened

in Ada was back in '78, when they put in the new sewer line," says Peggy Price, who runs the football plant's power press. When her foreman saw the ditch being dug along Main Street, he exclaimed, "I told you Ada's a dead town. Look! They're burying it."

Dead Ada may be, but it gives life to more than a million footballs every year. The bins in Wilson's ballworks brim with the newborn K2 Pee Wees, 1001s, Super Bowl XXVs, Touchdowns, Vinny Testaverde Autographs, and NFLs—the triple-lined, lock-stitched beauties a select few of which, those chosen for the pros, are called the "Green Berets of footballs" by company public relations man Alan Schultz.

The college and high school balls are distinguished by the half stripe on the ends. Colleges can play with any brand they want, but these days the college ball that started it all for Wilson, the KR, is nowhere in sight. Named for Knute Rockne, the KR is now as outmod-

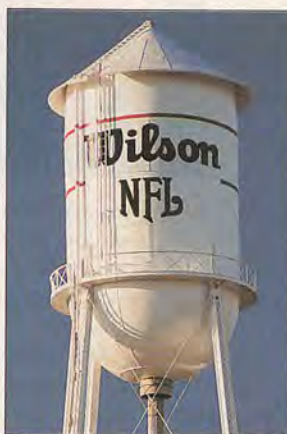
ed as the Notre Dame Shift. But the plant still makes plenty of Dukes, which was the official ball of the NFL from 1941 to '70. "We've been the league's sole supplier of balls for almost 50 years," says Schultz. "Since the U.S. entered World War II, ev-

ery pro touchdown, field goal and extra point has been made with a Wilson ball." Not to mention every fumble and every interception.

Wilson took over the factory from the Ohio-Kentucky Manufacturing Company in 1955 and the next year came up with balls made from a slightly tacky but "fumbleproof" skin known as "TD leather," the result of a special tanning process.

Since then, the changes haven't been so obvious, though Wilson now puts out an "exotic" line in

fake crocodile, horned toad, elephant, ostrich—everything, it seems, but real pigskin. "Football has never been made out of pigs," says Dan Riegle, a hog farmer who works as the factory's purchasing manager. "You just can't throw a good



Ada's water tower underscores the fact that Wilson workers and their products are all-important.





**Riegle, a hog farmer and the factory's purchasing manager, knows Wilson's footballs aren't made from pigs. Moore (right) turns a ball right side out for lacing later.**

spiral with a pig." Then again, footballs can't walk the extra 10 yards into the end zone. (No one is certain how pigskins came by their name, but there are historical references to 12th-century "futballe" players in England using inflated pig bladders as balls.)

Footballs have always been made out of cows, which is something everyone in Ada knows from the age of three. "You get about 10 balls to a hide, 20 to a steer," says Bill Cheney, a cutter. He's 58, and he's been at the plant for 42 years.

Cutting and matching the football's four panels is the first of the 50 or so steps in the ball-making process. "A football comes in quarters, like the game," Cheney says. "My brother Merle used to match the pieces for color." Merle finally retired a couple of years ago after 39 years of matchmaking.

Many Ada families have worked for Wilson for a long, long time. "Generation after generation," says Rita Rowe, a lacer whose brother, two sisters, daughter, two sons, daughter-in-law and Aunt Maudie Howard have all labored in the cavernous shop. The factory's 173 employees gather once a year for the company picnic. "Our game is softball," says Tom Elkins, a plant



manager of such eminence that a football bearing his name is stenciled onto his parking space. "If we played football, too many people would want to see me on the other side."

Ada's football makers are a slaphappy bunch whose initiation rites date back to the first forward pass. Wilson rookies are asked to fetch the leather stretcher, a cousin of the lefthanded monkey wrench. They crisscross the plant in intricate post patterns before someone finally exclaims, "A leather stretcher! There ain't no such thing!"

"We do lots of crazy things here," says Jane

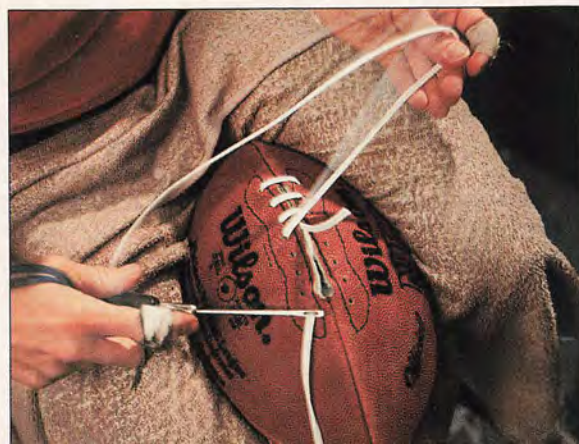
Dunson, who has been branding balls with the names of leagues, teams, players, sponsors and bowl games for 24 years. Stamping comes right after cutting and matching. "You see all kinds of different things on the balls," she says, as fond and forbearing as a daughter who has heard the same old story about 112 times. "The work I do changes all the time."

One of the most momentous changes in Dunson's workday came last year when Wilson began searing PAUL TAGLIABUE onto its NFL balls. The new commissioner's penmanship confounded Dunson. His tiny signature annoyed her. The pronunciation of his name confused her. She had to write TAG-LEE-A-BOO on a piece of cardboard and tape it to her stamping machine. "You look at his name, and it just don't come out Tagliabue," she says.

Though Ada is closer to Cincinnati and Detroit, most of Wilson's workers are dyed-in-the-gut Cleveland Browns fans. Price roots for the Los Angeles Raiders. "I used to like to watch Jim Plunkett," she says, standing on one foot as she punches out holes for the laces. "He practically never put his fingers over the grip cord. With Plunkett, I'd always know if the laces were laying straight. I don't care about anything else. That might be greedy, or it might be selfish, but I want to see the laces."

For Price, nothing is quite as gripping as the way a quarterback holds the ball. Terry Bradshaw always kept his thumb on the valve, she says, while Joe Montana spreads his fingers over the lacing. "Randall Cunningham's fingers are so long, they seem to overlap. Whether they really do, I don't know."

A sturdy, expansive woman, Price talks about her job with pride, and with poetry in her voice. "I handle more footballs in a day than most pro quarterbacks do in their careers," she says. "I put my hand on every ball that goes out. Nobody else in





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the world can say that. It's a pretty good feeling." Price gave a Wilson ball to her nephew, Rick Combs, when he graduated from high school in 1973. But Combs never played with it. "He couldn't," she says, "it was his sleep ball."

Combs became so enamored of his sleep ball that he brought it along to college. "I don't know why," Price says. "He just loved it so good, I guess." She's unsure if ball and boy still share the same bed.

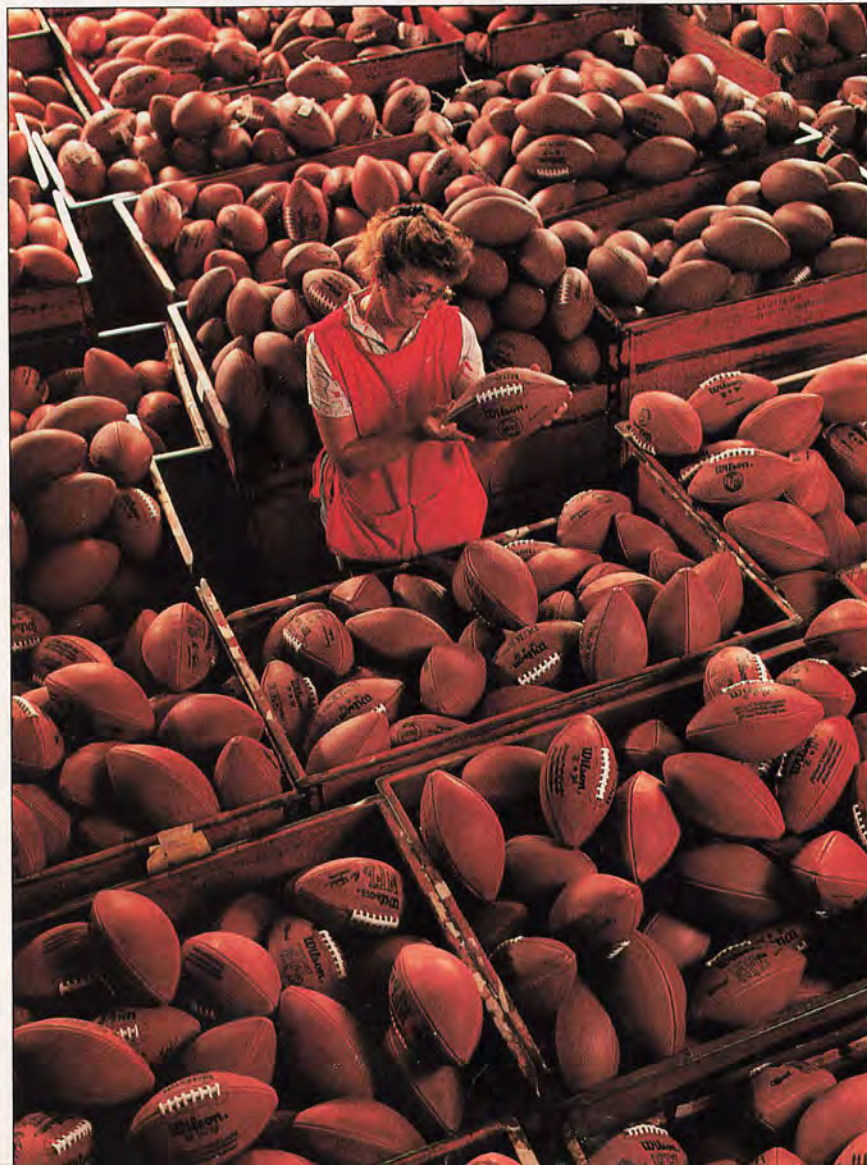
"Rick has a wife now, so I can't really say," says Price. "Come to think of it, though, he didn't get married for many years. Maybe that's why."

The workers at Wilson try not to become too attached to individual balls. "When I get out of here on Fridays, I want to forget I've ever seen a football," says turner Charlie Moore. He still loves his job after 26 years. "By the time Sunday

comes along, I turn on the TV and say, 'Hey, there's my ball.'" Moore is slim and angular at 44, and his grave demeanor and dignified bearing contrast oddly with the mauve tank top and designer jeans he is wearing this day. After fabric and vinyl linings have been stitched to the leather, he reaches into the opening that eventually will be laced closed and turns the inside-out balls outside out.

Turning is muscle work, and no one has been at it longer than Moore. Wilson's nine other turners have all apprenticed under him. They had to turn for at least a year before he would let them near an NFL ball. "That one has to be perfect," he says. "The ends have to be out right, and there can't be no lips nor twists." He holds a turned ball in his hands, which are

**Pam Clark, an inspector, checks footballs for imperfections before they leave the factory.**



cracked and callused and stained the same purplish-brown as the leather.

No female has held the job in years. The last one lasted six hours, which is about five hours longer than most male applicants.

Most of the lacers, on the other hand, are women. They sit in three rows, rocking and swaying like an assembly of Holy Rollers. "You'd think after 20 years I'd have strong arms," says Rowe, "but they haven't developed at all. You pull and you pull and you pull, but the motion's all in your wrist."

She jams lacing into the leather in silvery swoops, like Charlie Chaplin tightening bolt after bolt on the conveyor belt in *Modern Times*. Her fingers are swaddled in masking tape and moleskin. "Sometimes at night I wake up with my hand clenched in a claw," she says. "It takes me a while to straighten out my fingers."

Lacers, like the rest of the workers, get paid by the lot: NFL balls fetch the most, but require the most difficult of the three lacing stitches. "An NFL ball takes me a minute and a half," Rowe says. "I can lace the cheaper models in less than a minute, but that's really getting on it."

Rowe never looks at what's printed on the balls she laces. "All I can tell you is that the quarterback of the Cleveland Browns is named Bernie Carbo."

You mean Bernie Kosar?

"That just shows how much I know," Rowe says.

When the balls have been inflated to a pressure of 13 pounds, a team of inspectors examines ball upon ball, bin upon bin, turning and turning, first one panel, then another. In smocks the colors of traffic lights, the inspectors weed out deflating balls with leaky valves, gassy balls with distended bladders, scruffy balls with bad complexions. If there is hope, the weak and bloated are referred to Sara Belle Vermillion, a football surgeon known around the plant as Dr. Repair.

"I used to dream I'd be sitting in the factory, lacing busted footballs," says Vermillion, who's been with Wilson since it arrived in Ada. "I'd lace and I'd lace and I'd lace some more."

And then?

"I'd finish lacing, and after a while I'd wake up. You've got to understand I had those dreams a long time ago. I'm 63 now. I don't dream much anymore." ■

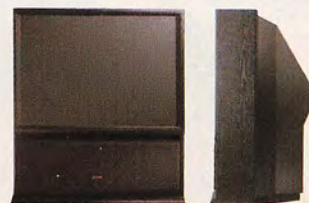




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# THE ATHLETES WERE ON A ROLL IN NEW ORLEANS

*The 10th National Veterans Wheelchair Games were a display of courage and skill*

BY MERRELL NODEN

Mark Shepherd has all the tools a scrappy point guard needs: speed, smarts and an instinct for the game's flowing geometry. He has one other tool—a wheelchair. He is a paraplegic. Four years ago, in the wee hours of July 17, 1986, Shepherd's car flipped over on a sandy stretch of road near Fairfield, Calif. His back was broken, and he was left with no feeling below the T-12 vertebra, two thirds of the way down his spine.

That, however, is not what comes to mind when you watch Shepherd on a basketball court. At the 10th National Veterans Wheelchair Games, which were held in New Orleans over five hot, humid days at the end of June, the blond, 36-year-old Shepherd was a dynamo. One moment the former army sergeant was driving the length of the court to flip in an underhand layup, the next he was dropping a 12-footer. His passes found Gordon Perry, a member of the 12-athlete guest contingent from Great Britain that was participating in the New Orleans games. Perry,

36, lost his left leg and part of his pelvis to cancer 11 years ago. Though Shepherd and Perry had never met before, they were assigned to the same basketball team. Perry said, "We knitted together from the first." Indeed, they combined for 33 points to lead their team to a 57-40 victory in the championship game.

The rules of wheelchair basketball are only slightly different from those for able-bodied players. Competitors can touch their wheels twice without dribbling; a third touch draws a whistle for a "walk." They can stay in the lane for five seconds. A "personal advantage" foul, unique to wheelchair basketball, is called when a

player takes advantage of an athlete more severely disabled than he—when, for instance, a player raises himself up to gain a height advantage over his opponent. But these differences are minor, and the wheelchair game otherwise looks familiar. Players don't dunk, but they do set picks, work the give-and-go and shoot three-pointers.

Shepherd is an ardent spokesman for his sport. He quickly pointed out to someone who hadn't watched wheelchair basketball be-

**Tennis was one of the two demonstration sports that were included by the organizers.**

fore that impressive as the games in New Orleans might have looked, they were not top level—the teams were put together in New Orleans to assure a more even competition. "We don't want people to view us benevolently," said Shepherd. "I'd rather not be included in the scheme of things if it is only done out of charity. We want them to watch because our games are exciting and fast paced."

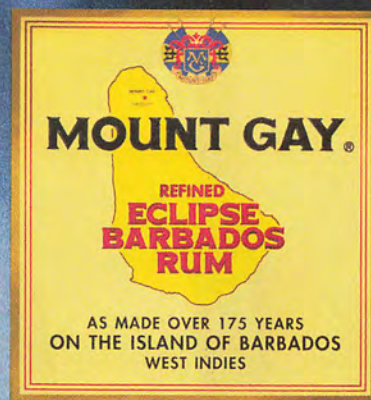
The Wheelchair Games in New Orleans were certainly that. But Shepherd and the 540 other athletes who took part provided more than entertainment. They also breathed life into the platitudes some people recite about the salutary benefits of sport. The competition was fierce but never unfriendly. Athletes were as eager to see their rivals perform well as they were to do so themselves. They gave their all, whether that meant bench-pressing 375 pounds, as did 236-pound Kater Cornwell of Charlotte, N.C.; swimming the 25-yard free in 47.84 seconds, as did Ken Wright of Cupertino, Calif., who is classed 1A—the most severely limited of quadriplegics—yet is a world-class athlete within that group; or putting the shot 14' 10", which was a personal best for 30-year-old Adrian Patterson, a 1B quad-

**Shepherd led the winning basketball team and played a racquetball exhibition.**






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riplegic from Orange, N.J., who was a PFC in the Marine Corps. "I don't have much distance," said Patterson, "but I have beautiful form."

They left ordinary people struggling to describe the feelings they inspired. Actually, the word *inspired* would make wheelchair athletes cringe. "They don't want to be p.r. people for the disabled," said Jennifer Young, a physical therapist and coach for the athletes from the Seattle VA Medical Center. "But that's kind of what they are."

Like it or not, they inspired each other. After watching quadriplegics maneuver up and down ramps and backward and forward through the pylons of a tortuous slalom course, 44-year-old Lewis Martinez, a quadriplegic who won gold medals in three track events, turned to a friend. "You should see the guys who steer with their chins," he said. "It freaks me out."

Similarly affected were those who clustered outside Tulane University's Reily Student Recreation Center racquetball

courts to watch Shepherd take on Dan Hendee, the able-bodied coach of the Ann Arbor, Mich. wheelchair athletes, in a racquetball exhibition. Hendee won 15-7, 15-8, 15-5, but had to work hard to do so. "With the two bounces [a wheelchair athlete is allowed], I have very little advantage," said Hendee. "I can get him off balance, but I can get other people off balance, too. Mark is so agile, those two bounces don't give me much advantage."

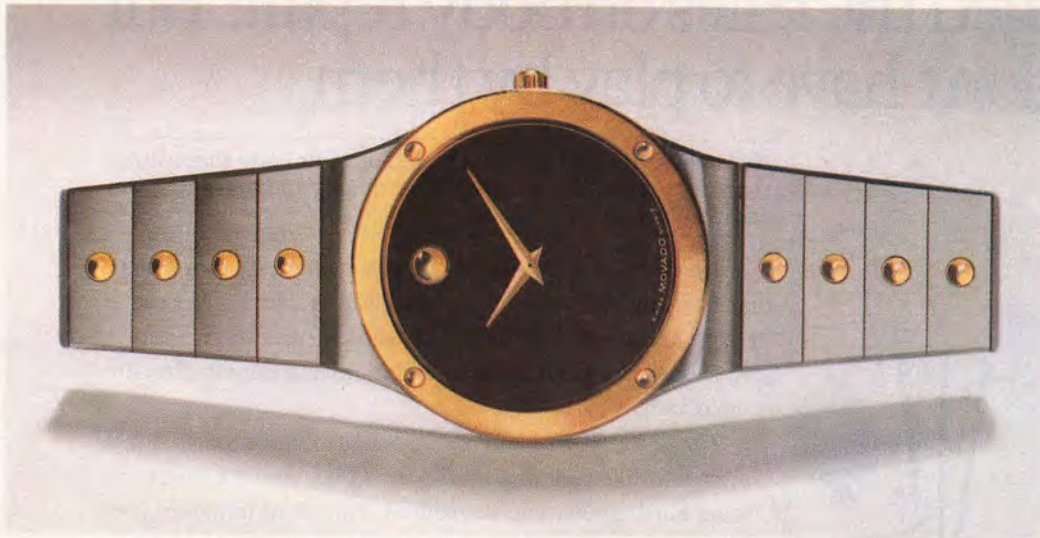
In the interest of fair competition, wheelchair sports use their own classification system. "It's sort of like what we do in able-bodied boxing and weightlifting," said Dr. Anne Marie Glenn, who was the medical director of the games. "In able-bodied sports, we group by weight; with the disabled, by remaining function. Usually, an athlete doesn't change class. He may get stronger, and he definitely acquires new skills."

About a third of the athletes in New Orleans were competing in novice divisions, and they were treated with special

affection by the more experienced athletes. "It's all about participation at these games," said Cornwell. "It's the best medicine the VA could have given to a veteran, because it brings so many people out. We brought 16 novices with us."

One of them was 27-year old Carlos Moleda, who took part in last December's invasion of Panama and is now permanently wheelchair-bound as a result of an injury there. "A lot of what we did is top secret," said Moleda. "Our assignment was to take out Noriega's plane. We got into a bad firefight with his elite defense force. Four guys died, and nine were injured bad. I was shot twice, first in my back and then in my left leg. I had a bad infection. I went from 185 pounds to 130."

Moleda was lucky to survive. "Ever hear of the Navy Seals?" he asked. "We were athletes. We did the hardest training in the American military—swimming and running. That's probably what saved my life."



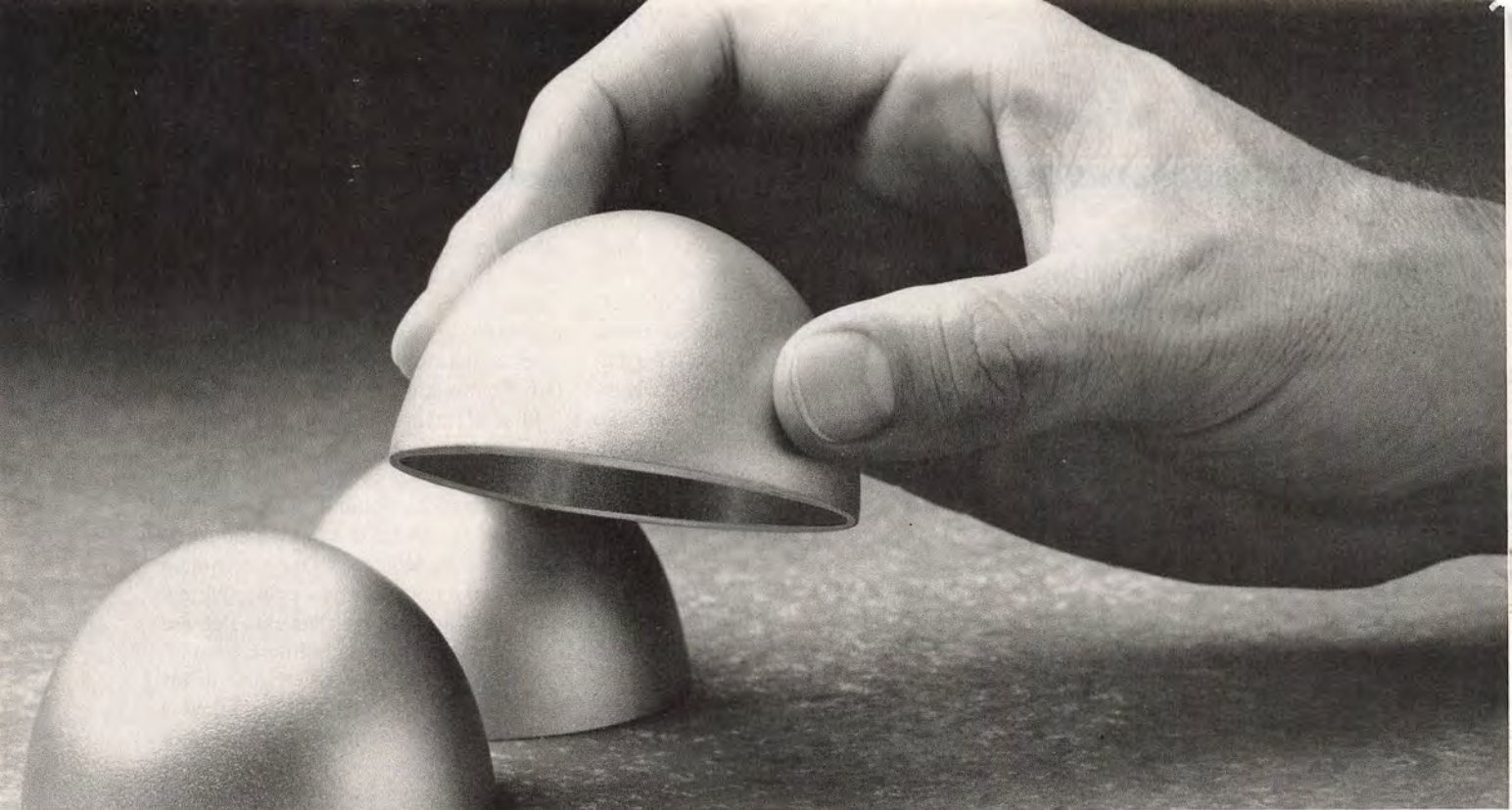
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He is still undergoing therapy at the Seattle VA Medical Center. "I had my cries," he said. "You have to accept it, and it's hard. It's a very big change. People think, He can't walk. But that's just the tip of the iceberg. There are a lot of things you can't do." With the encouragement of Young, his physical therapist, Moleda was able to get out on a ski slope three months after he was wounded. In New Orleans he won silver medals for track in the Class 4 Novice 100 (21.13) and 200 (43.86).

Moleda was fortunate to find a system of wheelchair sports in place. Said Jim Martinson, who last year was given the games' top honor, the Spirit of the Games trophy, "When I got hurt, the question was, What are we going to do with all these guys?"

Martinson's story neatly parallels society's growing awareness of all that wheelchair athletes can do. In 1967, as an able-bodied athlete, he won the prestigious Mt. Rainier Cup downhill ski race and entertained reasonable hopes of making the Olympic ski team. Instead, he was drafted and sent to Vietnam. On June 29, 1968, Martinson was loading supplies onto a helicopter about 20 miles from Danang. One of the other men stepped on a mine. "It blew me through the air," said Martinson. He remained conscious for eight awful hours, then was unconscious for six days, during which he lost more than 15 pints of blood.

"When I woke up," Martinson said, "I looked down at the end of my bed and—*holy mackerel!*"

Both of his legs had been blown off just above the knees. "I went from six feet, 185 pounds, to three feet eight, 114 pounds," said Martinson. "But the real frustration was not so much losing my legs—though that has to be part of it—but not being able to *do* anything. I wanted to snow ski, but there was no adaptive device to make it possible."

For the next two years Martinson tried to escape boredom through heavy drinking. In 1974, prodded by members of a church youth group he was advising, Martinson entered a road race, Tacoma's Sound-to-Narrows 10K, and finished near the back of the pack. He was hooked, nonetheless, and raced every weekend for the next two years.

"I was a total oddity," said Martinson

of those early efforts. "[Out training] I would be stopped three times a day by people offering rides. Then, when I started road racing, I was never on the sports page. I was always in the human interest section. One day a reporter called and said, 'This is inspirational. I want to do a story on you.' I said, 'Only if you put me on the sports page.'"

Martinson won the wheelchair division of the Boston Marathon in 1981, and the next year founded Magic in Motion, a company that specializes in the design and manufacture of sports equipment for the disabled. One of the devices he helped to develop is the "compensator," a lever that automatically sets a chair's front wheel at the correct angle for making turns. Before that, racers turned their chairs the old-fashioned way—by pushing harder with their right hand than with their left.

"It was as if [an able-bodied runner] had to hop through the turn," said Martinson. "There used to be a rule against the compensator. They finally came around when they realized it made racing faster. That's what you want."

His work with Magic in Motion, based outside Seattle in Kent, has limited Martinson's training severely. He now covers about 50 miles a week in training, half of what he was doing when he was a top racer. When not racing in New Orleans, Martinson was helping other athletes fine-tune their chairs. He sat trackside, surrounded by toolboxes, chairs and admirers, many of whom were racing in Magic in Motion's top racing chair, the Shadow. A gossamer cage of phosphorescent yellow, blue and pink, the Shadow, which costs between \$1,600 and \$1,800, is manufactured of ultralight 4130 Chrome/Moly and weighs just 14 pounds. Martinson lifts himself in and out of it casually.

"I don't see myself as disabled," said Martinson. "It

sounds crazy, but I really don't. I'm not a whole lot different than I was. I don't remember what it was like to have my legs."

This year's Spirit of the Games Award went to 42-year-old Mike Trujillo of Huntington Beach, Calif., who swept the Class 2 Open track 200 (33.68), 400 (1:04.96), 800 (2:12.89) and 1,500 (4:09.86). Like Martinson, Trujillo is among the world's best road racers. After breaking his back in a car accident in 1967, he did not get into sports until 1983, when some friends invited him to watch them play basketball. He got his first taste of competition at that year's Veterans Games, and since then has enjoyed a remarkable career. In 1987 Trujillo won the world marathon championships, in Stoke Mandeville, England, with a time of 1:51, and the next year, at the Paralympics in Seoul, he won bronze medals in both the marathon and the 1,600 relay.

Trujillo made a modest proposal. "I'd like able-bodied athletes to accept us as athletes," he said. "I'd like them not to look at the chair so much, but at what we competitors are accomplishing. We're not out there for recreation or to take a stroll. We're very serious." ■



**Ex-marine Patterson concentrated on his form to produce a personal best of 14' 10" in the shot put.**



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## INSPIRATION AND SADNESS

As the NFL season kicks off this weekend, the league's most compelling story may be that of 29-year-old John Fourcade of the New Orleans Saints, who has finally earned a berth as a starting quarterback. Fourcade is powerful testimony to perseverance. Over the past eight years he has been released or traded nine times by teams in the NFL, USFL, CFL and Arena Football League. Never was he deemed good enough to be a regular starter. Among the 21 quarterbacks who played ahead of him or were kept when he was cut were such nonmarquee athletes as Joe Barnes, Danny Barrett, John Congemi, Roy DeWalt, Whit Taylor and Joe Paopao.

Fourcade probably wouldn't have continued his seemingly hopeless odyssey if not for the steadfast encouragement of his girlfriend, model Kristine Frischhertz, whom he met during the Saints' training camp in 1986. The following year, when Fourcade hit what he calls his career low point—he was cut by the CFL Toronto Argonauts after the coaches told him that, at age 26, he was too old—she persuaded him to stick with the sport. "Kristine told me, 'You better not quit,'" Fourcade recalls. "She knew I still wanted to play, and she was really behind me."

Fourcade, who had shown his talent at the University of Mississippi, where he eclipsed many of Archie Manning's school records, finally got a break in September 1987, when New Orleans signed him as its replacement quarterback during the NFL players' strike. With Fourcade calling signals, the Saints went 2-1 during the strike. Afterward, he was kept on as the team's third-string quarterback. He moved up to become Bobby Hebert's backup last season and, when Hebert slumped, started the last three games. Fourcade went 3-0, two of the wins coming over the playoff-bound Buffalo Bills and Philadelphia Eagles, and earned a two-year, \$900,000 contract. With Hebert now sitting at home, having vowed never to play again for the Saints, Fourcade is



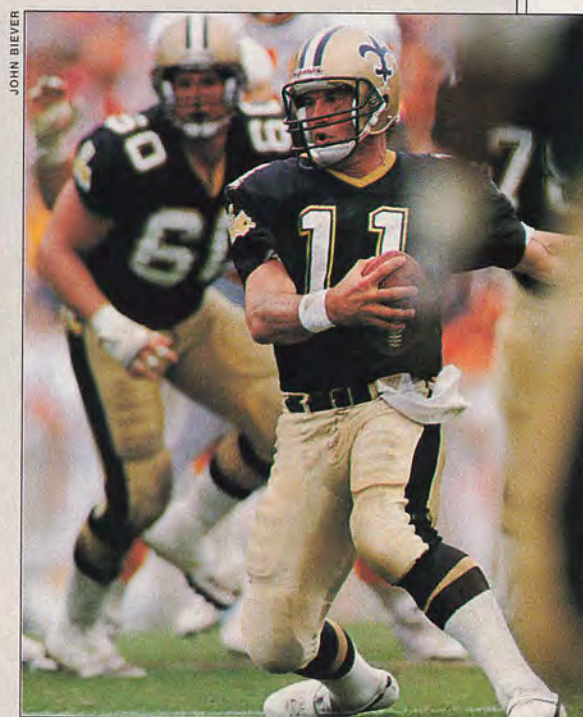
firmly in place as the No. 1 quarterback as the Saints go into their season opener on Monday night against the Super Bowl-champion San Francisco 49ers.

The tragedy of the Fourcade story is that Frischhertz did not live to share his success. Last month she felt a mass behind her sternum and entered a New Orleans area hospital to have it checked. Doctors found the mass to be a large malignant tumor near her heart. On Aug. 24, they operated to try to remove the tumor, but Frischhertz, 24, died following the surgery. The doctors told Fourcade that the tumor had been largely inoperable, and that even under the best of circumstances Frischhertz would probably have lived only six more months.

"It's so hard—really, really hard—going home, seeing her face in all the pictures I have around the house," Fourcade says. "The good thing is I'm busy with football. If I wasn't, I don't know what I'd do." Fourcade has dedicated his season to her, and will wear her initials, KCF, on the towel that hangs from his belt during games.

The night before Kristine died, Fourcade sent her parents out of the hospital room, and they discussed their plans to get married soon. Early the next morning, he called to wish her well in the operation. "Her last words to me were, 'Be tough. Hang in there,'" says Fourcade. "I'm going to try. I know she'll be watching."

—PETER KING



Fourcade (11) has dedicated his season to Frischhertz (left).

## GRANT FUHR

In a story in the May 12, 1986 issue, SI quoted sources close to the Edmonton Oilers as saying that as many as five players on the team were cocaine users. The Oiler front office denied that team members had abused drugs, and NHL president John Ziegler, claiming there was no evidence of drug use on the Oilers, refused to look into SI's allegations.

Last week the *Edmonton Journal* reported that Oiler goaltender Grant Fuhr had used cocaine for seven years before entering a drug-rehabilitation center last summer. Fuhr admitted to the newspaper that he had abused a "substance"—he wouldn't say what—since 1983 or '84. Oiler president and general manager Glen Sather and Fuhr's former wife, Corrine, both told the *Journal* that the substance was cocaine. Corrine told the paper that when dating Grant in 1983, she had seen him snort cocaine, and that during their six years of marriage, she had found the drug hidden in his clothes. She said that drug dealers



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had called their home, sometimes threatening to physically harm Grant if he didn't pay them for drugs he had apparently bought from them.

Fuhr told the *Journal* that he has not used the unnamed substance since going through rehabilitation. Meanwhile, Ziegler said last week that his league "has commenced a full investigation" of drug use by Fuhr. Since Fuhr has now admitted to such use, it's not clear what's left to investigate in his case, but then, the NHL's drug policy is the worst in sports, geared not to detection and rehabilitation but to punishment. That's too bad. If its approach were more enlightened, the league might have looked into the allegations regarding drug use on the Oilers four years ago and Fuhr might have gotten help far sooner.

showed he had used a computer and a copying machine in his office to keep track of Rotisserie League statistics and that he had attended to some Rotisserie-related business during his working hours. He was lucky that Iowa Governor Terry Branstad didn't have control of the case: Branstad said the commission should consider firing Lura.

Lura admits to a lapse of judgment, but insists that his Rotisserie activities didn't interfere with his job. Nevertheless, he's quitting the league.

## CUFFS AND LINKS

Besides offering \$1,000 suits, concierge service and complimentary shoeshines, the posh new Bergdorf Goodman men's clothing store in Manhattan has, believe

## TITLE CHANGE

Those of you trying to keep your Rolodexes up to date should note that the Detroit Pistons, winners of back-to-back NBA titles, have changed the address of their home arena, The Palace of Auburn Hills, from One Championship Drive to Two Championship Drive.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN

*SI's Anita Verschoth reports from last week's European Track and Field Championships in Split, Yugoslavia, at which the long-powerful East German team made its farewell appearance:*

A single, West German-published media guide covered both the East and West German teams in Split, and the cover illustration was unwittingly symbolic. It showed a frail East German runner handing off the baton to a strapping West German. West Germany is about to take the baton from the East Germans in a larger sense: After the two Germanys officially reunite on Oct. 3, the state-supported East German sports machine, with its elite sports schools and thousands of full-time coaches, will essentially disappear, and the West German system of private enterprise will govern sports.

That reality was not lost on the East German athletes in Split. "The issue is no longer political prestige," said Olympic shot put champion Ulf Timmermann after winning his event. "This is the beginning, where you have to establish your worth on the market."

Spurred by both the need to attract club sponsorship and the emotion of competing for East Germany for the final time—"I hope we go down with a flourish of trumpets to prove one more time who has the strong performers in German sports," said East German sprint coach Thomas Springstein—the East Germans took home more medals (34) and more gold (12) than any other team, including West Germany (7 medals, 3 of them gold). The East German women were superb, led by Katrin Krabbe, a tall Grace Kelly look-alike who won the 100- and 200-meter dashes.

Krabbe will be among the last stars produced by the East German sports



## WHO'S IN LAST?

As comically bad as the Minnesota Twins have been lately—as of Sunday, they had gone 32-54 since June 1—it seemed only fitting that their starting lineup the other day included Abbott (Paul) and Castillo (Carmen).

## SKEWERED ROTISSERIE

In what may send a cautionary message to the nation's million-plus Rotisserie Baseball players, the Iowa Racing and Gaming Commission recently suspended its executive secretary, Mick Lura, for a week for his involvement in the Almost All-Iowa Rotisserie Baseball League. The suspension, which cost Lura \$1,650 in lost pay, resulted from a state personnel department investigation that

it or not, its own putting green and golf pro. You'll find them in Traditional Sportswear on the second floor.

Store chairman Ira Neimark, who says he has always been impressed by "the kind of man who plays golf," decided to build the sloping, Astroturf-and-sand putting area after reading a survey that said that golfers tend to wear Hickey-Freeman suits (which, of course, Bergdorf also sells). So now, while they wait for their cuffs to be finished, customers can pick up one of several handsome hickory shaft putters and practice under the watchful eye of store golf instructor John Farrell, son of 1928 U.S. Open champion Johnny Farrell.

Although the store opened only last week, several well-heeled customers have already inquired about buying the putting green, which, alas, is not for sale.



# We'd like to show parents what this baby can do.

So beautiful. The new Civic 4-Door's hoodline is low and sleek. You will see things clearly. Tinted windows help you get an even better view. The glass fits nearly flush.

All four doors blend neatly into the roofline to reduce air drag and hush wind noise. The aerodynamic Civic is amazingly efficient.

Open any door and peep inside. You'll see how the spacious interior will comfort you and your family. Among other things, you will notice abundant headroom and legroom. More than enough for a good stretch. Or a good stretch of highway.

Large front seats are comfortable and supportive. Wide contoured side bolsters leave plenty of room for your hips. While reclining seatbacks and padded head restraints adjust easily to fit Mom or Dad.

The rest of the Civic interior will do a lot for you as well. The carpeting is plush. The four-spoke steering wheel is comfortable to grip. And white on black analog gauges are easy to read. Available features such as fingertip cruise control, digital clock, power door locks, power windows and dual power mirrors are convenient.

Turning your attention to the back, a considerable rear seat is a parent's dream. Rear door locks are child-proof to protect young children at the mere touch of a button. Child safety-seat anchors watch after even younger children.

To keep track of

everything that goes along with your pride and joy, flip the lockable trunk release. Strollers. Playpens. A zoo of stuffed animals. All will fit nicely.

When you're packed up and ready to go, not surprisingly, so is the Civic. An advanced fuel-injected engine is as powerful as it is practical. This baby moves.

The smooth 5-speed transmission gets it all in gear. For convenience' sake an automatic transmission with four speeds is available.

Honda's firm, double wishbone suspension helps ease driving your family around with a smooth, stable ride. You'll find it on all four corners of the Civic. Around other corners, you will find rack-and-pinion power steering handy.

Up front, the power-assisted disc brakes are ventilated to help dissipate heat. Rear drum brakes are behind them. The Civic will stop you cold.

Of course, on the other hand, when you look back on all the things that the new Civic 4-Door can do, you'll get a nice, warm feeling all over.

Aren't babies wonderful?

**HONDA**

## The Civic 4Door







**Gibson wants to rejoin the LPGA tour.**

## TEERING IT UP

Among the 195 women who tried to earn their LPGA playing cards last week at a qualifying-school tournament in Venice, Fla., was 63-year-old former tennis great Althea Gibson, who is attempting a comeback on the links. "She loves golf," says her manager, Ron Freeman. "She accomplished all her goals in tennis [she won five Grand Slam singles titles from 1956 to '58], but feels there's some unfinished business in golf." Freeman is referring to Gibson's rather undistinguished career on the women's pro golf circuit in the 1960s, during which she never won a tournament and took home little prize money.

Over the last two decades Gibson has kept busy conducting tennis clinics, lecturing on fitness and working with New Jersey state sports bodies. She has also honed her golf game, sometimes shooting in the low 70s. Her play was disappointing last week: She shot rounds of

86 and 86 and failed to make the cut. In fact, she finished dead last. "I don't want to talk about it," Gibson said afterward. "I'm mad at my game."

Gibson intends to play another LPGA qualifying-school event, in Rancho Mirage, Calif., in late September, and remains hopeful that she will earn both her card and a share of the prize and sponsorship money that's so much more abundant these days. Realistically, that appears to be a long shot at best, but it would be hard to find anybody who isn't pulling for her.

## YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

Last year Baltimore Oriole catcher Mickey Tettleton said his daily bowl of Fruit Loops cereal was the source of his unexpected power hitting (26 home runs, 65 runs batted in). This season Tettleton has struggled. Through Sunday he had only 12 homers and had struck out a team-record 139 times,

system, which is already being dismantled. Without that system, the new Germany may not be as dominant an Olympic force as many people expect. "Not everything we had [in the sports system] was bad," said long jump winner Heike Drechsler. "Now so much is falling apart. Germany will have a good team in 1992, but after that I fear for the worst."



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guers in 1987). "It's not a surprise," Eck said when Baines and McGee became A's. "When we got Rickey last year, that was a shock. I'm not surprised at anything after that."

Rickey, of course, is Rickey Henderson, baseball's best leadoff hitter, the American League's top hitter this season and a front-runner for the league's MVP award. In June last year, the New York Yankees shipped Henderson to Oakland. Oakland shipped the Yankees a package. When the Yankees turned the box upside down and shook out the styrofoam packing peanuts, they found . . . *nothing*, in the persons of Greg Cadaret, Eric Plunk and Luis Polonia. Henderson, in turn, became the MVP of the '89 playoffs, hitting .441 for Oakland in the league championship and the World Series.

That deal, understandably, put starch in the shorts of Alderson's rivals, and most of them are still chafing. "Who the hell's got Rickey Henderson?" says Himes. The question is rhetorical. "Who the hell's got Jose Canseco? Dennis Eckersley? They're one of the best teams in all of baseball—not just in this generation or era."

The A's have the leading hitter in the American League (Henderson). The A's have the second-leading hitter in the Na-

tional League (McGee). The A's have the second- and third-most prolific home run hitters in either league (Canseco and Mark McGwire). The A's have two of the best starting pitchers in the game (Bob Welch and Stewart). The A's have the best reliever in baseball (Eckersley). The A's have the best player in baseball (Canseco). Take a breath, and we'll continue in the next paragraph.

The A's have current or former All-Stars at catcher, first base, second base, third base, leftfield, centerfield, rightfield, designated hitter, starting pitcher

(three of them) and reliever. In all, the A's have 13 players who have made a total of 40 appearances in the All-Star Game. "We realize the team has a chance to be remembered as one of the good ones," says Alderson, "and we're trying to fulfill that."

Thus, last week's trades—both of which could have been prevented by any team in the big leagues. Because McGee and Baines were dealt after the July 31 trading deadline, both had to clear waivers before they could be traded. Every player that a team could conceivably want to trade is

## WHAT PRICE DYNASTY?

The last time Oakland was a perennial powerhouse—winning the World Series in 1972, '73 and '74—the payroll was in the hands of penurious owner Charles O. Finley. Today, the A's are among the biggest spenders in baseball—and the salaries are going up (salaries listed are projected for the 1991 season). Walt Weiss, the lowest-paid of today's starting A's, could make a salary higher than the top 15 A's combined in 1973.

	1973 A's	Salary	1990 A's	Salary*
1B	<b>Gene Tenace</b>	\$35,000	<b>Mark McGwire</b>	\$3,000,000†
2B	<b>Dick Green</b>	\$42,500	<b>Willie Randolph</b>	\$ 875,000†
3B	<b>Sal Bando</b>	\$60,000	<b>Carney Lansford</b>	\$2,200,000†
SS	<b>Bert Campaneris</b>	\$65,000	<b>Walt Weiss</b>	\$ 750,000†
LF	<b>Joe Rudi</b>	\$62,500	<b>Rickey Henderson</b>	\$3,000,000
CF	<b>Bill North</b>	\$30,000	<b>Dave Henderson</b>	\$1,000,000
RF	<b>Reggie Jackson</b>	\$75,000	<b>Jose Canseco</b>	\$4,750,000
C	<b>Ray Fosse</b>	\$40,500	<b>Terry Steinbach</b>	\$1,050,000
DH	<b>Deron Johnson</b>	\$75,000	<b>Harold Baines</b>	\$1,250,000†
OF	<b>Angel Mangual</b>	\$25,000	<b>Willie McGee</b>	\$2,500,000†
IF	<b>Ted Kubiak</b>	\$35,000	<b>Mike Gallego</b>	\$ 500,000
SP	<b>Catfish Hunter</b>	\$75,000	<b>Dave Stewart</b>	\$3,400,000
SP	<b>Vida Blue</b>	\$50,000	<b>Bob Welch</b>	\$2,500,000†
SP	<b>Ken Holtzman</b>	\$55,000	<b>Mike Moore</b>	\$1,200,000
RP	<b>Rollie Fingers</b>	\$47,500	<b>Dennis Eckersley</b>	\$3,000,000
<b>TOTALS</b>		<b>\$773,000</b>		<b>\$30,975,000</b>

\*Figures are projected for 1991. †Players not currently under contract for '91; figures are estimated in accordance with market value; some players may not re-sign with A's.



put on waivers after July 31—the White Sox even listed Carlton Fisk, for instance—and more than 600 names are on the waiver wire in August. Had any other team put a claim on Baines or McGee, the A's could not have traded for them.

Scientists don't yet fully understand baseball's waiver rules, which have been around for decades but are still evolving.

Suffice it to say that it is the arcane and labyrinthian system that caused Pirate general manager Larry Doughty last week to *accidentally* waive two top minor league prospects (outfielders Wes Chamberlain and Julio Peguero) who are now the properties of the Philadelphia Phillies. "Nobody understands [the waiver system]," says Himes. "It's a stupid bleep-

ing rule. I don't have a physics degree, either. It's ridiculous. It's stupid."

"I kind of like the waiver rule," says Alderson. "I kind of enjoy the old rules that don't seem to have any relevance anymore. It's not the attorney in me; it's the Fenway Park in me. What," he says as he sweeps his hand across the antiseptic outfield of the Oakland Coliseum, "is



## SEPTEMBER YANKEES

THE OAKLAND A'S HAVE A WAY TO GO BEFORE they can comfortably use the d-word, but their latest acquisitions certainly smack of dynasty-building. And the Athletics' method suggests that they're following baseball's best blueprint for such things: the 1949-'64 New York Yankees.

In every one of those glory years, it seemed, the Yankees would pick up a veteran for the stretch run and beyond; and every time, it seemed, the plan worked: From '49 through '64, the Bronx Bombers won 14 pennants and nine world championships, and much of the credit belongs to George

Weiss, the general manager from '47 to '60 and baseball's all-time leading pennant insurance agent.

Players snatched by Weiss in late-season deals include Hall of Fame first baseman Johnny Mize (1949), first baseman Johnny Hopp ('50), pitcher Johnny Sain ('51), pitcher Ray Scarborough ('52), pitcher Ewell Blackwell ('52), pitcher Jim Konstanty ('54), Hall of Fame outfielder Enos Slaughter ('56), pitcher Sal Maglie ('57), pitcher Murry Dickson ('58) and first baseman Dale Long ('60). Every one paid dividends.

In late August 1949, the Yankees, under new manager Casey Stengel, were battling the Boston Red Sox for first when Weiss picked up Mize on waivers from the New York Giants for \$40,000. "In an exhibition that spring, Casey had asked me how I was doing," the 77-year-old Mize said last week from his home in Demorest, Ga. "I said, 'Not too well. I ain't playin'.' And he said, 'You would if you were with us.'"

The acquisition of the Big Cat, at the age of 36, was blasted in the press. Wrote Will Wedge of the *New York Sun*: "The Yankees' surprise purchase of Johnny Mize, a big, slow, former slugger, who had seemed approaching the washed-up stage with the Giants, reveals the panicky state of the Yankees' front office." Mize silenced the critics a few days later with a two-run homer off Bob Feller to help beat Cleveland. He paid bigger dividends in the years to come, hitting 25 homers in 1950 and batting .400 with three homers and six RBIs in the '52 Series. All in all, the "washed-up" Mize played in five Series for the Yankees and inspired these immortal

**Slaughter (above) and Mize (far right) helped Stengel stay a step ahead.**

lines from sportswriter Dan Parker: "Your arm is gone; your legs likewise./But not your eyes, Mize, not your eyes!"

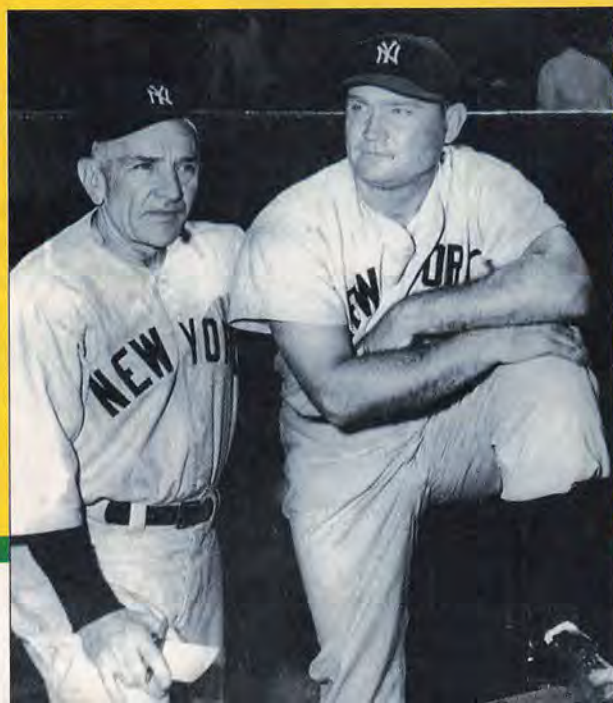
Late in August 1956, Weiss and Stengel, eyeing a World Series against Brooklyn, decided they needed a lefthanded-hitting outfielder against the predominantly righthanded-pitching Dodgers. They purchased Slaughter from the Kansas City Athletics on Aug. 25, and he went on to bat .289 in 24 games and .350 in the Series. But to make room for Slaughter, the Yankees had to cut a player.

Stengel called shortstop Phil Rizzuto, who had lost his starting job to Gil McDougald, to his office. Stengel and Weiss asked the Scooter to look over the roster and suggest who should be cut. Rizzuto suggested backup catcher Charlie Silvera or pitcher Rip Coleman, but Stengel explained why they were needed. Only then did it dawn on Rizzuto that they wanted to release *him*. Distraught, he walked out of Yankee Stadium that day and never played another game.

But the dynasty lived on. And while the 1990 Athletics have yet to defend their title, they're on the right track. "The A's are doing just what the Yanks did," says Mize. "If they need someone, they get him. The other clubs sit back and wait until it's too late."

The Athletics should be forewarned, though. In 1951, the minor league pitcher that the Yankees gave the Braves to get Sain was a kid from Nitro, W.Va., named Selva Lewis Burdette. In the '57 World Series, Lew Burdette pitched three complete-game victories—4-2, 1-0 and 5-0—as the Braves beat the Yankees in seven games.

—STEVE WULF







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so beautiful about a symmetrical wall?"

Understanding the waiver system, with its odd angles and ivy-covered corners, doesn't require a physics degree. Understanding the waiver system may, however, require a degree from Harvard Law School, which Alderson happens to have, along with a B.A. from Dartmouth. He went to law school from the Marine Corps, for which he served in Vietnam. After Harvard he joined a San Francisco law firm. One of the partners there, Roy Eisenhardt, became the A's president in 1980, when his father-in-law, Walter Haas, bought the team. Alderson was brought on as Oakland's general counsel. In 1983, Alderson became general manager; his only baseball knowledge was that which he'd picked up as an Air Force brat.

"Because I was always moving, I had the luxury of shifting allegiances," he says. "I liked the White Sox, the Washington Senators. I never liked the A's much. I liked the Milwaukee Braves for a long time—I still remember getting Hank Aaron's autograph in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1958."

Twenty-nine years later in Dallas, at the '87 winter meetings, Alderson got the autographs of Welch, Dave Parker and Matt Young on Oakland contracts after trading for them. Ten days later he signed Dave Henderson. "There has never been a time since December of 1987 that we've exceeded expectations," says Alderson. The A's can only meet expectations, and then only by mulching their National League opponent in the World Series.

This has bred some healthy paranoia on the team. "We need to win the division and we need to win the division fast," said one member of the A's organization last week. The reasons: Canseco is playing hurt and playing badly; Dave Henderson, the team's clubhouse firestarter and one of the most dramatic postseason performers in the game, won't return from his Aug. 24 arthroscopic knee surgery until the end of September, at the earliest; and starting shortstop Walt Weiss is on the disabled list with a strained right side. "Despite what some people think," says Alderson, "we had serious concerns about winning the division." In short, the Athletics, though Alderson won't admit to looking beyond September, believe they needed to acquire the players they



Some thought Alderson and the A's made a mistake letting Parker go to Milwaukee ...

did, when they did. By clinching the division title early, some of their regulars can rest for the playoffs.

To be sure, Baines and McGee are more than insurance, and both have come at a premium. For now, Oakland will pay Baines the last month of his \$1.1 million annual salary and give McGee the last month of his \$1.5 million pay. However, as Eckersley says, "This organization is not afraid to spend money."

"Money has never been a problem," says Himes. "That's indicated not only by Canseco, but on down the line." That line, that bottom line, is filled with zeroes. Rickey Henderson signed a four-year, \$12 million deal; in June, Canseco signed a contract for five years, \$23.5 million; and Stewart and Eckersley have signed contract extensions full of more big numbers. Baines has two more years left on his contract, and McGee can become a free agent after this season. If the A's, whose payroll for next season could be the big-

gest in the game, choose to keep McGee, they will have to pay him something like \$10 million for four years. If they don't resign McGee, the A's will get two high draft picks as compensation, a fact not lost on Alderson. McGee may be joined in free agency by Welch, a leading Cy Young candidate with a 22-5 record through Sunday, who is expected to command similar numbers (box, page 31).

"We realize from time to time that we're forced to make choices," says Alderson. "I do it with my checkbook; we do it with Walter Haas's checkbook. We made decisions last December with Dave Parker and Storm Davis."

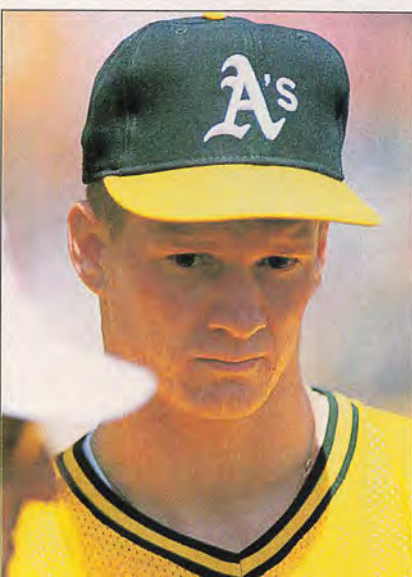
Davis was 19-7 last season, but Oakland nevertheless allowed him to sign as a free agent with the Royals in December. Davis is 7-10 this year, and Alderson remains infallible.

Parker is baseball's best designated hitter, and was the only formidable lefthanded batter in the Oakland lineup. The Athletics let him sign with Milwaukee in December. At week's end Parker was hitting .309 with 20 homers and 85 RBIs. Alderson is *not* infallible.

But wait. For Parker, the Brewers gave the A's the 14th pick in last June's draft. Alderson used it to select Todd Van Poppel, the best pitching prospect in the land, who was, by his own declaration, supposed to attend the University of Texas this fall. Van Poppel's fastball is instead popping in the A's minor league system.

"We've done as much as we can do," Alderson finally said of the front office last week. He was standing on green grass in the sunshine at the time, his arms folded over his short-sleeved floral-print shirt. His words, however, were not those of a man about to take a vacation. ■

V.J. LOVERO



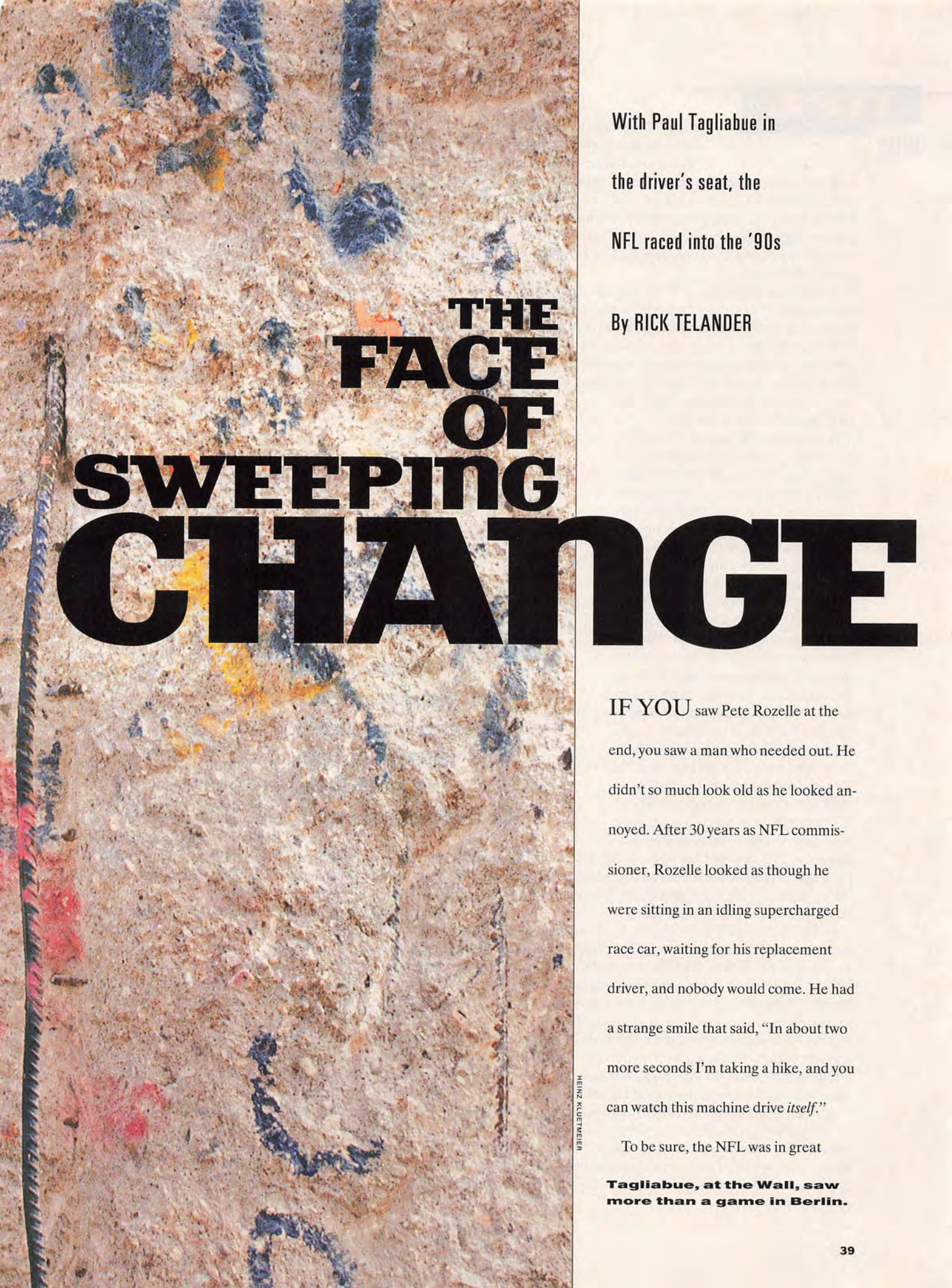
... but the resultant draft pick brought Van Poppel, the country's top pitching prospect.



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# THE FACE OF SWEEPING CHANGE

With Paul Tagliabue in

the driver's seat, the

NFL raced into the '90s

By RICK TELANDER

IF YOU saw Pete Rozelle at the end, you saw a man who needed out. He didn't so much look old as he looked annoyed. After 30 years as NFL commissioner, Rozelle looked as though he were sitting in an idling supercharged race car, waiting for his replacement driver, and nobody would come. He had a strange smile that said, "In about two more seconds I'm taking a hike, and you can watch this machine drive *itself*."

To be sure, the NFL was in great

**Tagliabue, at the Wall, saw more than a game in Berlin.**

HEINZ KLUETMEIER



shape: TV ratings were high and game attendance (almost 14 million in 1989) was at an alltime high, players were making more money (average annual salary: \$299,600) than ever, franchises (if you could get one) were going for about \$100 million, and the global market beckoned. Rozelle clearly had overstayed his prime by a couple of years, but let no one say he wasn't a hell of a driver when he had his kid gloves on and the pedal to the metal.

When Paul Tagliabue, a 6' 5", 49-year-old former Georgetown basketball center and the NFL's chief outside legal counsel finally took the keys from his longtime pal last October, it came first as a relief that a replacement had arrived and then as a surprise that he immediately put the hammer down. He took off like a rocket. In case you missed Tagliabue when he blew by, here's what has come about under his direction in the last 10 months:

In November he had NFL Charities contribute \$1 million to San Francisco earthquake victims. He quietly established a direct line of communication between his office and the NFL Players Association, which is entering its fourth season without a collective bargaining agreement. In December he expanded the membership and the responsibilities of the Competition, Broadcast and Finance committees.

In February he worked out an agreement with Turner Broadcasting System to telecast early-season games in prime time. He added a preseason date in West Germany to the American Bowl series of exhibition games that already had stops in Canada, England and Japan. He also stretched the 16-game regular season to 17 weeks in 1990 and '91 and to 18 weeks in '92 and '93, creating open dates in a schedule that had become increasingly burdened by TV's demand for prime-time kickoffs. Sensing imminent legal attack, he also declared college juniors eligible for the NFL's regular draft, amending a cozy seniors-only rule that had served the league nicely for 53 years.

In March he swung some biggies. He completed negotiations on four-year contracts with ABC, CBS, NBC, ESPN and TBS for a total of \$3.643 billion, the largest deal of its kind in TV history. He pushed through a more stringent steroid-testing policy for players. He fought off a move to dump instant replay but agreed to a two-minute cap on reviews and unveiled minor rule changes to help shorten games to three hours or less. He declared that league expansion, coupled with conference realignment, would occur no later than '93. And he announced the addition of two more wild-card teams to the playoff format.

In April he appointed Dr. John Lombardo as the NFL's adviser on performance-enhancing drugs, and three weeks later named Dr. Lawrence Brown as league adviser for drugs of abuse. Both replaced the bumbling and much despised—by the players, at least—Dr. Forest Tennant, who had resigned under pressure in February.

In July, Tagliabue called San Francisco 49er owner Eddie DeBartolo Jr. (page 122) on the carpet for having violated league rules against corporate ownership of a team. He began meeting with teams and coaches, just to shake hands and say he cared. He announced that league executives and game officials would be tested for drugs. He turned down the request for reinstatement to the league by former Washington Redskins defensive end Dexter Manley, who had been banned under the league's drug policy. He addressed lawyers about antitrust law. He testified before a congressional committee investigating cable TV, stating that the NFL "has no interest whatsoever in alienating its fans or in causing public support for NFL football to diminish by making it difficult for fans to see our games on television."

In August he answered the complaints of the NCAA and the College Football Association by limiting the amount of time

NFL scouts spend interviewing and testing collegiate players on campus. He turned down the request for reinstatement to the NFL by former Philadelphia Eagle defensive lineman Kevin Allen, who had been convicted of sexual assault.

Tagliabue's working motto seemed to be: Head off criticism before it occurs. A questioner recently brought up some small concerns about one of Tagliabue's big decisions, to which he replied, "*De minimis non curat lex*. The law doesn't worry about tiny details." Close the door, and let's burn rubber.

His early report card showed straight A's—just as it had when he was an honor-roll student, state high-jump champion and star hoopster at St. Michael's High in Union City, N.J.—with a gold star for effort. His graders now, of course, are the 28 NFL owners, a tough, contentious, pushy, whiny lot, if there ever was one. "I think our commissioner has shown an

instinctive ability to deliver," says Minnesota Viking executive vice-president and general manager Mike Lynn, summing up management's rare state of agreement.

If Tagliabue—the name means "ox butcher" in Italian—slipped up early at all, it was only in some ham-handed attempts at humor and hyperbole. The league is concerned about drinking, Tagliabue said, but he added, "We don't want to follow people around after they've had three or four drinks. If we did that, we'd have to watch reporters leaving the press room."

Yuk, yuk. He told a *Boston Herald* reporter that a judge in Denver, where several Broncos had been arrested on various charges in recent months, had told him that some of the players were on the "honor system." They were always saying, "Yes, your honor," or "No, your honor."

The man is no standup comic. His roommate from New York University Law School, Lamar Alexander, a former governor of Tennessee and now the president of the University of Tennessee, tries to think of something nutty that Tagliabue, a Rhodes Scholar finalist and editor of the NYU Law Review, did in school. "Well, we were recruited by the same West Coast law

**"I took the job because people said it would be best for the league."**



firm," says Alexander. "We turned in our airline tickets and rented a red convertible and drove to L.A. instead."

Two young bucks on the road, huh? "Uh, no," says Alexander. "We were a good deal more square than Jack Kerouac. We visited relatives on the way. We were hardworking, good grades kind of guys."

That's it?

"He hasn't done much that's crazy," says Alexander.

Mr. Commissioner?

"A crazy period in my life?" says Tagliabue. "Nothing in particular." He grins. "Except when I fell in love with my wife."

That would be the former Chandler Minter of Milledgeville, Ga., to whom he has been married for a quarter of a century. The pretty, slow-talking Protestant lass from the Deep South and the gangly Italian Catholic from New Jersey must have seemed an odd pair at first. However, time has shown that the union was built on nothing if not respect and good sense.

In June their daughter, Emily (the Tagliabues also have a son, Drew, 21), introduced her dad as the commencement speaker at her high school graduation by noting that when he was named NFL commissioner last fall, his reviews ranged "from 'an intellectual lawyer—brilliant but uninspired' to 'extremely competent but humorless—perhaps a bit dull.'" Says Chicago Bears owner Mike McCaskey, "Charisma is the most overrated aspect of leadership. Vision is what matters. And Paul has it."

As the NFL's chief outside counsel from 1969 to '89, Tagliabue dealt with traumatic issues for the league, from the Joe Namath-Bachelor's III affair to the Al Davis-Oakland Raider antitrust suit to the USFL antitrust trial. He was behind the scenes forever, setting policy for the league by hacking through the legal underbrush. His low-profile, hardworking role served him well in the acrimonious seven-month-long commissioner's der-



by, a race he didn't really enter. "I never thought about being commissioner," he says of the \$800,000 a year position. "I took the job because people said it would be best for the league."

"Nobody was against Paul Tagliabue," says McCaskey. "He hadn't won any enemies."

Not so New Orleans Saints president and general manager Jim Finks,

the early front-runner for the position. Most of the established owners wanted Finks, a "football man," in charge to preserve order and wield clout. The newer owners, some of whom had taken financial poundings after getting into the league, wanted somebody younger and more corporate, a bottom-line guy, a lawyer, preferably. If Rozelle was a "tired" 63, went the refrain, how could Finks be a "fresh" 62?

Ironically, Finks always thought Tagliabue was the best candidate. "I filled out the Saints' ballot, and I put his name on it, not mine," says Finks. "I've known Paul since 1969. I knew he'd be outstanding. Many owners who didn't know Paul voted for him for the wrong reason. They voted against me rather than for him. They still don't know what a quality guy they got."

An attorney who started his legal career in 1966 by working for the Department of Defense and helping decide which way NATO aimed its nuclear missiles, Tagliabue can be excused if his demeanor is best described as wry, businesslike and sober. When he left the Defense Department, in 1969, to join the Washington, D.C., law firm of Covington & Burling (the NFL was one of the first clients assigned to him), Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird presented him with a meritorious service award that praised the studies "prepared by Mr. Tagliabue on the demonstrative use of nuclear weapons and on nuclear consultation with our Allies." The award further noted that the kid who used to slam his elbows against the cement-block walls of

his basement, to toughen them up for rebounding, "approached every problem with an intellectual curiosity, thoughtfulness and imagination, which won him the high respect of his colleagues and superiors."

Elbows, brains, insight—they're still with Tagliabue today. He began his speech to Emily's class by noting that commencement addresses are almost never memorable, "with a notable exception being the speech delivered at Harvard in 1947 by Secretary of State George Marshall announcing the Marshall Plan for the reconstruction of Europe after World War II." Obviously, not much could be expected of him, he said, elbowing aside critics. He

then reminded the graduates that the past is the guidepost for the future, that in August the Los Angeles Rams would be playing the Kansas City Chiefs in Berlin's Olympic Stadium,

**Timeout to honor an old friend, Rozelle; meeting with Rams in Berlin (above).**





the same arena in which Adolph Hitler had hoped to demonstrate the superiority of "the master race" in the 1936 Olympics. Visit historic places, Tagliabue urged, "and remember what values, freedoms and interests were threatened or preserved there." Visit Olympic Stadium, he said—not because an NFL game is being played there, but to "focus on the values that were desecrated by Hitler and what Jesse Owens achieved."

The talk was brief and wise—exactly the sort of thing that the students would remember.

Tagliabue is relaxing in a Chicago hotel room before delivering a speech to the British American Business Association foundation in early June. He is with his constant companion, Joe Browne, the NFL's vice-president for communications and development. Browne is 6' 4" and big-boned, and when he and Tagliabue bookend someone, that person senses a degree of intimidation, a fact certainly not lost on the league's shorter owners. But right now Tagliabue is lounging, feet up.

"I did a lot of work for the old North American Soccer League in 1969," he says, harking back to a Covington & Burling client that was the opposite of the NFL in its appeal to the American public. "Our first meeting consisted of guys from five teams, a commissioner and a lawyer—me—sitting around a motel bed in Atlanta. Everybody thought soccer was the wave of the future. It wasn't. The league was driven into oblivion almost overnight."

Tagliabue doesn't laugh at this failure of vision; he doesn't get a chuckle out of ineptitude or misreading history. Rather, he files away such observations for future use, to help him avoid similar mistakes. Tagliabue likes to say that one grows in life by discovering "new evidence," implying the larger truth will become manifest once one has enough of the new stuff. He will sometimes describe a bit of evidence as a "true fact." When he was the captain and leading rebounder on Georgetown's 1961–62 basketball team, for instance, the Hoyas "didn't play St. Leo's, like they do now. We played real teams." That, he states, is a true fact. To his credit, he smiles as he says it. What about this modern Georgetown hoops program, anyway? The choice to go big-time, to have a team that is virtually a separate, entertainment-driven side of the university, was "a very conscious decision" made by the small Catholic school, says Tagliabue. "Father [Timothy] Healy, [Georgetown's former president] has about 98 reasons why it is great. I have some reasons why it isn't so great. I wrote him, telling him among other things that I thought it was a bad idea that you have to pay money to the alumni fund just to buy certain season tickets, so I canceled my season tickets. Of course, I didn't use them much, anyway."

Clearly, there are never enough hours in the day for a man who says, "I think a person should be consumed by his job." Tagliabue's apartment is just two blocks from NFL headquarters in New York City, a 45-second commute,

and he considers his 7:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. workday a normal and blessed event. He hasn't played hoops in five years, because of the time needed and because "I've seen too many guys my age pull their Achilles tendons off."

So he runs when he can. "I don't enjoy running," he says, "but it enables me to sleep. Sometimes I have trouble sleeping. It's like being a college student when you get your adrenaline going. When I get engaged intellectually in something, I'll spend 18 to 20 hours a day, seven days a week on it, the way I did when I was working on a trial. I get worked up with concepts and numbers in my head—although I must say, I sleep better as the commissioner than I did as lawyer for the league."

Tagliabue and Browne talk shop, mixing it in with small talk. Earlier Browne, who has been with the NFL for 25 years, had said that the biggest difference between Rozelle and Tagliabue, besides Tagliabue's photocopier mind, is that "Paul is more intense; Pete delegated more." Tagliabue is trying to do everything himself, Browne said, and the main reason is that "Paul doesn't have Paul to rely on, and Pete always had Paul. In the office Pete would say on big issues, 'Just check it out with Paul.'"

In a quiet voice, Tagliabue, who looks relaxed right now, says to Browne, "And that will be the bargaining agreement we will sign with the players' union. We've got it all written up."

Huh?

With a little smile, Tagliabue slowly turns to an interviewer on a nearby sofa. "Just wanted to see if you were listening," he says.

The lack of a collective bargaining agreement is about the only large pothole in the road ahead for the NFL. Lawsuits are the crazy glue that seems to bind labor and management these days, and Tagliabue would like to see matters resolved amicably before some bully, such as Congress, sticks its nose into the league's business and passes unfavorable legislation. "My basic premise is that we could have a better league if we could solve our problems by cooperation rather than through litigation," he says. "Courts don't tell you what to do with the future; they only tell you whether what you did in the past was right or wrong."

"He took off pretty fast, but now he's hit that wall—the labor situation," says Gene Upshaw, head of the decertified players' union, with some bemusement. "He has great intentions, but he needs 21 owners' votes before he can do anything. He doesn't have a vote. He's locked into something over which he has no control."

"There is real dissatisfaction with the old system," says Tagliabue. "I can see some rather sharp departures from the way things are done now."

A guaranteed percentage of the gross to players? Salary caps? Total free agency?

Tagliabue says, "Total free agency would destroy the National Football League."

Upshaw says with a snort, "Total nonsense."

It's worth noting

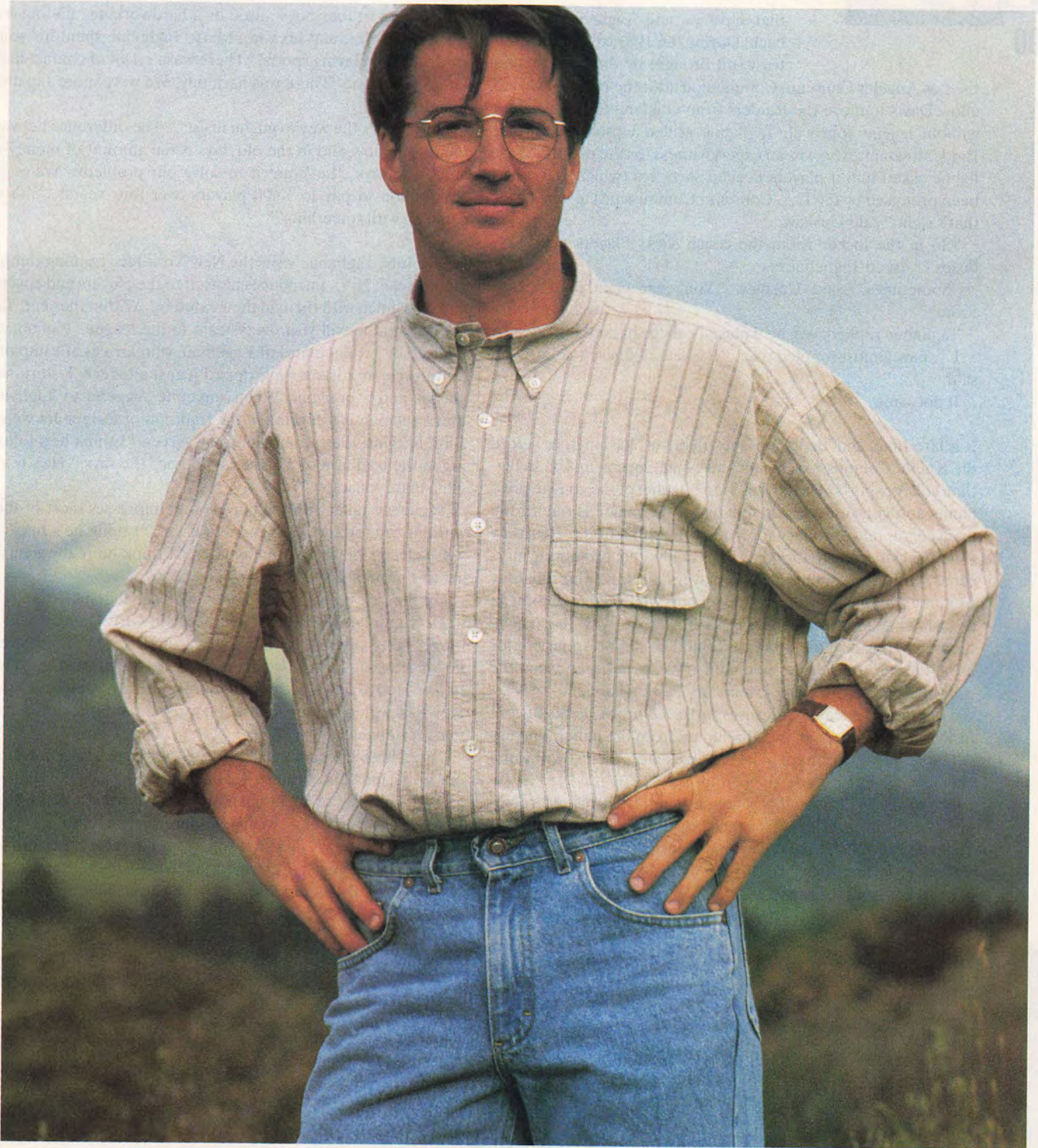
**As a Hoya captain, Tagliabue elbowed his way to the boards.**



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that Upshaw and Tagliabue go way back. During the 1981 trial of the antitrust suit brought by the Raiders and the Los Angeles Coliseum Commission after the NFL refused to allow Davis to move the Raiders from Oakland to Los Angeles without league approval, Tagliabue grilled Upshaw, a former Raider lineman, who was an expert witness for the plaintiff. Tagliabue asked him if players needed skyboxes (which Davis had been promised by the L.A. Coliseum Commission) to win. "Yes, that's right," said Upshaw.

"So in the locker room the coach says, 'Players need skyboxes?'" asked Tagliabue.

"Sometimes," said Upshaw. "You ever been in a locker room?"

Tagliabue replied, yes, he'd played college basketball.

Upshaw almost toppled over. "Basketball doesn't count!" he said.

It does now.

It is late June, and Tagliabue is testifying in Washington, before the Knight Commission, a panel investigating corruption in big-time college sports. The NFL is seen by some of the college presidents and corporate heads serving on the panel as one of the main corrupters of college football, luring student-athletes away from the classroom before they have graduated, promoting mercenary attitudes among college players and profiting mightily from the training provided by the schools while giving nothing in return. One of the panelists asks Tagliabue why the league shouldn't subsidize the universities and be held responsible for using them for player development. "We have never asked the colleges to act as our farm system," replies Tagliabue.

True fact. His comment causes furrowed brows, looks of confusion and then nods of enlightenment from the panel. The undeniable has registered. The colleges are their own worst enemies.

Before he is dismissed, Tagliabue hears from his old roommate, Alexander, who's a panelist. Alexander says to all that Tagliabue was such a good player at Georgetown that the school retired his jersey. "Yes," cuts in Tagliabue, "but did they retire it because I wore it, or because 20 years later Patrick Ewing did?" Tagliabue gets a lot of laughs and leaves on a white horse.

The third of four boys raised by a hardworking building contractor, Charles, and his wife, Mary, Tagliabue spent his youth studying and playing sports. "There wasn't a lot of conflict in my family," he says. "There was harmony. We were more Japanese than Italian."

Harmony is the way to go, he insists. "The difference between the league now and in the old days is the amount of money we have," he says. "Let's use it to solve our problems. We've got \$3.5 billion to pay to 1,600 players over four years! Can't we come up with something?"

In late July, Tagliabue visits the New York Jets' training camp in Hempstead, N.Y., introduces himself to the players and coaches and eats lunch with them in their cafeteria. Within the year, Tagliabue says, he will visit every team in the league. Tagliabue is amused by Jet lineman Jeff Lageman, who arrives at camp on a motorcycle and is sporting ripped jeans, a biker's T-shirt, sunglasses and a ponytail. When someone suggests to Tagliabue that Lageman is following in the tradition of former Jet weirdo John Riggins, the commissioner disagrees. "I think he's following in the tradition of Thomas Jefferson," he says. "He's a Virginia man, you know."

Tagliabue talks with the players and impresses most of them with his candor and willingness to listen. "I think he's sincere," says veteran kicker Pat Leahy later. "I think he really wants to get this owners-players thing resolved."

On the ride back to New York City, Tagliabue talks about his worst nightmare. It is this: "That certain NFL teams would no longer be of interest to the public. Competitive balance would no longer exist, and the weak teams would drop from the TV vista and start dying." It could come from many things, he says, mostly it would come from labor forcing the NFL into a free-market stance.

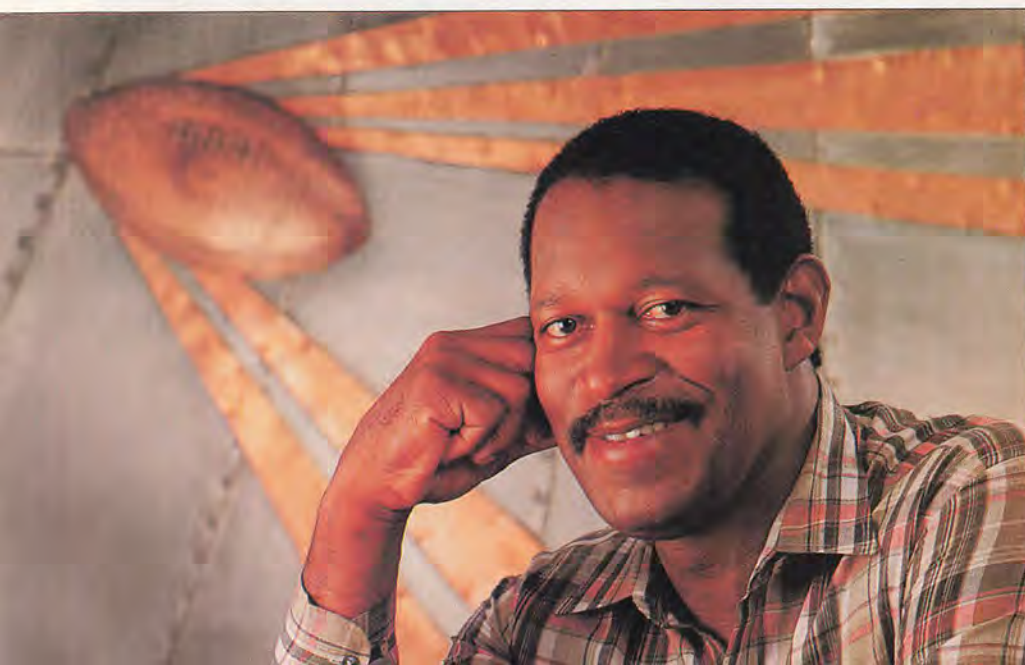
"Free-market economics is the process of driving enterprises out of business," continues Tagliabue. "Sports-league economics is the process of keeping enterprises *in* business on an equal basis. There is nothing else like a sports league. Nothing. There is no other business in which you are selling the entertainment value of the closeness of competition between performers."

Indeed, he has noted, the dominance of the 49ers last season wasn't good for the league. Even DeBartolo didn't like the sounds of TV sets turning off during his team's 55-10 blowout of Denver in the Super Bowl. "People spend to see close games," says Tagliabue. "Georgetown season-ticket holders give away tickets to St. Leo games. But not to St. John's games. We must have institutionalized techniques for allocating players and keeping things fair in the NFL. That is what sport is all about: having people of relatively equal ability compete against one another and seeing which ones prevail at a particular place and time."

Is that a true fact, or is it not? Upshaw's response is one word, unprintable here.

However, Tagliabue's response is also simple: *De minimis non curat lex.* ■

**Upshaw scoffed at Tagliabue in court about his basketball.**



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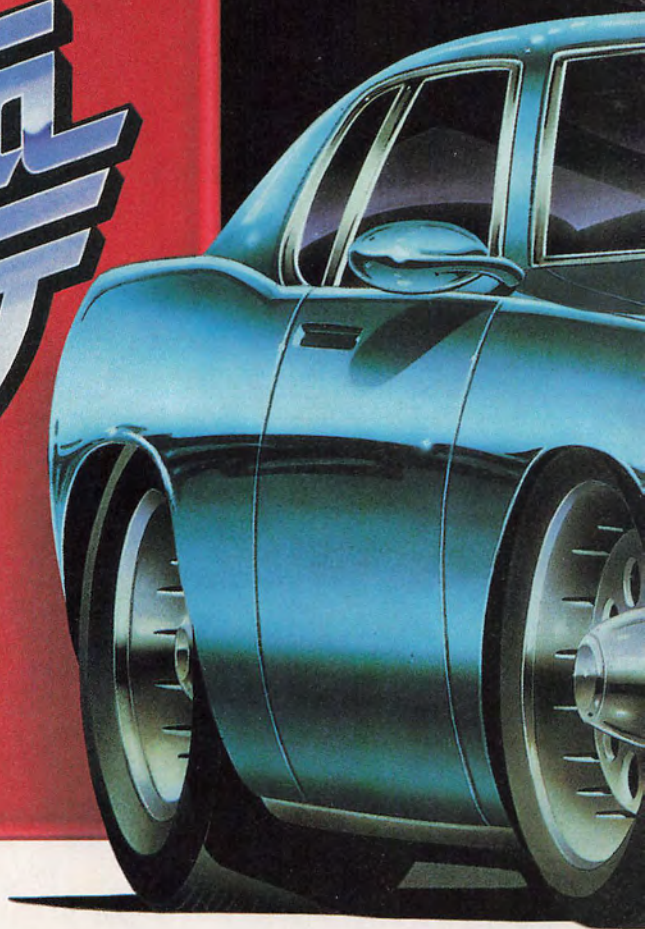


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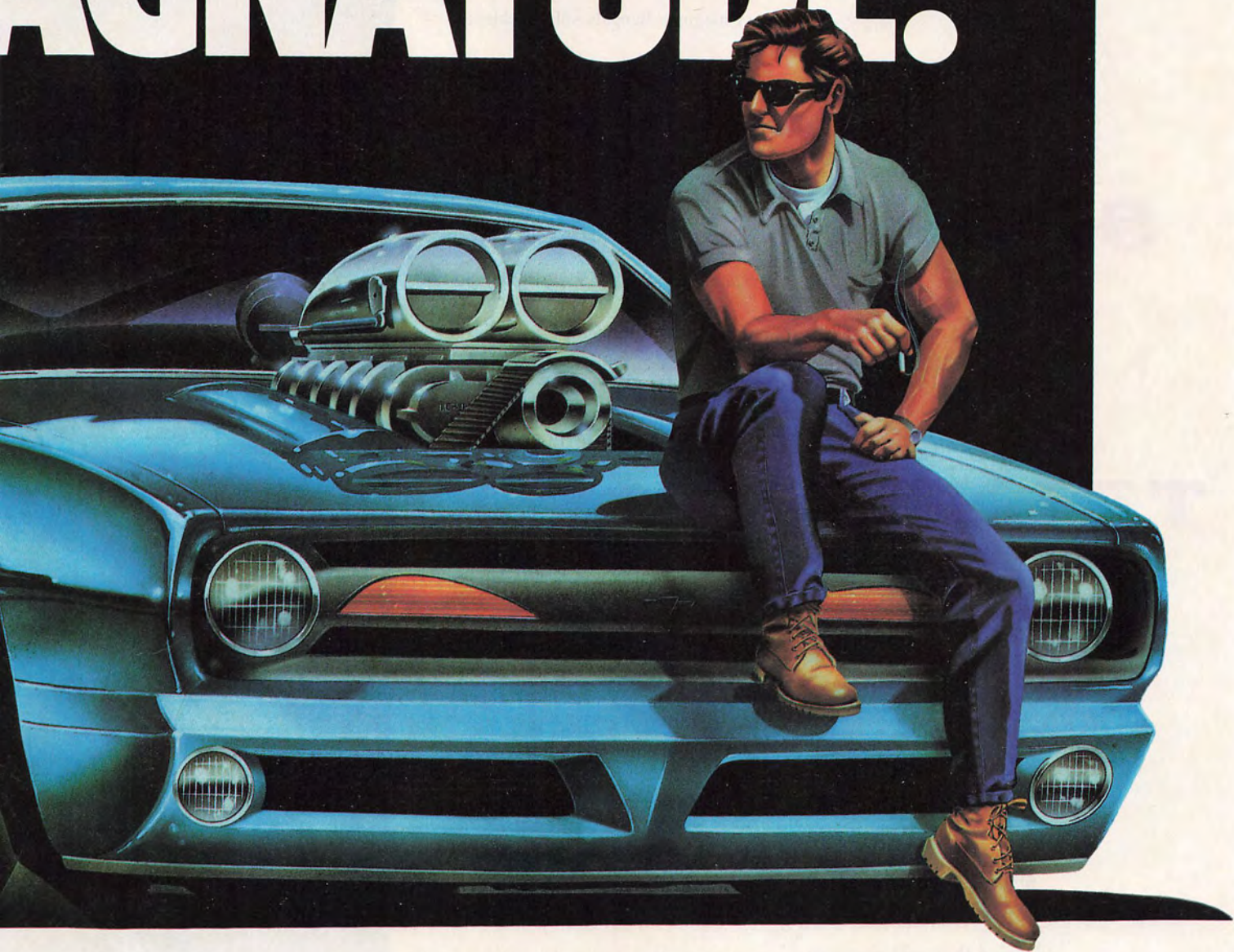


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# NOT SHORT ON TALENT

Small running backs  
made big gains in '89, a  
trend that will continue

By PETER KING

PAUL BROWN, 82, THE VENERABLE vice-president and general manager of the Cincinnati Bengals, still chuckles at the sweet irony of one of the last player-for-player trades he made, back on May 29, 1984. He dealt six-foot, 270-pound problem back Pete Johnson to San Diego for James Brooks, a 5' 9½", 182-pound running back. After being drafted by the Chargers in '81, Brooks had been most unhappy to learn that his primary role would be to block for Chuck Muncie, a man 50 pounds heavier.

For one thing, Brown, who has never been a big fan of trading, says it might be the best deal he has made in 40 years in the NFL. For another, he did something many of the young personnel bucks in the league thought was silly. The prevailing thought in the NFL then was the bigger the back the better; probably all but a few teams would have seen Brooks as a return specialist, with spot duty in the backfield. Brown looked at Brooks and saw an every-down back, a latter-day Buddy

**Brooks scaled the heights of Riverfront's upper deck.**

BRAD TRENT/OUTLINE







## small backs

Young, the 5' 4" dynamo of the Baltimore Colts in the early '50s.

"There's always been a place in my brand of football for a small, low-gravity back," Brown says. "Since I saw Buddy Young, I've seen how much the little backs can bother big men. Jimmy Brooks and Buddy are basically the same kind of back, so thick and so quick."

Brown didn't know it then, but as had happened so often before in his football career, he was seeing the future.

Entering the '90s, small backs—ball-carriers under 5' 10"—are very big in NFL game plans. Players like Barry Sanders (5' 8", 203 pounds) of the Detroit Lions and Dalton Hilliard (5' 8", 210) of the New Orleans Saints have power and workhorse durability that can dominate a game; the likes of Brooks and Eric Metcalf (5' 9", 180) of the Cleveland Browns

use speed and quickness for game-breaking capability; and a miniback, such as Dave Meggett (5' 7", 180) of the New York Giants, offers the versatility to provide in-

stant offense in specific game situations.

In April, Steve Broussard (5' 6½", 201) of Washington State and Dexter Carter (5' 8½", 169) of Florida State were the first-round draft picks of the Atlanta Falcons and the San Francisco 49ers, respectively. It was the first time two backs under 5' 9" have been chosen in the opening round in the same year.

In short: Short people got every reason to live in today's NFL.

And we're not talking pip-squeaks here. Sanders and Hilliard have thighs as thick as the biggest linemen on their teams. When Brooks lifts weights, he works out with his offensive linemen. Never before in the history of the league have so many short running backs been so durable, so productive and so desirable.

The NFL's leading rusher in '89, with 1,480 yards, was one of the biggest backs in the league, 6' 1", 256-pound Christian Okoye of the Kansas City Chiefs. But he needed 90 more carries to take the rushing title from Sanders by only 10 yards.

"Here's what's happened in our league," Falcon coach Jerry Glanville

says. "Fifteen years ago, you designed formations in a teacup. Twenty-two men, one cup. Tight. Today, you don't make a living running over people. You make a living spreading formations so your offensive talent hits air, not bodies."

In a league where trends develop slowly, this one is catching on, but it certainly is not to the stage of, say, Buddy Ryan's 4-6 defense in the mid-to-late '80s. Moreover, the third-down weapon that Meggett became for the Giants last year won't necessarily alter the thinking of some offensive brains, for example Los Angeles Ram offensive coordinator Ernie Zampese. The Rams are perfectly happy—and winning—with Robert Delpino or Buford McGee, both six-feet, 205 and very reliable, in the backfield and with lumbering tight end Pete Holohan as the primary third-down receiver.

But taken as a whole, there is much more than a coincidental increase in the use of short backs. To measure their impact, SI asked the Elias Sports Bureau to calculate the total yardage from scrimmage (rushing and receiving yards) gained by all running backs in the NFL annually since the 1970 merger of the AFL and NFL, and then to calculate the percentage of those yards gained by backs under 5' 10". The result: In '89, the small backs gained a higher percentage of yardage than they had in any year since 1970. The figures for small backs in the '80s:

YEAR	PCT. YDS.	YEAR	PCT. YDS.
1980	1.8%	1985	13.9%
1981	3.5%	1986	14.8%
1982	4.6%	1987	14.4%
1983	6.7%	1988	15.8%
1984	8.9%	1989	17.4%

Size prejudice began to shrink in the late '80s, when coordinators started to spread their offenses, which put a premium on speed and quickness. Now several teams use four wideouts and a quick back, who, in effect, is a fifth wide receiver. The usually conservative Giants catapulted to the NFC East title last year on just such a play in the second quarter of a game at Denver. Facing third-and-31, the Giants used wideouts Lionel Manuel, Stephen Baker, Mark Ingram and Stacy Robinson, plus Meggett at slotback—no tight ends, no pure running backs. Quarterback Phil Simms hit Meggett with a screen pass, which he turned into a 57-yard touchdown play.

**Sanders had room to operate when Lion receivers went deep.**



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## small backs



**Cleveland decided Metcalf will get the ball more often.**

"There'll always be size prejudice," says Zampese. "I'm sure the Giants would like Meggett to be five-eleven and 200 pounds, and the Browns would love to see Metcalf six-one and 205. But what no one is saying anymore is: We can't play with the little guy. Situational offense has helped these guys find a place. Teams are using them to create mismatches."

P.S.—In six seasons with the Bengals, Brooks has rushed for more than 900 yards four times, including a career high of 1,239 in '89. Brown just chuckles.

### THE GAME BREAKERS

The story last year was that Cleveland offensive coordinator Marc Trestman was in trouble because his game plan wasn't working, he couldn't get along with head

coach Bud Carson, and his good friend from their days at the University of Miami, quarterback Bernie Kosar, wasn't playing well. So Trestman was fired, and veteran offensive coordinator Jim Shofner was brought in to redirect a flagging attack.

Here is the true story. Trestman was sent packing because the Browns didn't think he grasped the potential of their offense. After seeing Brooks pick up 1,218 yards rushing and receiving for AFC Central rival Cincinnati in '88, the Browns drafted Metcalf, whom they believed to be a new, improved version of Brooks. Trestman didn't use Metcalf in the third-down offense, employing instead 6' 1", 240-pound Tim Manoa, who was better at protecting Kosar. On the plane ride home from the AFC Championship Game, a 37-21 strafing of the Browns by Denver,

Trestman talked to the staff about making Metcalf a full-time receiver in '90, throwing him into the mix of Webster Slaughter, Reggie Langhorne, Lawyer Tillman and Brian Brennan. Exit Trestman.

Metcalf, who was part of a rotation of backs used on first- and second-down plays, averaged a disappointing 3.4 yards on 187 carries and 7.4 yards on 54 receptions last season. But his potential for breaking open a game was evident when he ran 43 yards for a touchdown against Tampa Bay and caught a 68-yard scoring pass on a fly pattern against Houston, a game the Browns won 24-20 to clinch the AFC Central. Considering that he was not used on third downs (when defenses spread their formations) and most of his playing time came in eight games, Metcalf had a creditable rookie season, with 633 yards rushing, 397 yards receiving and a 23.2-yard kickoff-return average.

This season Shofner plans to use Metcalf in a two-back set with Kevin Mack on first and second downs, and move him to slotback most of the time on third down. "I think Eric needs to get the ball 20 to 25 times a game," Shofner says. "He's that good. I'm not really sure what's going to happen, but it excites me."

"I'd sure try it," says Pittsburgh defensive coordinator Dave Brazil, who has to prepare to play Brooks and Metcalf twice a season. "I think Metcalf can be exactly the same player as Brooks."

Now, that would be saying something. "James Brooks is the best football player I've ever played with," says Cincinnati quarterback Boomer Esiason. Of all the backs under 5' 10" and less than 185 pounds who have ever played in the NFL, the 31-year-old Brooks has the most combined rushing and receiving yards (9,348) and touchdowns (66).

Here's the best part: Brooks has carried or caught the ball 1,635 times in his NFL career, and he has averaged 5.72 yards per offensive play. Imagine having a player who can be counted on to get six yards at a crack. Jim Brown and Walter Payton might be the two best running backs ever. Although they each caught a lower percentage of passes than Brooks, the comparisons are striking: Brown averaged 5.65 yards per offensive play, Payton 4.91.

"I've been watching pro football since 1946," says Cincinnati scout Frank Smouse of Brooks, "and he's the best guy that size I've ever seen. He attacks tacklers. He is a 180-pound Jim Brown."

### THE RECENT PAST

*The five most productive backs (combined rushing-receiving yards) under 5' 10" ever to play in the NFL all performed in the '80s:*

PLAYER, TEAMS	HGT.	RUSHING			RECEIVING			COMBINED		
		YDS.	AVG.		YDS.	AVG.		YDS.	AVG.	
<b>James Brooks</b> , S.D.-CIN.	5' 9½"	6,343	4.81		3,005	9.54		9,348	5.72	
<b>Stump Mitchell</b> , STL.-PHOE.	5' 9"	4,649	4.72		1,955	9.35		6,604	5.53	
<b>Darrin Nelson</b> , MINN.-S.D.	5' 9"	4,213	4.30		2,388	9.08		6,601	5.31	
<b>Joe Morris</b> , N.Y. GIANTS	5' 7"	5,296	4.02		884	9.02		6,180	4.36	
<b>Earnest Jackson</b> , S.D.-PHIL.-PITT.	5' 9"	4,167	3.93		695	7.99		4,862	4.24	



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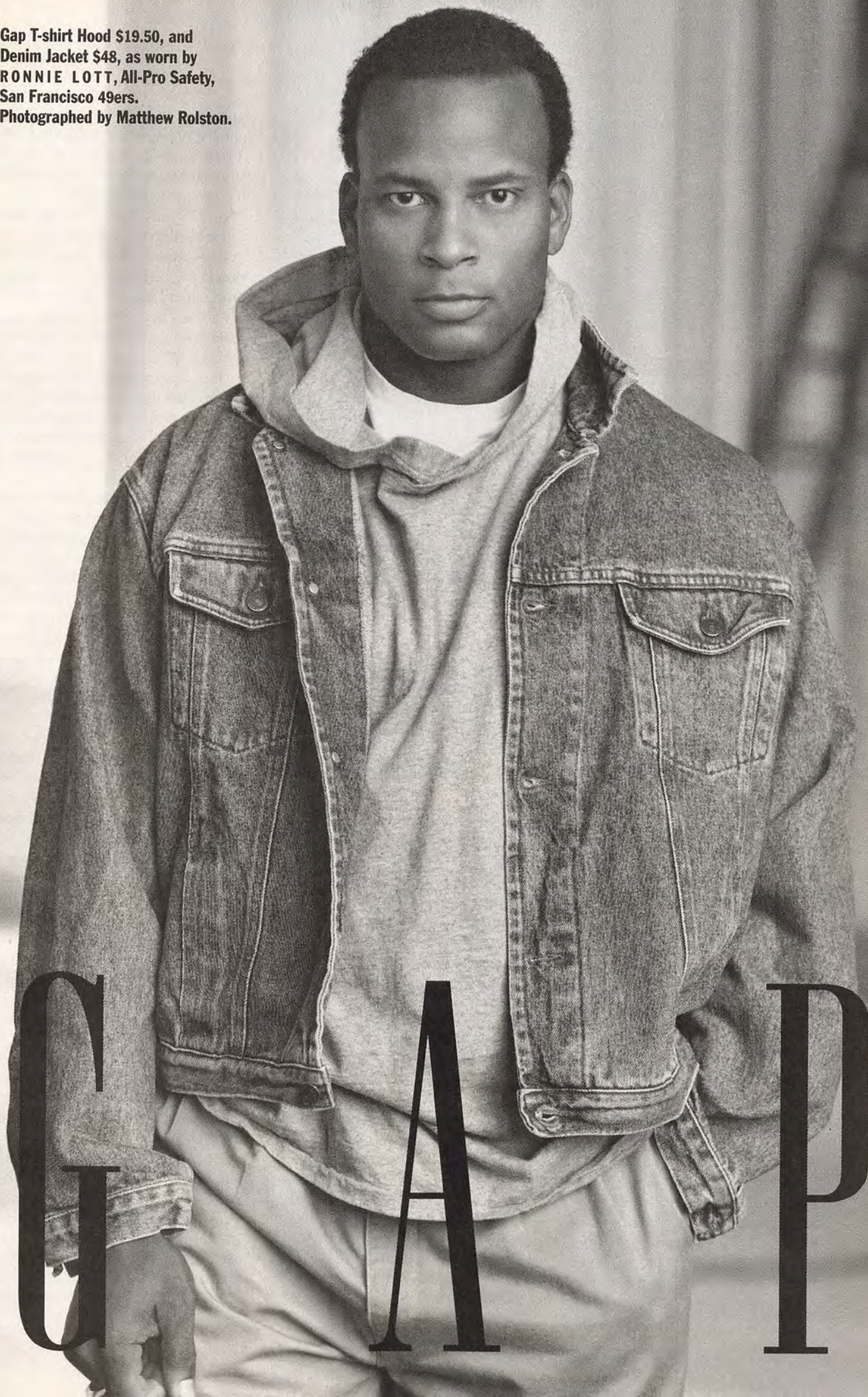
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RONNIE LOTT, All-Pro Safety,  
San Francisco 49ers.  
Photographed by Matthew Rolston.







UPI/BETTANN NEWS/PHOTOS

**As a Yankee, Young wore no pads or face mask.**

Buddy Young wore a size 6 football cleat, and he was truly 5' 4". At times, he might have weighed 175 pounds, but he said his ideal playing weight was 165. Among the many things he did in his nine-year pro football career (1947-55) was to help black players gain acceptance in the sport. But Young's legacy should be that he convinced football traditionalists that great small people belong in the game.

The late Art Rooney, founder of the Pittsburgh Steelers, said, "I have watched pro football for 70 years, and he was the most exciting man I ever saw running with the ball."

Young, who died at the age of 57 in a 1983 auto accident, played a hybrid running back-flanker position at the University of Illinois, earning Rose Bowl and College All-Star Game MVP honors before joining the New York Yankees of the All-America Football Conference in 1947. The AAFC and NFL merged in '50. In 1952 he played for the Dallas Texans, who became the Baltimore Colts when the franchise moved in 1953.

He was the fastest pro football player of his era; he ran the 100-yard dash in 9.4 seconds in '47. But at the same time, he was a blood-and-guts back.

"He wore no pads except shoulder pads," says former roommate Zollie Toth. "No knee pads, no thigh pads, no hip pads—just a little piece of

leather on each hip. He always thought pads slowed him down." And no face mask on the helmet, even when they were coming into vogue. "You don't taste your own blood, you ain't a player," Young once said.

In his nine AAFC-NFL seasons, Young rushed for 4.6 yards a carry and averaged 15.1 yards per reception. His best season was his first one with the Yankees, when he rushed for 712 yards, gained another 303 on pass receptions and scored seven touchdowns, including two on kick returns. With the Colts in '54, Young rushed for 311 yards on 70 carries and gained 272 yards on 15 pass receptions.

His best play, Toth says, was on the pitchout, when he would be isolated against linemen and linebackers. He would shift and juke and make things happen. "Buddy proved you don't have to be a big, bruising guy to play the game," Toth says. Forty years later, Young's legacy lives.

—P.K.

## A Small Back's Buddy

sophomore slotback and in rushing as a junior running out of a one-back offense. "I look at what Sanders did last year," Broussard says, "and I gained confidence that I could do the job here."

Sanders was helped by the offensive scheme—the run-and-shoot—used by Detroit last season. Assistant coach Mouse Davis, architect of the Lions' offense, spread receivers across the field the way a coach in the Canadian Football League would, using four quick wide receivers and Sanders, who could move around underneath all the unusual deep patterns the four receivers were running. "He's the best back I've seen come into our league in a long time," says no less an authority than Giants linebacker Lawrence Taylor.

Hilliard didn't have the per-rush average (3.7 yards) that Sanders had (5.3), in part because the Saints play out of a more traditional tight offensive set. When backfield mate Rueben Mayes missed last season with an Achilles tendon injury, Hilliard got a shot at carrying the bulk of the Saints offensive workload. He had his best season as a pro, rushing for 1,262 yards and catching passes for another 514.

"He's got thighs bigger than our offensive and defensive linemen, but he's still quick and versatile," Saints assistant coach John Pease says. "I think what you're seeing now in the league, and what we're drafting for, is speed. Not many teams are doing what the old Redskins did with John Riggins, just bashing him up the middle. Even the good big backs now aren't just bashers. [San Francisco's] Tom Rathman is probably the premier big back in the league now, and look how many balls he caught last year."

Rathman caught 73 passes. Hilliard caught 52. Sanders caught 24, and Davis would like Sanders to be more of a pass-catching threat in '90. Suddenly, it's fashionable for the little big men to be big players in versatile roles.

It wasn't always this way. Hilliard was a 5' 8", 170-pound high school dynamo in Patterson, La., but LSU and Tulane were the only major colleges who would touch him because of his size. "I remember the Oklahoma coaches saying I was too small, I was too slow, I couldn't play at the major level," he says. Right. When he arrived at LSU in '82, Hilliard was the No. 7 running back on the depth chart. During one of his first scrimmages, Hilliard took a handoff inside his 10-yard line, weaved, dodged



and left six defenders in his wake. Within three weeks, Hilliard was first string, and he was the starting tailback in the opening game of his freshman season.

While at LSU he added 20 pounds, and he has put on 20 more in his four seasons with the Saints. But his speed is downright average; 4.6 in the 40. So how did a 5' 8" back with mediocre speed wind up touching the ball on 396 of the Saints' 999 offensive plays last year, more than any nonquarterback in the NFL?

"In the first place he's not a little guy," says Saints offensive coordinator Carl Smith. "He's short. He's smart, he's strong, he's thick, he can block. I look at him like Walter Payton in some ways, because he can do everything a running back should. He can run and make people miss. He can be a lead blocker when we give it to the fullback. He can pass-protect. And he can catch. He's a natural catcher. He probably made more circus-type catches last year than I'd ever seen, where you say to yourself, 'Man, I can't believe he caught that.'"

The Saints give Hilliard the option to free-lance on about 60% of his pass routes, so he waits for the linebacker covering him to commit in one direction, then he'll go in another. "My first instinct is not to run over anyone," Hilliard says. "It's to get people off balance and then to run by them, low to the ground."

## THE FUTURE

"Football's a chess game," the Saints' Pease says. "Somebody'll figure out how to stop what the little guys are doing."

"We're a copycat league," Browns pro personnel director Mike Lombardi says. "Teams will keep finding these guys now, and defenses will find guys to stop them."

There may not be a way to stop backs like Sanders, Hilliard and Brooks because they are executing basic plays in offenses suited to their skills. They are not doing anything very different from what the big backs do. But defensive coordinators already are working on ways to stop the Meggetts of the league. And they may do it by creating a new defensive position, a cross between a strong safety and an outside linebacker—a player with speed and great hitting ability.

One such player, the mid-sized and overly aggressive type, is six-foot, 223-pound linebacker Greg Cox, a Plan B free agent

who was reacquired by the 49ers after they lost him a year earlier to the Giants. The Washington Redskins drafted another such player in the second round last April—6' 1½", 230-pound Andre Collins, who spent two seasons at Penn State playing safety and two playing linebacker.

Meggett has thought of what he might face this year. "I think teams have got to get more nickelbacks or quick linebackers," he says, "something to take away the mismatches."

Teams will find players to do it. They always do. But there's something else that is good about the impact of small backs on pro football: Fans can more easily relate to them than to the large backs. Okoye is so huge he looks like a truck. Eric Dickerson, in his goggles, appears extraterrestrial. These short people? They're people.

"I love it when I go to talk in schools," Brooks says. "Kids always say to me: 'I thought you were bigger!' Their eyes light up. They can't believe I play against 300-pound guys and I run over 250-pound guys. I say to them, 'I can do it. Look at my size. So why can't you?' It's a good lesson for them."

"All my life," Morris says, "I was too little, and all anybody ever said to me was, 'No, Joe, you can't go to a major college.' I went to Syracuse. 'Joe, you can't play there.' I played. 'Joe, you can't play in the NFL.' I went to a Super Bowl. It never stops. But now it's a little different than when I was growing up. Then, it was a dream for a little kid to play in the NFL. A dream. Now, any kid out there ought to be able to say he can play in the NFL if he really wants to."



**Just 5'6½", Broussard was picked 20th in the draft, by Atlanta.**









HERE was something you don't see very often: NFL quarterbacks having to lower their voices in the huddle to avoid being overheard by their opponents. It was Dec. 24, the final Sunday of the 1989 regular season, and the silence in Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium was deafening. The Falcons were hosting the Detroit Lions, a team, like the Falcons, without so much as a tinsel strand of hope of making the playoffs. Forced to choose between watching the game in person or finishing up with last-minute Christmas shopping, Falcon attendance was 7,792. The game that week this was not.

However, it did have a little drama. When the Lions took possession with 1:10 remaining, Barbra Streisand's "The Prayer" had 158 yards. The Lions clinched the NFL title.

On the Detroit

**Sanders p  
Book as v**

PHOTOGRAPH

# A LAMB AMONG LIONS



## barry sanders

brought to the attention of coach Wayne Fontes, who called Sanders over. "I said, 'You're 10 yards from leading the league in rushing,'" recalls Fontes. "'Do you want to go in?'"

Sanders responded by parroting one of Fontes's favorite maxims: "Coach," he said, "let's just win it and go home."

"I even asked him if there was anything in his contract that said if he led the league in rushing, he got more money," says Fontes. "He said, 'Coach, give the ball to Tony [fullback Tony Paige]. Let's win it and go home.'"

Sanders could not have cared less about winning the rushing title. "When everyone is out for statistics—you know, individual fulfillment—that's when trouble starts," he says. "I don't want to ever fall victim to that." So he stayed on the sideline, and the Lions won the game and

went home. Christian Okoye of the Kansas City Chiefs won the rushing title.

Asked if he had any regrets over the summer about not winning the rushing title,

Sanders shook his head. "I satisfied my ego last season," he said.

One would hope so. In a season when small backs made such a big imprint on pro football, the 5' 8", 203-pound Sanders left a lasting impression when he gained 1,470 yards—10 fewer than Okoye, on 90 fewer carries—and started in the Pro Bowl. The feat was all the more impressive considering that Sanders 1) missed all of training camp in a holdout for a big contract, 2) did most of his running behind a patchwork offensive line and 3) ran out of the Silver Stretch, the Lions' shiny new version of a run-and-shoot offense—a one-back, four-wide-receiver set—which conventional NFL wisdom says you can't run out of.

That same wisdom dictates that a run-and-shoot is best defused with six defensive backs. So error-prone was the wretched Stretch, however, that opponents usually felt comfortable going with only five defensive backs, inserting an extra linebacker—in the Chicago Bears' case, two linebackers—the better to contain Sanders. He ran amok, regardless.

"From the system they're running out of, it makes him very elusive," says Bears middle linebacker Mike Singletary. "You not only have to figure out what's going on, but you have to find him. You have to tackle him with good technique. If you try to blast him, chances are he'll spin out of it and you'll end up looking a little silly."

Where Okoye runs over the first defender he sees, Sanders makes the first tackler miss—and *then* begins bowling people over. "I remember bracing myself to hit him. I knew I had him," says Bears defensive end Trace Armstrong. "He just stopped and turned, and he was gone. He's like a little sports car. He can stop on a dime and go zero to 60 in seconds."

His dogged, leg-churning refusal to go down reminds onlookers of former Bear Walter Payton, the NFL's alltime leading rusher, who happens to be an unabashed Sanders fan. In the Lions' two games against the Bears last season, Sanders rushed for 126 and 120 yards. Declared Payton after seeing Sanders play, "I don't know if I was ever *that* good."

Sanders's longest run last season was only 34 yards. The primary reason: Whenever he burst into the secondary, there were extra defensive backs around to tackle him. Lion watchers say Sanders's most spectacular runs were for five yards, three yards, no yards. "For me," says offensive coordinator Mouse Davis, "his most memorable run was when he took the handoff and the Bears were all over him. He spun, went down into a kind of one-legged squat, jumped out of the squat, spun again, made a guy miss and ran for just a two-yard loss. Absolutely spectacular."

Seven times Sanders rushed for 100 yards or more, with a high of 184 yards on 30 carries against Green Bay. On a day in which he rushed for 99 yards against Minnesota, Viking defenders had such difficulty tackling him that they accused him of spraying himself with silicon before the game. During a timeout, the game officials examined Sanders's limbs and uniform for a slippery foreign substance. Sanders was found to be clean.

"He runs so low to the ground and is so strong and elusive; it makes it very difficult to get a piece of him," says Packer linebacker Brian Noble. "You never get the shot at him. Usually, when you get to him, he's not there anymore."

If the Lion staff is to be believed, Sanders's rookie season was a mere appetiz-

**In '89,  
Sanders  
eluded the  
Bears for  
major  
yardage.**



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## barry sanders

er. An I-back from fourth grade through college, he has never become adept at recognizing pass coverages. He did catch 24 passes for 282 yards last season, but the time has come, the coaching staff has decided, to bring Sanders into the mainstream of the Lions' passing game. "He'll catch 50 this year," says quarterbacks and receivers coach June Jones. "If we could have gotten our passing game going last season, he'd have had 800 or 900 more yards rushing—it would have opened the running game up that much. He probably would have broken the alltime rushing record [for a season]."

The thought of surpassing that milestone—Eric Dickerson's 2,105 yards rushing for the Los Angeles Rams in 1984—does not appear to accelerate Sanders's heartbeat. "Oh, I don't know," he says. "Nothing ever turns out the way people expect it to."

Lion defensive coordinator Woody Widenhofer will second that motion. He was head coach at Missouri in '85, when Sanders was a senior at North High in Wichita, Kans. "We didn't even look at him," says Wi-

denhofer, who resigned in '88 after going 18-43-1 at Missouri. "I don't think too many schools did."

Sanders received exactly two scholarship offers, from Oklahoma State and Wichita State. Two years after being snubbed by virtually all of Division I-A, Sanders led the nation in kickoff returns and was second in punt returns as a sophomore at Oklahoma State. The next year, 1988, he set 13 NCAA season records and won the Heisman Trophy. "It's amazing to me how much attention coaches and scouts pay to size," says Sanders, who weighed 180 pounds when he arrived at Oklahoma State. "I think that's where a lot of them fail. The fact that most of the big schools ignored me gave me incentive to show them that it's not all about size." There is no bitterness in Sanders's voice, but he is not above occasionally needling Widenhofer, saying, "Hey, Coach, maybe if you guys had taken me, you'd still be at Missouri."

And if Oklahoma State hadn't been placed on NCAA probation after the '88 season, Sanders likely would have stuck around for his senior year. With the backing of the Oklahoma State athletic de-

partment, Sanders applied for and received permission from the NFL to enter the draft a year early because Oklahoma State was prohibited from making post-season and TV appearances in '89.

The Lions, holding the third pick in the draft, had no problems with Sanders's size. Indeed, when you get beyond his height, there is nothing small about Sanders. "Look at the legs in the huddle," says Davis. "His legs are as big as the guards' legs." Sanders also comes equipped with a Mutant Ninja Turtle-type upper body; he can bench-press 225 pounds 16 times. "He's a freight train going through the line, then a bug-in-a-rug when he gets in the secondary," says Widenhofer. "Either way, he's harder than hell to stop."

Sanders's speed *did* worry Fontes and the Lion scouts—needlessly, it turned out. Because he was a junior, Sanders hadn't been put under the microscope by NFL scouts. "We didn't know his 40 time," says Fontes. "Of course, in all the film we saw, we never saw anyone catch him. That should have told us something." When the Lion contingent paid a visit to Oklahoma State, Sanders ran a 4.39 for them (he had been clocked at 4.273 by his coaches). But what really sold Fontes was Sanders's vertical jump. "He just went up and up and up," marvels Fontes. "When he finally touched down, ever so gently, I looked up and saw how high he'd jumped [41 1/2 inches]. I was amazed, and I said, 'Gentlemen, it's over. We can all go home. He's coming to Detroit.'"

Sanders's arrival in Detroit was delayed as he held out until three days before the start of the regular season, when he finally signed a five-year, \$6.1 million contract. Critics among the fans and the media who had accused him of being greedy were silenced when it became public that shortly after receiving his \$2.1 million signing bonus, Sanders sent a check for \$210,000 to the Baptist church in Wichita that he had attended while growing up. Ever since, Sanders has practiced tithing.


This practice cocked a few eyebrows around the locker room. "Another God Squadder," some of the Lions whispered. Some reporters who regularly cover the team still snicker about Sanders's condemnation of "fornication" during a rambling interview last season. Yet Sanders was quickly accepted by his teammates. He is not sanctimonious. "He doesn't wear his beliefs on his sleeve," says Fontes. "Barry's not the type of guy who

**Sanders and his Heisman were a hit at home in Wichita.**





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## barry sanders

scores a TD and kneels down in front of everyone in the world. He's not for show, he's for real."

And Sanders has a sense of humor about himself. In a practice shortly after he ended his holdout, Sanders took himself out of a drill and stood next to Fontes. "I don't know if I can go back in there," he told the coach.

"What's wrong?" asked Fontes, his voice shrill with alarm. "Are you hurt?"

"No. But the guys are using some awfully foul language out there," said Sanders. "I don't know if I can stand it." An awkward moment passed, until Sanders cracked up and jogged back to the huddle.

During the season, Sanders acquired the habit of dropping by Fontes's office to pay him a social call. Fontes keeps a Bible—albeit one with a conspicuously uncreased spine—on his desk, and Sanders would recommend a verse. One October

afternoon Sanders pointed at the Bible and said, "Coach, you haven't been reading this." Fontes demanded to know how Sanders could be so sure. Pointing at the book-

mark, Sanders said, "Because this hasn't moved since August."

"Now I have to move the thing around, so he doesn't bust me again," says Fontes.

As splendid a runner as he is, Sanders does need some work. He must become more of a threat as a receiver. He must learn to block, something seldom required of him at Oklahoma State. Sometimes last season he displayed a rookie's impatience, turning upfield too early and hitting the first daylight, thus negating the efforts of pulling guards and downfield blockers. And he may have to learn to drink coffee: Sanders cannot stay awake during film sessions. "The lights go out and so does Barry," says Dave Levy, last season's running backs coach. "I am convinced that if the man behind Barry would agree to prop him up, Barry would nap in the huddle."

Fontes's biggest challenge will be to use Sanders with discretion to avoid burning him out. "I keep promising myself I won't overwork him, won't give him the ball 40 times a game," says Fontes. That might be easier said than done. Last November, Detroit took a 24-3 halftime lead on

Green Bay, only to see the Packers run off 17 unanswered points. Finally, late in the fourth quarter, Detroit linebacker Chris Spielman recovered a fumble on the Lion 47. With the game on the line, Fontes wasn't in a mood to screw around. As assistant coaches fed him advice, the head coach was overheard shouting, "I don't care what you do, just *give it to Barry!*" The Lions did, six straight times. On the sixth play, Sanders scored on a one-yard run that crushed Green Bay's comeback. That victory was the turning point of Detroit's season, as the Lions won six of their last seven games to finish 7-9 in their first full season under Fontes.

If Detroit's strong '89 finish wasn't good enough to get the Lions into the playoffs, it at least served as a portentous throat-clearing for the season to come. Quarterback Rodney Peete, who won the starting job as a rookie last year only to miss eight games with injuries, reported to camp stronger of arm and sturdier of frame. Just as important, Peete says he is "10 times more confident" in his ability to run the Stretch.

That's good, because the Lions finished 26th in the league in passing last season. The dispiriting truth about the Stretch was that it worked best when its flavor-of-the-week quarterback put the ball in Sanders's midsection and got out of the way.

Just wait till the Stretch starts clicking, says Davis. "Teams will have to use six defensive backs against it," he says. "That means, up front, you'll have five blocking five instead of five blocking six. Barry'll flat tear that up."

Jones agrees. "If we'd been first, or second, or, for that matter, 10th in passing, instead of 26th," he says, "Barry would have broken the rushing record."

"We don't know," says Davis, not to be out-hyperbolized by his colleague. "Barry may end up being the best of *all time*."

Sanders rolls his eyes and says, "You never know what's going to happen."

You do in the following scenario: Say Sanders goes into the last game of the upcoming season needing 200 yards to break Dickerson's record. Say he has 195 yards by the fourth quarter, by which time the Lions hold a commanding lead. Fontes will call Sanders over and offer him the chance to break the record. They will converse briefly. Fontes will smile and shrug, and Sanders will resume his sideline vigil. Tony Paige will get some work.

The Lions will win it and go home. ■

**Barry was in the middle of a Sanders family gathering.**





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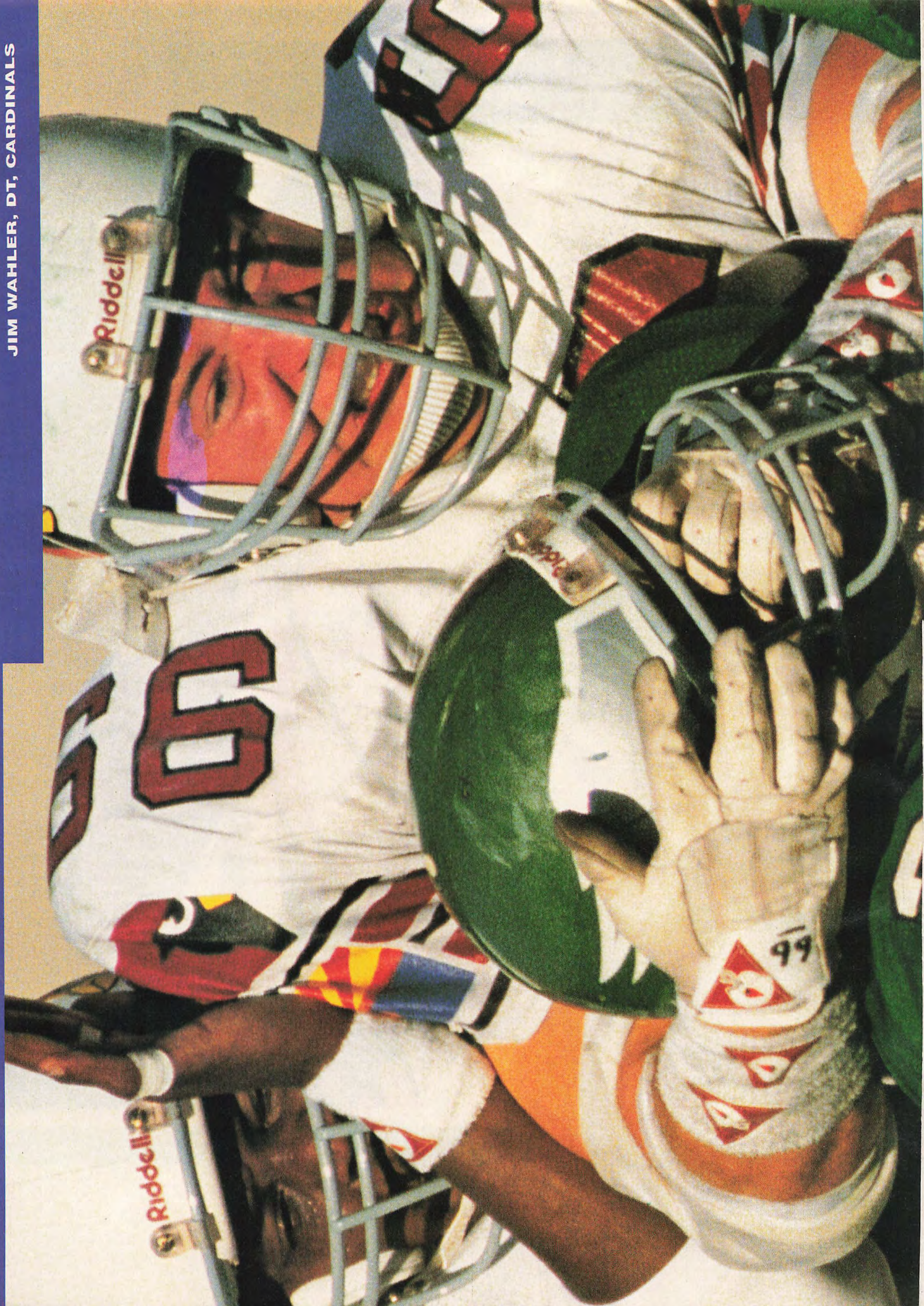
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# LIFE On THE TRENCHES

Observations from the men in the trenches ■ Photographs by JOHN W. McDONOUGH



**"If physical ability was all that counted, I wouldn't be in this league."**

**JIM BURT, NT, 49ERS**



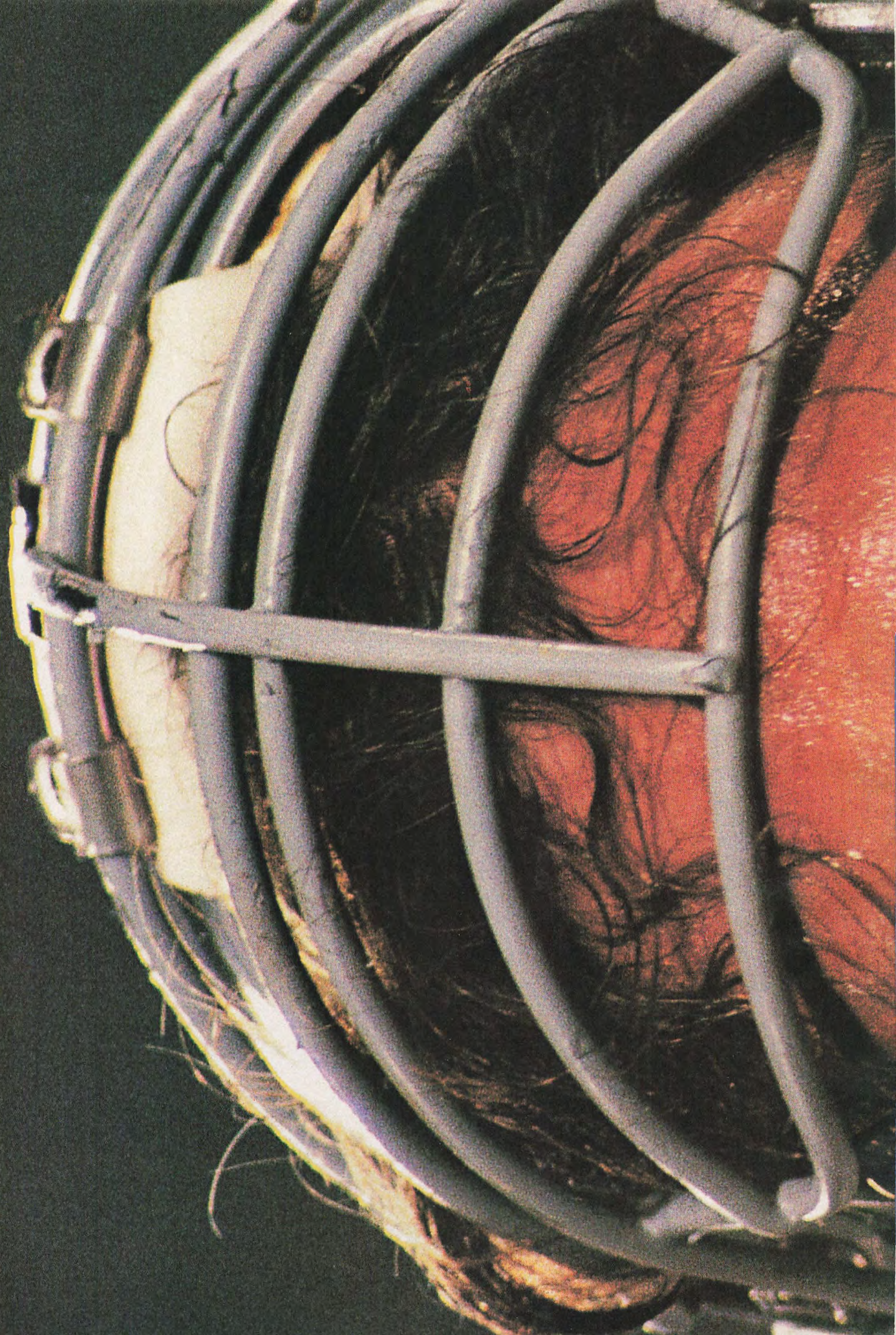






**"The best feeling is to come off the field feeling totally beat up."**

**BOB GOLIC, DT, RAIDERS**









**"I have the power and velocity, because I've got weight in my butt."**

**RORY GRAVES, OT, RAIDERS**



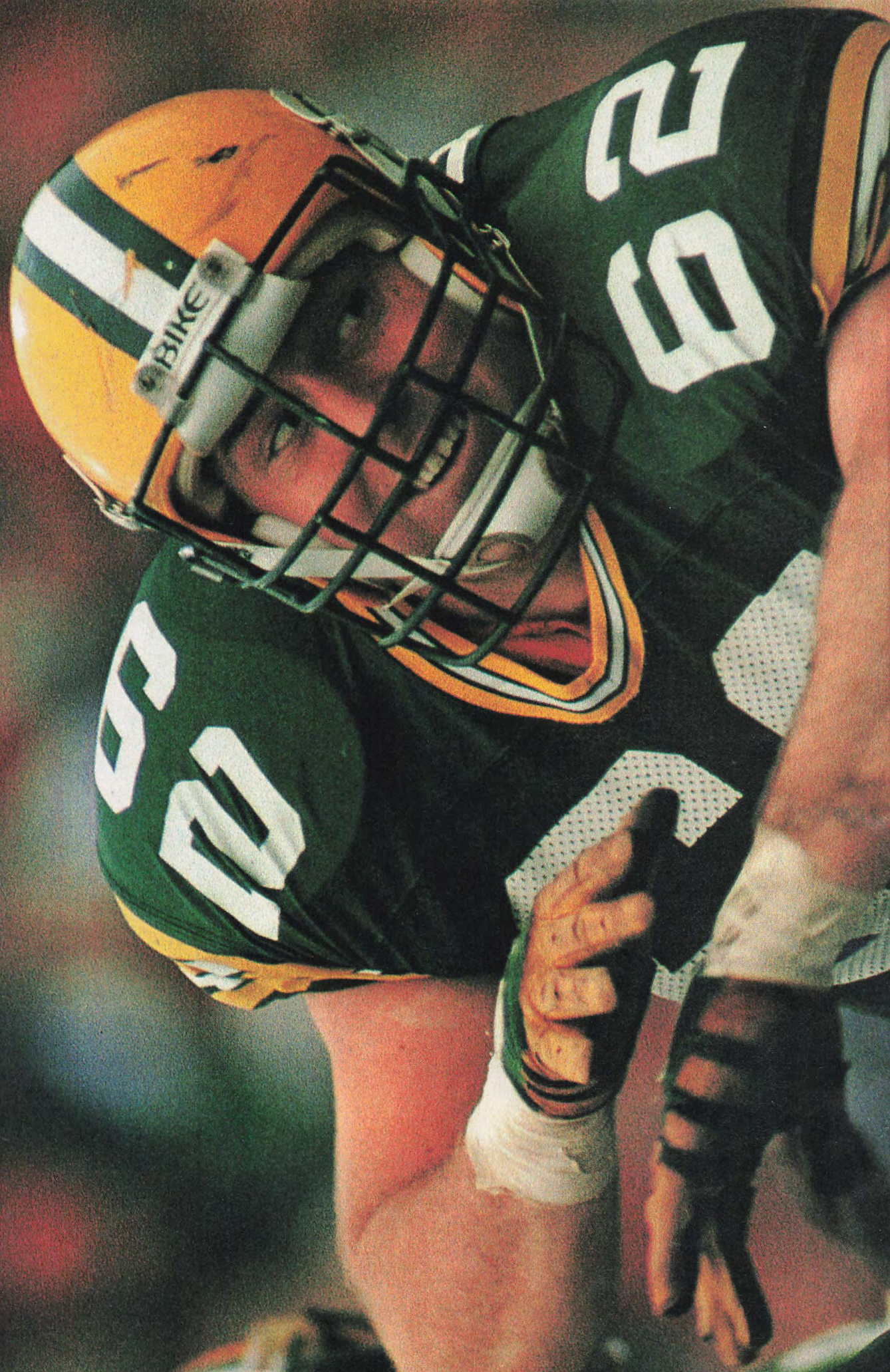






**"Your eyes are always in the backfield, following the ball."**

**MATT BROCK, NT, PACKERS**



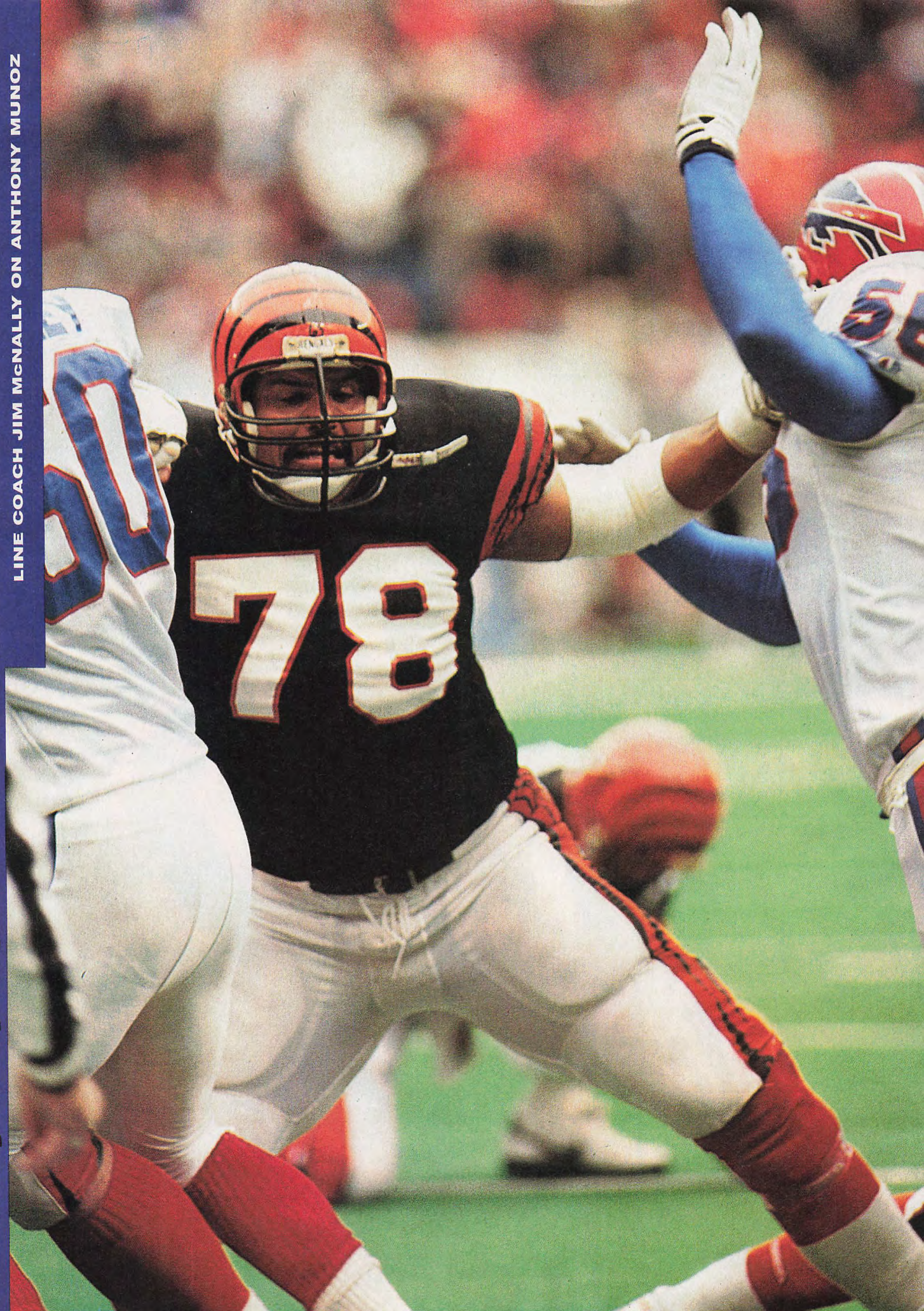






**"Anthony's only negative is that he has no negatives."**

LINE COACH JIM McNALLY ON ANTHONY MUNOZ





**AS SKILLED AS** he is at knocking down football players, Bengal offensive tackle Anthony Munoz is just as well known in Cincinnati for helping people get on their feet. Since coming to the NFL in 1980, Munoz has begrudged every inch of ground he has given up to the league's best pass rushers, yet he has given tirelessly of himself to God, family and community.

A 6' 6", 285-pound man-mountain, he is considered the best in the business at an either-he-goes-on-his-backside-or-I-go-on-nine job. He is held in equally high regard for his compassion in working with handicapped and underprivileged children and speaking to teenagers on the dangers of drug and alcohol abuse. This all comes in one package.

"I don't see any contrast between what he does and the way he is," says DeDe Munoz, his wife of 12 years. "Ever watch him? It's an artistic way of playing the offensive line. He makes it look easy."

To appreciate an artist is to admire his work, so Bengal offensive line coach Jim McNally played a game tape recently to illustrate why Munoz, 32, is considered the premier tackle of the last decade. "When Anthony came here," says McNally, who also joined the team in 1980, "most of the defensive ends were 250 pounds. Anthony would get 15 to 20 of what we call 'pancakes' in a game. That's when you drive the guy off his feet, and he winds up on his butt. Now, most of the ends are going 280. So Anthony might get only five or six pancakes a game. But I don't see where he's lost anything."

"Watch, here he's pushing the guy right past the quarterback. Now, watch. See the change of direction?"



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

# THE KING OF THE BLOCK

The rusher changes and Anthony doesn't fall down. That's tremendous balance.

"Our offense is a run-to-daylight philosophy. The offensive lineman doesn't really blast off; he takes a step and makes a read and then finishes the guy off. See, here they're stunting, and he reads it. He stops the inside guy and still gets a piece of the guy coming from the outside. In this one it looks as if he's beat, and he still kind of cuts the guy at the last second. Anthony always makes the right adjustment."

When Munoz is protecting quarterback Boomer Esiason, it looks as if the right defensive end, often the opposition's best pass rusher, is being pushed into the parking lot. The pass rusher is being killed with the kindness of Munoz, who uses his strength, athleticism (he has caught four touchdown passes on tackle-eligible plays), quick mind and desire to succeed. That's a tough combination to beat.

"He has the best feet of any tackle I've gone against," says Houston Oilers defensive end William Fuller. "Be-

cause he has such good hand-foot coordination, you never catch him out of position."

Buffalo Bills defensive end Bruce Smith was beating long odds when he blew by Munoz twice in the first six Bengal passing attempts in the 1988 AFC Championship Game. However, what promised to be a magnificent show of man-to-man combat petered out when Smith suffered a leg injury and played at reduced effectiveness for the remainder of the game, which Cincinnati won 21-10.

"I think if that hadn't happened," says Smith of the leg injury, "I would have probably had the best game of my life, and it probably would have been his worst. I felt like nobody could stop me. There are no comparisons between him and other tackles. He's proven it year after year that he's the best."

It might be argued that Munoz is the best ever to play his position. His fel-

**Munoz gets two-on-one pressure at home, too, from Mike and Michelle.**

**Anthony Munoz sets a standard for linemen on and off the field ■ by JAY GREENBERG**





HEINZ KLUETMEIER

has slipped, if only slightly. That may mean that Munoz's blocks are less visually stimulating, but just as effective. "What really matters," Munoz says, "is that the block is successful and the play works."

Even those who believe his skills have begun to erode concede that the most mentioned heirs apparent to Munoz's throne are not yet in his class. "Some people think [Atlanta Falcon] Chris Hinton [compares], but I don't know that Chris is anywhere near as consistent as Anthony is," says Tom Donahoe, the Pittsburgh Steeler director of pro personnel. "[Washington Redskin] Jim Lachey could be, but I don't think he's there yet."

Esiason may be biased, but he unabashedly stands up for the guy who keeps him standing. "If I were as good at my position as Anthony is at his," Esiason says, "then I'd be 10 times better than Joe Montana."

The flood of praise does not swell Munoz's head. He pursues excellence, not status. "I'm not always as confident as people believe me to be," Munoz says. "So this is all pretty amazing, especially since I had no desire to play pro football until late in my college career [at Southern Cal]. Here's a guy who plays one full game his senior year and still goes [third]

in the draft, and then has an outstanding career, according to all these different people. Why would an offensive lineman get all this attention? I don't know why, but I'm fortunate. I use it as a motivator."

He runs two to three miles a day during the off-season, but he lifts weights only three times a week. "Anthony's commitment is to be the best at his position, not a bench-press goon," says Kim Wood, the Bengals' strength coach. "A lot of kids have had exposure to steroids in college and come to pro football believing you have to take them to be able to compete. But Anthony Munoz has been the best offensive lineman in football for a decade without ever taking a steroid."

Dropping down into a three-point stance opposite Munoz can be an inspirational lesson in humility. Smith can remember hearing Munoz say only two words in the heat of battle. "I think it was after he stuck his hand in my face mask," Smith says. "He said, 'I'm sorry.'"

Teammates, who watch their language in Munoz's company but never feel uncomfortable around him, say that when things get dirty in the pits, Munoz doesn't

get angry. He gets better. "There is the drive to be great," says Cincinnati coach Sam Wyche, "and then there is a desire like Anthony's to be superlative. You won't know if you can get there, but you want to see how close you can come."

Munoz has come close—both on and off the field. The rules of pro football may have changed, but the standards by which Munoz lives his life are unaltered. "If pro sports could point to one guy who would be the ideal to look up to, Anthony would be it," says Wyche. "All of us try to set examples until something goes wrong, and then we reveal our true selves. Anthony's real self is the one the rest of us try to be."

"Anthony's only negative," says McNally, "is that he has no negatives."

Munoz's mother, Esther, has two artificial knees, but she gets around well in the house her son bought her with the money from his first pro contract. She is in pain from rheumatoid arthritis, from a fusion recently performed on her ankle and from memories of her family's past. "Anthony was very young when his father left," Esther says. Her face clouds over and she shakes her head, preferring not to go into details.

Munoz's father continued to live not far from the yellow stucco house on D Street in Ontario, Calif., where Esther kept her three sons and two daughters fed, clothed and motivated. Munoz says that his father attempted to contact him only twice, when Anthony was five and 12. They never got together, and Munoz's mother says Anthony's father has since died.

"I probably have thought about him more in the last few years since I had children of my own," says Munoz. "See, I never had a father, so I never knew what I was missing. As I look back, I don't even know if I was poor. We were provided for, but we didn't have any extras. We didn't have a car, but we had relatives who drove. I got everywhere I wanted to go. I had an aunt and uncle who took me under their wing. They'd take me out to dinner."

"Anthony downplays it," says DeDe, "but there was a lot of pain there, a lot of hard times. I really admire Anthony's mother. Somehow she made it all work."

Esther worked packing eggs into cartons at a nearby farm. On weekends, when a new batch of chicks had to be vaccinated, Anthony and one of his brothers, Tom, could find work shooing them from coop to coop. Otherwise, Esther never

low players have voted him to the Pro Bowl for nine straight seasons, a record for an offensive lineman. Weeb Ewbank, who coached the Baltimore Colts and New York Jets to league championships, calls Munoz "a sure Hall of Famer," but he has to side with one of his own—6' 3", 275-pound Jim Parker, who played for Baltimore in 1957-67—as the best to play Munoz's position. "Parker did it with his shoulder," says Ewbank, who lives in the Cincinnati area. "Now [because of rules changes] blockers can put their long arms out and encircle the man they're blocking. It's legalized holding."

Then again, Parker didn't face 280-pounders almost every week. "You don't get the status Anthony Munoz has gotten just by having the muscle build or physique," says Smith. "I've watched more film on him in one week than I've watched TV in a year, and what's amazing is that he does everything right. It seems like [his physical skills] would go away at this stage of his career, but they haven't yet."

Some NFL talent evaluators will allow that Munoz, who has had shoulder surgery twice in the last three off-seasons,

**Munoz hit the links by moonlight at a charity function in Dayton.**





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HEINZ KLUETMEIER

begrudged Anthony any of the mornings, afternoons or evenings he spent on baseball fields all over town.

By the time he was five, Anthony looked nine, so he never had any trouble getting into a game. "He was on so many teams that when they had to play each other, they would fight over him," says Jim Semon, the director of the summer recreation program in Ontario and later Munoz's surrogate father and baseball coach at Chaffey High.

For years, baseball remained Munoz's first love, even after it was pointed out to him that he was too big not to play football. "The transition to having a [physical-contact] mentality was difficult," he says. Munoz signed with Southern Cal with an agreement that he could skip spring football practice to play for the Trojans' baseball team, but the need to rehabilitate knee injuries that he incurred playing football kept him from playing baseball except in his sophomore year.

When the helmet of a Texas Tech player struck Munoz's left knee in the opening game of his senior season, he required major reconstructive surgery. His coaches and teammates thought that if he didn't petition the Pac-10 for another year of eli-

gibility, his college career was over. "I'm going to play again this year," Munoz announced one day within earshot of John Robinson, USC's coach at the time. Robinson laughed and said, "Sure, we'll use you at wide receiver."

Robinson didn't mean to be cruel, but Munoz went home and cried. "You don't ever tell Anthony he can't do something," says DeDe. Desperate to fulfill every Trojan's dream—participating in at least one Rose Bowl—Munoz made it back for the game. He threw the key block that sprung tailback Charles White for the winning touchdown against Ohio State.

At the game were Paul Brown, founder and general manager of the Bengals, and his sons, Mike, the assistant general manager, and Pete, the player personnel director, who were facing a difficult decision: Whatever Munoz's potential, could they risk using a first-round draft pick on a player with a questionable knee? Munoz spent the day blowing away Buckeyes and the Brown family's fears. "The three of us sat there and laughed out loud," says Mike. "The guy was so big and so good it was a joke."

Munoz, who has missed only one start as a pro—because of a contract holdout in '87—has not had a serious knee injury since. Like the Brown family, Cincinnati fans were at first skeptical of Munoz. When the Bengals failed to meet the contract demands of Mike Trope, Munoz's first agent, a local newspaper columnist suggested that Trope and the "Big Burrito" he represented could stay home.

Ten years later, Munoz and his family are very much at home in Cincinnati. Anthony, DeDe and their children, Michael, 9, and Michelle, 7, live in a Tudor-style house on a one-acre lot in suburban Ellenwood. Munoz gives 30 to 40 talks a year on drug and alcohol abuse as a representative of Teen Challenge and Athletes in Action. He also makes appearances on behalf of the United Appeal, organizes and speaks at events that benefit Cystic Fibrosis, and fulfills other civic and charitable requests. Anthony and DeDe, who first laid eyes on each other back in Ontario in 1974 when Anthony robbed her of several base hits in a pickup softball game, decided in 1982 to settle year-round in Cincinnati because they felt the city had a sense of community that was missing in Southern California. Anthony and DeDe

were part of a group who founded the Hope Evangelical Free Church in Mason, Ohio.

**Two fans welcomed Munoz to a muscular-dystrophy benefit.**

DeDe struggled for years with agoraphobia, suffering panic attacks from a fear of places and situations in which

she might feel trapped. Anthony took the position that while he could not understand his wife's affliction, he could support her. "He was just so accepting of it that he helped me accept myself again," says DeDe. With treatment, she has largely overcome agoraphobia, although she still won't go downtown alone. "God's sense of humor is making me get on an airplane every year to go to Hawaii for the Pro Bowl," she says.

God figures to have a few more laughs coming. Munoz recently signed a new three-year contract believed to be worth about \$1 million annually. His shoulders feel better than they have in years, and he retains the healthy fear of slipping a notch that drives superior men to superior deeds. When you come so far in life, it must be hard to stop. "I don't think Anthony thinks of himself as Superman," says Wyche.

Only everybody else does. ■





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WHEN NEW YORK GIANTS QUARTERBACK Phil Simms walked into the cafeteria at training camp one day last month, 10 other players were eating lunch. Not one of them was on the team two years ago. So it was fitting that Simms should address the

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subject of the unusually high turnover of players on NFL rosters these days.

"There's a startling difference in our team," Simms said. "Usually when you walk into camp, you say 'Hi' to all the

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guys. When I walked into camp this year, I looked at [quarterback] Jeff Hostetler and said, 'This is the Giants?' I felt like I was in somebody else's locker room."

During the off-season the Giants lost 10 players, including two starters, to Plan B free agency. Six prospects on the now-defunct developmental squad rejected contract offers from the team and signed with other clubs. And six defensive starters began camp as holdouts. Here it was, a month before the season, and 22 of the 57 Giants who were under contract last December in their drive to the NFC East title weren't around.

"They're tearing my team down," Giants coach Bill Parcells says. "They're tearing it down." He says "they," but Parcells doesn't know whom or what to blame. He just knows the ol' gray game ain't what it used to be. He's right.

The structuring of NFL rosters has changed forever, and it happened so quickly that many teams were slow to pick up on it. Until recently the formula most often followed when a club wanted to lift

**S**

itself out of mediocrity was simple: Settle on a couple of standout players as hubs, build around them through the draft and with judicious use of waiver

pickups, nurture the draft picks into starters over two or three seasons; know when to say when to your veterans; and always look to develop good backup players, because injuries are so prevalent.

That wasn't the only way to turn around a team, but it was a proven means in the '80s. The San Francisco 49ers started with Joe Montana and Ronnie Lott, drafted well and picked up some valuable cast-offs. The Chicago Bears had Walter Payton, Dan Hampton and Mike Singletary, and then drafted superbly. The Giants had Simms and Lawrence Taylor, and then assembled a bruising team around them through the draft. Championships have come to those who waited, and to those who drafted well.

In the last two years, however, player development, team loyalty and long-term planning have gone the way of the pet rock. "Part of building a football team is exactly that—building," Parcells says. "Now that's impossible. You start over every year, with just a base, and then work with all new people. This sport isn't Bingo Long's Traveling All-Stars. But that's the way it's going in this league."

Pro football is as popular as ever and more distant from its roots than ever. The new rules of the game are forcing tougher, high-risk personnel decisions in areas that league fathers either never had to confront or chose not to. Last December,

## BUSINESS

**K**

Buffalo Bills general manager Bill Polian was losing a great amount of sleep over such decisions.

"I'd wake up feeling . . .," says Polian, searching for the right word, "frustrated. I'd wake up thinking about Plan B—who we'd protect, who we'd go after if they were out there, how all of it would affect guys in our locker room—juniors who might be coming out in the draft, the new contract we were doing with Jim Kelly, what we were going to do with our draft picks, how to keep our salaries in line, ad infinitum."

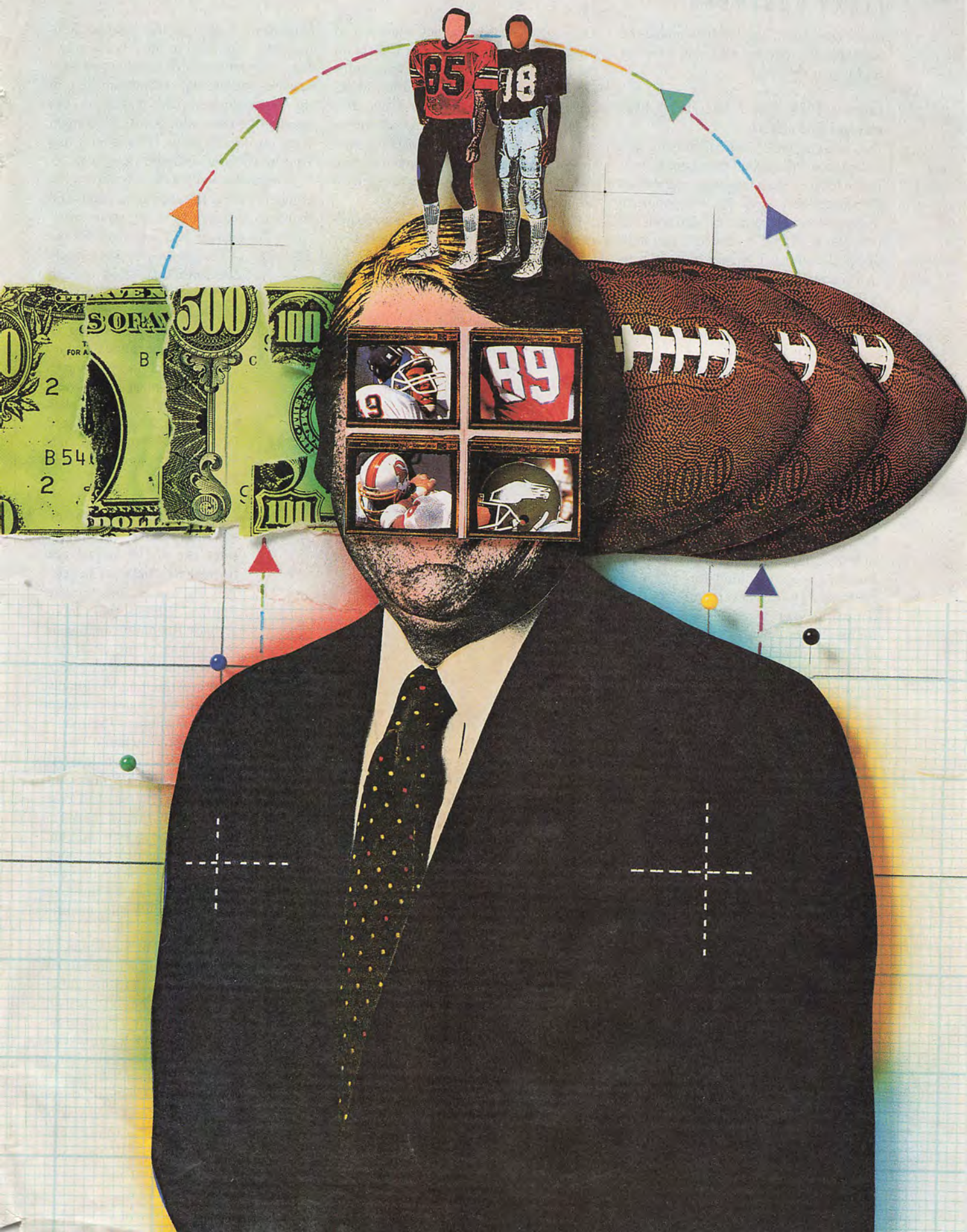
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Here are some

Several recent developments have made the job of building a roster and keeping the players happy a mind-boggling ordeal

By PETER KING







## risky business

major developments that have made the job of piecing together a 47-man NFL roster tougher than ever.

### February 1989: Plan B free agency liberates mediocre players.

This was the NFL's way of proving to a federal court judge that free agency exists in the league. Each franchise can protect 37 players and leave the rest (approximately 18 per club) free to sign with any other team. Plan B strains coaching staffs and philosophies. It makes fringe players rich and team continuity poor.

The Bills are a perfect example of what can happen under this system. They had been one of a few teams that did not pay signing bonuses to veterans, but to compete for Plan B players, they had to pay signing bonuses to second- and third-stringers who might not make their team. They shelled out a \$120,000 signing bonus to Chicago tackle Caesar Rentie, who had played in only five NFL games. Rentie had a horrible '89 camp, and he was cut. Buffalo's veterans didn't forget Rentie's bonus. Several offensive linemen hated Polian for his choice of who got a bonus. "It festered. It hurt us," Polian says. "For some guys, the wound never healed."

The Bills weren't the only team wounded by heavy Plan B defections or by the fallout from the signing of Plan B free agents. "Some players we protected came up to me and said they wished we'd put them on Plan B," says Indianapolis Colt coach Ron Meyer. "They know it could make them a lot of money."

Plan B is a divisive factor in other ways. Deciding whom to place on the list of 37 protected players can drive a wedge between strong-willed coaches and general managers. It also forces clubs to expose slightly declining veterans in order to protect young prospects.

Further, teams sometimes call on loyalty to try to discreetly buy an extra veteran or two without counting them among the 37. This strategy worked for San Francisco. Tight end Brent Jones wanted to stay in the Bay Area, so he verbally agreed to a two-year, \$770,000 contract before the Plan B period and re-signed with the

49ers after the free-agency window had closed. It didn't work for the Cincinnati Bengals. Guard Max Montoya was given a \$25,000 bonus after he vowed not to accept an offer from another team. But when the L.A. Raiders came up with a two-year deal averaging \$700,000 a season—the Bengals were to have paid him \$475,000 this year—Montoya reneged on his promise and took off for L.A.

On the other hand, Plan B is a recruiter's boon. Last winter the Kansas City Chiefs signed 12 Plan B free agents, in-

back Keith Jones, "is the greatest thing that ever happened to me." No wonder. Jones has a total of 160 yards in two NFL seasons, but last winter Dallas made him the eighth-highest-paid player on the team at the time, with a \$407,000 annual wage for three seasons. Now, after a July knee injury, Jones will miss the season.

In a small way, Plan B helps narrow the competitive gap between good teams and bad ones. In a big way, it kills salary structures. The average NFL wage in 1989 was \$299,600. In the off-season, 184 players not considered good enough to be among the top 37 players on their teams signed with other teams under Plan B. Their average annual salary and bonus: \$312,000. What's more, the marginal players usually remain marginal players. Of the 229 players signed in the first year of Plan B, only 59 were on clubs' protected lists last winter.



### September 1989: In-season negotiating comes into vogue when one of the biggest contracts in NFL history is signed.

At 10:15 a.m. on Sunday, Sept. 17, Philadelphia quarterback Randall Cunningham was staring at the clock in a room at the Crystal City Marriott in Arlington, Va. Finally, he said to Eagles president Harry Gamble, "I've got a game today, you know."

Priorities, priorities. All weekend, Gamble and Cunningham's agent, Jim Steiner, had been faxing contract documents between Steiner's vacation place in Bermuda and Arlington, and now the deal was done. Cunningham signed the seven-year, \$17.9 million deal and ran for the team bus. He made it, and the Eagles beat the Washington Redskins.

Back in Buffalo, Polian was keenly interested in Cunningham's negotiations. The previous February, the Bills had allowed unsigned Bruce Smith to test his worth on the open market, figuring nobody would break the bank for a great defensive end with one strike against him in the NFL's drug program. Wrong. In March, the Denver Broncos offered Smith \$7.5 million over five years, and the Bills had to match the offer to keep him.

cluding highly sought-after safety Jeff Donaldson of the Houston Oilers. Here's how Donaldson was wooed by the Chiefs: Defensive coordinator Bill Cowher spent a day with him, explaining the Chiefs' system and taking him to dinner; general manager Carl Peterson gave him a spiel on the opportunities in the secondary, and coach Marty Schottenheimer telephoned him five times, telling him how badly the team wanted him.

"It kind of blew me away when I saw how much time they spent on me," Donaldson says. Peterson beat the Atlanta Falcons, the Green Bay Packers, the Detroit Lions and the Washington Redskins to Donaldson and signed him to a two-year, \$875,000 contract.

"Plan B," says Dallas Cowboy running



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## risky business

Couple the near signing of Smith with Washington's signing of free-agent line-backer Wilber Marshall in '88, and teams are now so afraid of losing or embittering their brightest stars that they at least lay some contract groundwork during the season in hopes of avoiding the need to match richer offer sheets later.

So with Buffalo facing Kelly's free agency in '91 and worried about other quarterbacks possibly getting even more than Cunningham did, Polian took the offensive a year early. "We let Smith go to the end," he says. "It was a tactical error on my part. I gambled. I lost. Kelly was too important to risk losing." From mid-September to mid-December, Polian estimates, he spent four hours a week in hushed-up negotiations with Kelly's agents. Around Thanksgiving, a seven-year, \$20.05 million deal was in place.

### March 1990: Additional TV money cures and curses franchises.

A year ago, the NFL was expecting a 30% to 40% jump in television revenues, above the \$17.1 million each team received annually in 1987, '88 and '89. When commissioner

Paul Tagliabue completed negotiations on new four-year deals with the networks last March, the hike was a staggering 91%. Each club will earn \$26.1 million in 1990, \$30 million in '91, \$35.2 million in '92 and \$39.1 million in '93.

Veterans went running to their agents, who held clients out of camp until they could get upgraded contracts. No figures are kept on such things, but it is believed that there have never been as many unsigned, holdout veterans—approximately 140—as there were on Aug. 1.

It's amazing how worthless an NFL contract seems to be today. Detroit nose-tackle Jerry Ball, one of the game's best, asked for and received a contract extension in '89 that is scheduled to pay him \$375,000 this fall. Since then, the 49ers have signed two nosetackles, Michael Carter and Fred Smerlas, for 1990 salaries of \$800,000 and \$750,000, respective-

ly. So Ball is demanding another renegotiation or a trade. "The single toughest challenge in my job," says Detroit general manager Chuck Schmidt, "is to keep all the contracts on my team in line. A contract is never done in a vacuum."

### April 1990: College juniors are allowed to enter the draft.

No one in the league likes the influx of juniors, but Tagliabue would have lost the first lawsuit filed by a junior who had been denied entry. As it happened, only 18 of

### July 1990: Developmental squads are eliminated.

Last season teams could keep six nonroster players essentially to serve as practice players. However, when a group of these players sued the NFL for fixing salaries—every team paid each nonroster player \$1,000 a week—the owners eliminated the squads. Another reason that the NFL parted so quickly with developmental squads was that even when these most marginal of players showed signs of being worthy of a roster spot, the team doing

the developing often did not realize its investment. The players became free agents after the season and scattered.

With no developmental players and only six injured-reserve men allowed to practice at any given time, look for less contact work in mid- and late-season practices. "You see so many cases of bad tackling and missed tackles because we don't practice physically anymore," says one AFC scout. "This is only going to make it worse."

Make no mistake, these changes in personnel policy will affect the competitiveness of a handful of teams each season. Kansas City and Denver improved markedly

in '89, thanks in part to Plan B acquisitions, with the Chiefs picking up three players who became starters and the Broncos two. Other teams should profit similarly this season.

More than one NFL locker room will be divided by Plan B salary inequities, as Buffalo's was last year. The Bears, who in two years have signed one Plan B player and lost 16, will bemoan their lack of depth. A quarterback will get sacked and hurt because a not-ready-for-prime-time guard will miss a blocking assignment that a veteran would have executed.

The Giants, with tight end Mark Bavaro still getting over knee surgery, will lose a game because Simms, who loves to throw to the tight end, won't have Zeke Mowatt, either. A Plan B free agent, Mowatt eats his lunch in the New England Patriots' cafeteria these days. ■



the 38 juniors admitted to the '89 draft pool were chosen, but five were among the first seven players selected.

"With juniors, the big thing was the maturity factor," Polian says. "When it came our turn to pick last year, 85 percent of the time we liked somebody better [than a junior] at that point in the draft, and 15 percent of the time we felt the junior was not fully developed."

With the start of the '90 college football season, NFL clubs will recognize the full impact of the juniors' option to turn pro. "Our scouts have to be aware of juniors, and they'll have to file reports on any potential early-out player," Peterson says.

For now, the issue is much ado about very little, when you consider the number of underclassmen ultimately judged ready to play in the NFL. But the fact remains it is much ado, which adds hours to the already weary business of building a roster.



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their last five games, they averaged 311 yards in the air, more than any other team over that span.

Myth No. 2: The Skins are still a true one-back offensive team. Well, they were 5-6 using one back and two tight ends last year, and 5-0 after they switched to three wideouts and opened it up. Guess which alignment they'll rely on this season?

Myth No. 3: Washington's defense runs out of steam. Try this one: In their last seven games of '89, the Redskins allowed a total of 10 second-half points—a touchdown to San Diego, a field goal to Atlanta.

The message here is that assistant head coach Richie Petitbon is a heck of a defensive coach and that coach Joe Gibbs can switch gears and put up a big-league air attack when he has to. Gibbs has a way with quarterbacks. Doug Williams had his best years under Gibbs. Jay Schroeder has done nothing since being traded to the Raiders. Now Mark Rypien is the man.

And what a nice group of receivers Rypien has to throw to. Each of the three wideouts—Art Monk, Ricky Sanders and Gary Clark—had a 1,000-yard season in '89. The last time three pass catchers from the same team had more than 1,000 yards in a season was 1980, when Charlie Joiner, John Jefferson and Kellen Winslow did it for San Diego. The Chargers' offensive coordinator at the time? Gibbs.

Washington suffers from a case of the shorts on the offensive and defensive lines and injuries in the secondary. But I like

the way the Skins finished in '89, and I think that will carry over. Their biggest hurdle may be a freak bit of scheduling. Over a five-week stretch in October and November, the Redskins face the Eagles twice and the Giants twice. Someone ought to investigate.

I'm not going to sit here and tell **NEW YORK GIANTS** coach Bill Parcells and coordinator Ron Erhardt how to run their offense. They were 12-4 last season doing things their way, and that way was to give the ball to 32-year-old O.J. Anderson 20 to 25 times a game, run him inside behind a massive, heavy-footed zone-blocking line and pass as needed. That produced some strange numbers indeed.

New York lived by the run but averaged only 3.4 yards per carry, second-worst in the NFC, and Anderson's 3.1 ranked him last in average among the top 47 ground gainers in the league. Rushing teams aren't supposed to give up a lot of sacks, because the defense is hesitant, but only five teams had a sack-to-pass ratio worse than the Giants' one sack for every 9.65 throws.

New York fans loved the Giants' powerhouse brand of football (did any team go for it and *make* it more often on fourth-and-one?), but they didn't like the pounding their quarterback, Phil Simms, took every week. Torn pectoral muscle, sprained ankle, broken bone in his right thumb—Simms was a wreck by season's end. Big, zone-blocking linemen are not the best pass blockers in this era of speed rushers and complex blitzing schemes.

You can look for more ball control this year. Rodney Hampton, the No. 1 draft pick, joins a mob of backs. Someday he'll be terrific. Little Dave Meggett is an excellent third-down possession receiver, just as tight end Mark Bavaro, who is coming along slowly after off-season knee surgery, was in the Super Bowl year.

Receivers are a weird story on this club. Who's the last great wideout to wear Giants blue? Del Shofner? They're a faceless, anonymous group. The passing game simply doesn't control the tempo. It's something the Giants fall back on when they're trying to catch up, and by then it's generally out of sync. That's when the sacks start coming.

New York will be good again because the defense is sound—even though Lawrence Taylor held out the entire preseason—and the offense will outmuscle some teams. But what of the playoffs, when it's third-and-long in the fourth quarter and the Giants are down by six?

I can close my eyes and see the pass rush of the **PHILADELPHIA EAGLES** nailing Joe Montana eight times and knocking him groggy—and Montana rallying San Francisco with four touchdown passes in the last quarter to beat them. That's what happened last September. And it was a capsule of the first half of the Eagles' season. Then I can see the playoff game against the Rams, when Los Angeles defensive coordinator Fritz Shurmur bamboozled the Philly offense by playing a pure zone. Quarterback Randall Cunningham and the boys were strategically overmatched.

A lack of speed in the secondary and a predictable offense must be overcome if the team is to make what owner Norman Braman calls the quantum leap he expects this year. When you're already a playoff team, there's only one place to leap.

Speed in the secondary was the cry on draft day, but the first-round pick, safety Ben Smith, set back Philadelphia's plans a step when he became a holdout. Coach Buddy Ryan's defensive system is not easy to learn overnight. The offensive flaws were addressed when Richie Kotite, formerly of the Jets' staff, was brought in to coordinate an attack in which Cunningham had been the leading rusher for three straight seasons, an offense that ran the

**As Bo knows, the Philly defense is among the best.**

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ball on the first play of *every* game last year and on the first two plays of every game except one.

The pass rush from the front four, led by Reggie White and Jerome Brown, remains the heart of the team. The Eagles still appear to be one leap away.

I'm trying to think of the last coach who *wasn't* fired by the **PHOENIX**—formerly St. Louis—**CARDINALS** and I'm back to 1961: Pop Ivy. They wanted him to stay but he quit. Gene Stallings, who was canned last year, was the best in quite a while. Trouble was, he was too popular around Phoenix. The fans liked Stallings and disliked owner Billy Bidwill, who had gouged them with those outrageous "premium" tickets. Goodbye Gene.

The new coach, former Redskins assistant head coach Joe Bugel, is upbeat. Smiles at everyone. Keeps things positive. But he doesn't have enough players. He hired an old pro, Jerry Rhome, to help break in quarterback Timm Rosenbach. He tapped West Point for strength and conditioning coach Bob Rogucki, and everyone is working out like crazy these days.

The top draft pick, running back Anthony Thompson, was a holdout until Aug. 22, but the Cardinals are raving about seventh-round pick Johnny Johnson, another running back, who was kicked off the San Jose State team for cutting practice. The Cardinals also like third-round pick Ricky Proehl, a wide receiver, and free-agent Eldonta Osborne, a linebacker.

Two more good drafts and the Cardinals may join the big boys of the division. Maybe Bugel will even be around to enjoy it.

Tom Landry was bronzed in Canton. Jimmy Johnson was scorched in Dallas. The **DALLAS COWBOYS** are rebuilding, and they're working from a 1-15 base.

No more cool Pacific breezes in Thousand Oaks, Calif. The Cowboys moved their camp to Austin, Texas. No more fancy locker room with the partitions that divided the team into four groups. Everything is open now. No more easing off in the drills. Johnson says there will be full contact from July through December, just the way he did it when he coached Okla-

## NFC EAST FORECAST

<b>1</b>	<b>WASHINGTON</b>	<b>11-5</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>NEW YORK</b>	<b>11-5</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>PHILADELPHIA</b>	<b>10-6</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>PHOENIX</b>	<b>5-11</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>DALLAS</b>	<b>3-13</b>

*The NFC East is the only division with four teams using the 4-3 defense. And the only 3-4 team, the Giants, uses a modified 4-3, with linebacker Lawrence Taylor often lined up as a pass-rushing end.*

homa State and the University of Miami.

And no more slow people. The top two draft choices went for burners: running back Emmitt Smith and wide receiver Alexander Wright, who were unsigned during the preseason. Quarterback Troy Aikman proved last year that he can stand up under anything, and he should run a lively offensive show. But he can't rush the passer, and last year the Cowboys were next to last in sacks in the NFL.

That's for next year's draft.





## WHEN THE MINNESOTA VIKINGS GAVE THE COWBOYS ALL THOSE PLAYERS AND DRAFT CHOICES FOR RUNNING BACK HERSCHEL WALKER LAST OCTOBER, PEOPLE AROUND THE LEAGUE FIGURED, AHA! THE VIKES ARE FINALLY MAKING THE KIND OF DEAL

only Super Bowl-caliber teams make, mortgaging the future for instant gratification. Minnesota general manager Mike Lynn reinforced that thinking when he said, "If we don't go to the Super Bowl, it's a bad trade."

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But the cynics—and you can include me among them—felt that the deal was primarily a money-saver. Pay for one big package now, and then for three years you're free of all those hefty salaries, holdouts and the other headaches that accompany high draft picks.

No one, though, envisioned the disruptive effect the trade would have on the Vikings. Walker got his yards (669 in 11 games), but his average per carry (3.9) was the lowest of his NFL or USFL or any other FL career. One year he caught 76 passes for the Cowboys, but last season he caught more in five games with Dallas (22) than he did in 11 games with Minnesota (18).

Offensive coordinator Bob Schnelker was booed unmercifully. Coach Jerry Burns, who labored as an NFL assistant for 20 years, was sad that Schnelker had to take such abuse. And Lynn packed up the whole club in mid-May and took it to the Pecos River Learning Center in New Mexico for three days of rope climbing, cold flapjacks and what he called "improving the lines of communication."

Well, Walker is still the keynote back, and Minnesota has two new men joining Schnelker for offensive strategy—Tom Moore, who coordinated Pittsburgh's of-

fense into last place in the NFL in '89, and Marc Trestman, who was canned as offensive coordinator in Cleveland. All three coaches agree that they have to figure out how to use Walker more effectively, so people won't boo anymore.

A pass-catching Walker should help Wade Wilson, who last season slumped to his lowest quarterback rating in five years. But even worse, Wilson seems to have lost his scrambling and escape skills, which once were a big part of his game. Young Rich Gannon, whom they're pushing hard to replace Wilson, has no trouble in that department, but he's still not in sync with the passing attack.

The defense, the league's best last fall, thanks to the best line (Chris Doleman, Keith Millard, Henry Thomas and Al Noga), will still control the action.

Last September a lot of people thought the Vikings would be a Super Bowl contender, but by season's end they were teetering on the brink of playoff elimination. At least they know each other better now.

I never really understood how good **CHICAGO BEARS** defensive tackle Dan Hampton was until he was lost for the season after four games last year. With him the Bears were 4-0 and didn't give up more than 27 points in a game. Without him they went 2-10 and allowed more than 30 points five times. Well, Hampton is back, but how much does he have left after 10 knee operations?

Coach Mike Ditka was rough on

his team last season and rough on his offensive coordinator, Greg Landry—too rough at times. Ditka has promised to calm down. Jim Harbaugh is said to be ready to make his move at quarterback. No more just throwing bombs and scrambling and dumping off. We'll see. Perhaps the most ominous sign from this organization is what it did on draft day. The Bears, who had the sixth pick in the draft, shopped around until they found the right guy who would come in at their price. They settled for safety Mark Carrier, a head-scratcher of a pick.

The offense wasn't bad last season. It just couldn't carry a Hamptonless defense, which wound up 25th in the league. Once again the offense must kick in if the Bears are going to be in the hunt. Remember this name, please: running back Johnny Bailey, ninth-round draft choice out of Texas A&I, 5' 9", 180 pounds, all-time leading collegiate rusher. He could liven things up. Came cheap, too.

The price of magic comes high. Last season **GREEN BAY PACKERS** quarterback Don Majkowski brought the team to within a heartbeat of the playoffs with his inspirational comebacks, and then held out for \$2 million a year.

If I were representing the Packers in negotiations, I would tell Majkowski, "We had the easiest schedule in football, and you've had only one really good year." If I were in Majik's corner, I would say, "Where would you be without me?"

The preseason was devoted to hardball, including the announcement, late in August, that second-year pro Anthony Dilweg, who has thrown one regular-season pass in anger, will be the quarterback in

### NFC CENTRAL FORECAST

<b>1</b>	<b>MINNESOTA</b>	<b>12-4</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>CHICAGO</b>	<b>9-7</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>GREEN BAY</b>	<b>6-10</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>DETROIT</b>	<b>5-11</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>TAMPA BAY</b>	<b>5-11</b>

*Green Bay's Sterling Sharpe led the NFC in receiving last season, and Tampa Bay's Mark Carrier was second. That's the first time NFC Central receivers finished one-two since Minnesota's Ahmad Rashad and Chicago's Jimmy Scott did so in '77.*





the opener. It might cheer Packer fans to know that he completed that pass, for a nifty seven-yard gain. And maybe the announcement was just a negotiating ploy; sacrifice the opener (against the Rams in Green Bay) to get the Majik Man back.

When you scrape away last season's glitter, you see a club that's flawed in one big area—pass rush. The Packers had 34 sacks, and linebacker Tim Harris accounted for 19½ of them. The entire line had only 7½ sacks, or 22% of the total, which the coaches defend by pointing to the difficult rush angles in the 3-4 defense. But of the 21 teams that used the 3-4 in '89, 51% of their sacks came from the line; the seven 4-3 teams got 76% from the line. No pressure on enemy quarterbacks, too much rust on the Majik Man: It's oh-oh time for the Pack.

Do you want me to tell you how the **DETROIT LIONS** will do? O.K., tell me who their quarterback will be. Rodney Peete? Nifty guy, bad knee. Andre Ware? Long holdout. Bob Gagliano? Knows the run-and-shoot offense cold and led the

Lions on a five-game winning streak that brought them to 7-9 and back to the ranks of the living at the end of last season. Still, he had twice as many interceptions (12) as touchdown passes (6).

Let's look at this run-and-shoot, which Philadelphia coach Buddy Ryan calls the chuck-and-duck. It was supposed to light up the Silverdome last year, but when the final tally was in, Barry Sanders' running was the big news. Detroit finished third from last in the league in passing.

The Lions won the final five games because they ran the ball well and got good defense from such stalwarts as linebacker Chris Spielman, nosetackle Jerry Ball and outside linebacker Mike Cofer. And Detroit had the NFL's finest special teams, with Eddie Murray kicking, Jim Arnold punting, Mel Gray returning and Crash Ganz coaching. Not a bad formula for 1990, either. If Ware gets enough reps to eventually be useful, it'll be frosting on the cake.

The run-and-shoot has a mesmerizing effect on some people; a few handicappers have awarded the Lions playoff sta-

tus. But so far it is unproven, just another gimmick in a league that has a history of them.

**Testaverde must get the Bucs' passing off the ground.**

The **TAMPA BAY BUCS** are gambling. They're gambling that the right knee of their top draft pick, linebacker Keith McCants, the \$6 million man, holds up. So far, it has been sore. They're gambling that their second-round selection, running back Reggie Cobb, has put his drug problems behind him. So far, he has. They're gambling that running back Gary Anderson can be just as dangerous as he was for San Diego before he sat out last season. The Bucs had to give the Chargers two high draft picks to find out.

The team that traditionally has had one of the lowest payrolls in football is spending some money. If Vinny Testaverde can throw more touchdowns than interceptions for the first time in his three-year career, if the new defensive coaches can somehow put together a pass rush and a secondary . . . well, that's a lot of ifs for the worst team of the '80s.



NEVER MIND ALL THAT SMACK-'EM-IN-THE-MOUTH STUFF—THE TRADITIONAL CLICHÉ FOR TOUGHNESS—YOU HEAR AROUND THE LEAGUE. THE LOS ANGELES RAMS ARE THE TOUGHEST TEAM IN THE NFL, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY. IT'S THE FINAL GAME OF

the '89 season, the Rams need a win in New England, where the windchill factor made it feel like 0°, to make the playoffs. They get it with an 80-yard drive and a touchdown with 1:55 left. The Rams are

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banged up and counting bodies when they go to Philadelphia for the wild-card game the next week. So they shut out the Eagles for three quarters and win 21-7. Then they travel to Giants Stadium for the divisional playoff and beat New York in overtime—you remember, Flipper Anderson catches the game-winner and runs through the end zone and into the tunnel to the locker room. This was a team that wasn't supposed to be able to play in cold weather, right?

That's what I call tough. O.K., so the injuries and weariness caught up with them in the NFC Championship Game the next week, and the 49ers ran them out of Candlestick Park. The Niners were the hottest team in football during the 1989 postseason, maybe the hottest team *ever*. But here's the thing about the Rams. They know how to play San Francisco. They split with the 49ers in each of the last two regular seasons, and now their turn has come. You can tell by the look in their eyes.

They don't have San Francisco's personnel or offensive firepower, but I just get the feeling that they're 1990's team of destiny, the hungry team. So I'm making them my NFC Super Bowl pick, and awarding them a 24-17 victory over the Chiefs in the big one.

Everything is in place, offensively: Jim Everett throwing to Anderson, Henry El-lard, Pete Holohan and Robert Delpino; a line that ranks with Cincinnati's as the league's best and is now fortified by a 300-pound rookie center, Bern Brostek; and a running attack . . . well, L.A. always has a running attack, never mind who's carrying the ball. Could be Plan B pickup Curt Warner, Cleveland Gary or even Gaston Green—pick one.

Defensively, there were problems, like finishing 28th in the NFL in passing yards allowed last year, a misleading stat because a lot of that was gimme yardage at the end of games. Defensive coordinator Fritz Shurmur believes the answer is to step up the intensity of the pass rush, even if that means getting reckless at times. Which translates to less reading responsibility for the people up front, more blow-and-go. Sack maniac Kevin Greene, a holdout, will get pass-rush support from an emerging star, George Bethune, a 250-pounder with a real burst. All the signs are there.

Something about that "threepeat" slogan gets to me. I don't like silly slogans, like the one the

Steelers had: "One for the thumb in '81." Doesn't even rhyme. O.K., I hear you, give us the *real* reason you don't think the **SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS** will repeat as champs. How's this: During preseason camp, members of the press were told that no one on the sidelines could sit down. I was absolutely forbidden to light my cigar, and this was outdoors! I'm not kidding. They're telling the world how to live.

Plan B is their personal farm system. Eddie DeBartolo's pockets are bottomless. Bring in all the players you want—noseguard Fred Smerlas, cornerback Hanford Dixon (who wasn't going to make the team and wound up retiring)—pay them whatever it takes. The offensive coordinator, Mike Holmgren, wants to be a head coach somewhere else? Hey, pay him enough so he'll stay. The 49ers are the NFL's rich kids on the block, and oh yes, they've got players.

Joe Montana is being called the best quarterback ever. Jerry Rice is pretty close to the top of the best receiver list. Remember that touchdown catch he made against Denver in the Super Bowl, bouncing off Steve Atwater's big hit and putting a move on another guy, all in the same motion? John Taylor is another fine wideout. Mike Sherrard, once the franchise wide receiver in Dallas, is making

DAMIAN STROHMEYER





## NFC WEST FORECAST

<b>1</b>	<b>LOS ANGELES</b>	<b>12-4</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>SAN FRANCISCO</b>	<b>12-4</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>NEW ORLEANS</b>	<b>8-8</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>ATLANTA</b>	<b>4-12</b>

*The NFC West is the only division to have produced a 1,000-yard rusher every year since the strike-shortened '82 season. Eleven different backs have gained 1,000 yards over that span, and last year the NFC West had a league-high three 1,000-yard men: Dalton Hilliard (1,262), Greg Bell (1,137) and Roger Craig (1,054).*

his move. Running back Roger Craig and fullback Tom Rathman are equally adept at running and pass catching. There is one tight end (Brent Jones) for receiving, another (Jamie Williams) for blocking. It's a dazzling array of talent.

So the offensive line was a little cockamammy in training camp, with people switching positions and Harris Barton going to center just as he was beginning to emerge as a Pro Bowl-caliber tackle. The line will sort itself out. Nothing is really wrong with the defense, either, featuring Ronnie Lott as the policeman in the deep secondary and an underrated pair of ends, Pierce Holt and Kevin Fagan.

There's nothing really wrong, anywhere, and the Niners will be right in it. But they're fat now. They're the Romans, staring out from the Palatine Hill at the hordes of wild, hungry, warlike people clad in animal skins. This year I'm picking the barbarians.

Quick now, name the team that ranks second behind San Francisco in victories over the last three years. You're right, the **NEW ORLEANS SAINTS**. And they've got one playoff appearance—a quick exit via a blowout in 1988—to show for all those W's. So what's wrong? In '88 the Saints were coasting until they lost three of their last four

games. Last year they were going nowhere. Bobby Hebert had thrown nine interceptions in his last five games, ending with a Dec. 3 loss to the Lions. He was benched for John Fourcade, who once toiled in the nets and the pits of Arenaball, and New Orleans won its final three games to end up 9-7.

A sound team, better than average, with a still unproven quarterback: that's the Saints. Four teams came from behind in the fourth quarter or in overtime to beat them last season. New Orleans is missing something, a fiber of toughness, staying power at the end, who knows?

The Saints have eye-catching people all right—Dalton Hilliard, the flashy little halfback, pass-rush linebackers Pat Swilling and Rickey Jackson—but they have weaknesses, too. The defensive line has lost Jumpy Geathers (Plan B) and Frankie Warren (drug suspension), so in the first round New Orleans drafted a defensive end, Renaldo Turnbull, who has some swiftness but looks lost against the run.

The schedule is interesting, tough at the beginning when the Saints open with San Francisco and Minnesota, so-so in the middle and then load-

ed at the end with the Rams on the road, Steelers at home, 49ers on the road and Rams at home. A fast start could make those late-season games exciting. But another bout with the blahs could get all that "what's wrong?" talk started again.

The Saints' fiscal policy remains prudent. They've lost 18 people to Plan B over the last two years. If Hebert is traded, which he wants, then they will have no one in the high-echelon salary bracket. And oh, yes, this is New Orleans' third straight year of ticket-price increases, which angered many fans.

Once I asked Bill Walsh which defensive coach had given him the most trouble in all his years with the 49ers. I thought he would say Buddy Ryan, but he surprised me. "Jerry Glanville," said Walsh. "He always seemed to have the best read on what we were doing."

You can bet that the **ATLANTA FALCONS'** defense, which ranked dead last in the NFL in '89, will be better, even if Glanville has to restore that old Griz Blitz he used as a Falcon defensive coach 11 years ago. Glanville, who had coached the last four seasons in Houston, came into a weird situation in Atlanta. The head coach resigned after the 12th game of last season. The interim coach was arrested six weeks later on a DUI charge. Two players died in separate traffic accidents. The club president, Rankin Smith Jr., the owner's son, was hit with a paternity suit and later resigned. Two paternity suits were filed against linebacker Aundray Bruce (page 120), who was later charged after allegedly pointing a BB gun at a pizza deliveryman.

Glanville, who keeps reiterating in his book, *Elvis Don't Like Football*, "I like living on the edge," might have more than he bargained for here.

Three newcomers could give the team a lift: tackle Chris Hinton and wideout Andre Rison, who both came from Indianapolis in the Jeff George deal, and first-round draft pick Steve Broussard, a 5' 6½", 202-pound halfback with flash and dash.

Atlanta faces the entire AFC Central this season; you know, all of Glanville's old buddies—Chuck Noll, Sam Wyche, that bunch. The opener, at home, is against the Oilers. It'll be a lively season, if nothing else.





# LOOK, MA, GREAT HANDS!

L.A. receivers Flipper Anderson  
and Henry Ellard are mama's boys

By RICHARD HOFFER

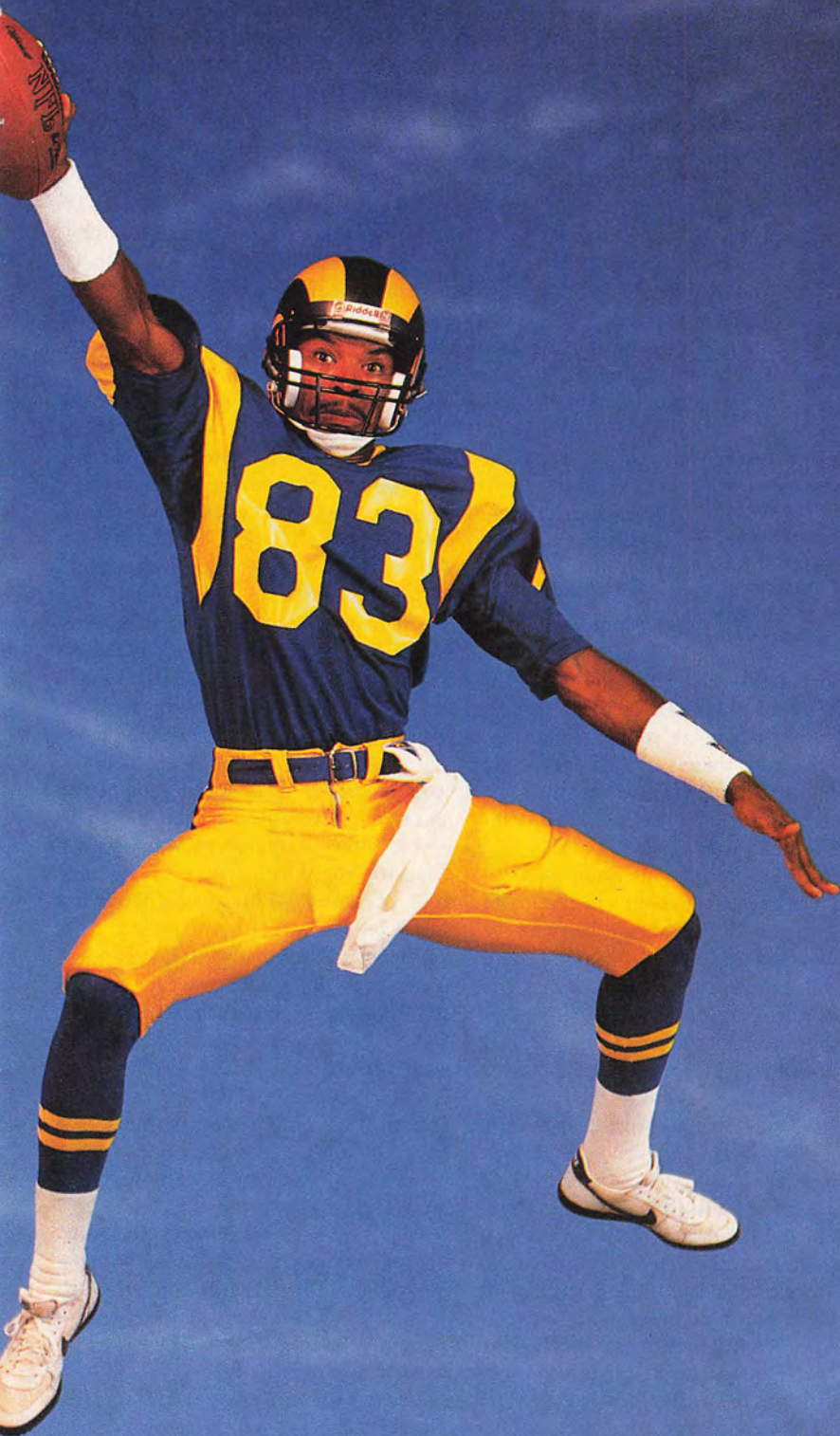
**HENRY** Ellard and Willie (Flipper) Anderson may produce more electricity than the Hoover Dam when it comes to catching a football. But off the field, these two Los Angeles Rams don't generate enough juice to jump-start a toaster. Low voltage? Anderson, who at least has a nickname, is so far out of touch with his celebrity that on the rare occasions when he indulges in nightlife he sallies forth to sleepy San Bernardino, not Los Angeles. Mostly he hangs out in Chino Hills—a development so thoroughly suburban it could be from the Nick at Nite lineup—and trades Nintendo games with the neighborhood kids. Ellard, who once had a tag (he was known as Grasshopper at Fresno State), likes to cap a perfect day with a stop at a fast-food restaurant. Actually, a perfect day for Ellard would be making a fast-food pickup without stopping, as he speeds home to Fresno, Calif., in his fast car.

Flipper and Grasshopper. Remember when players were known by their urban street names? Apparently, these are less



PETER READ MILLER





flamboyant times in the NFL. Now our heroes are likened to helpful porpoises and athletic insects. But forgive these two guys for their astonishing ordinariness. They are, by their own admission, both mama's boys; Anderson is as likely to check with "Mom-Mom" on the relative merits of Bible translations ("Just stick with the King James, baby," she tells him) as Ellard is to surprise his mother with an Eldorado. There is not much that can be done with mama's boys. Nor, in this case, much that needs to be.

"Mama did good," says Rams quarterback Jim Everett. "Besides, they've got great hands."

They've got great hands, legs, feet, hearts—all the parts necessary for world-class pass catching. Last season, Anderson's second and Ellard's seventh with the team, they combined for 2,528 yards receiving. The idea that two Ram wide-outs could have topped 1,000 yards in the same season, first time ever on this club, ought to alarm the rest of the league, which had its hands full when L.A. coach John Robinson was doing his Woody Hayes impression. But now, Ellard and Anderson give a team long known for Eric Dickerson running off tackle—about 38 times a game—a quick-strike offense. Anderson, who caught 44 passes for 1,146 yards, led the NFL with an average of 26 yards per catch in '89. Ellard, with 70 receptions for 1,382 yards, ranked second with a 19.7 average, a career high.

These numbers do not suggest blandness to opposing cornerbacks. San Francisco 49er Ronnie Lott, one of the best at defending the likes of Anderson and El-

**Ellard is a flipper, too, in this high-flying act with Anderson (83).**





PETER READ MILLER



LANE STEWART

**Margaret is greeted by Henry; Mom-Mom (left) is Flipper's grandmother.**

number at Anaheim, had long ago decided the Rams needed to pass in order to win. He just didn't have the passer.

So Robinson landed Everett—he was the third player chosen in the '86 draft but couldn't come to terms with the Houston Oilers—in one of the biggest trades in club history. And in '87 he hired offensive coordinator Ernie Zampese from San Diego to update the Rams' passing game. Soon the 5' 11", 182-pound Ellard, who made All-Pro in '84 as a punt returner, began getting reminders from Zampese that he had entered the league as a wide receiver.

"This Coach Zampese came into the film room one day," Ellard recalls, "and said, 'Henry, you're an All-Pro receiver. You got a chance to catch 60, 70, 80 balls.'" In reply, Ellard did his Travis Bickle impersonation ("You talkin' to me? You talkin' to me? Cause there's no one else in the room.") and finally said, as gently as he could, "I don't know, Coach. I just don't see how that can be done."

By the '88 season—with Zampese's system in place, with Everett's beginning to flower and with Dickerson's carrying the ball for the Indianapolis Colts—Ellard caught a team-record 86 passes. The Rams were forever changed, but Robinson is not without a lingering regret. "Part of me still wants Henry returning punts," he says.

Ellard was 1988's surprise. Anderson was 1989's. Although he had caught Troy Aikman's passes at UCLA, which should have qualified him for some extra attention in the '88 draft, Anderson was not considered to be much of a pro prospect. One service that rated college players for the draft had him 16th among wide receivers, behind even Don McPherson, who was a quarterback at Syracuse. Robinson claims to have coveted Anderson all along, but the fact is, Anderson was the Rams' fourth pick—and their second at wide receiver. "We thought he'd slide," Robinson says. "We didn't think Aaron Cox would." All the same, Cox, a first-round pick out of Arizona State, started

ahead of Anderson their rookie year.

Anderson didn't much care, though. "I was in the NFL, just kind of amazed to be a professional," he says. "Practice every day, no school, money in your pocket." Do you have the picture of a guy wandering around Anaheim with a goofy grin on his face? Everett remembers Anderson in his rookie year this way: "A guy learning to talk and chew gum at the same time."

Last year Anderson worked so hard in the preseason that Zampese was using him as an example of team dedication. It was embarrassing, of course, but Anderson was well prepared when Cox hurt his hamstring in a preseason practice and Flipper became a starter opposite Ellard. Still, it was Ellard's show and Anderson didn't figure to catch too many more balls than the 11 he had pulled in the year before. "Henry was having a great year," Anderson says, "and I was only catching two, three balls a game." All the same, he allows, "Most were for big yardage, leading to scoring drives."

Anderson certainly wasn't as reliable as Ellard, whose precision routes, in a passing offense where timing is prized, remain a marvel. "Every step has a purpose," says Everett of Ellard. Anderson is six feet and 172 pounds, and his gift seemed to be speed, although it's a speed nobody can agree on. Everett calls it "a gangly speed." Steve Axman, who was UCLA's offensive coordinator, says, "It's a stiff kind of speed." Lott says: "Well, it's speed, but not burner-burner speed."


Whatever kind of speed, it was not a speed particularly impressive to Anderson's coaches or quarterbacks. And the fact that he was never exactly where he should be when he should be did not increase anybody's confidence in him. Yet Everett discovered that Anderson somehow got to the ball before anyone else. "He's got a Charles Barkley attitude," Everett says. "Every ball belongs to him." Robinson was impressed with "the enormous number of catches he made with the guy right on him. He has the speed to threaten the defensive back but more than that, he can time the ball and go up and get it."

The rest of the league got a good example of Anderson's timing last November, when the Rams played the Saints at the Superdome. The Friday before, Ellard had injured his hamstring, and the entire offense was plunged into doubt. "I mean, I'd been having some big games with

lard, knows what he's going to do if Anderson ever appears to be duplicating his performance against the New Orleans Saints last season, when he caught 15 passes for an NFL-record 336 yards. "I'm going to call timeout, walk off the field, out of the stadium and into the parking lot," says Lott.

That Ellard and Anderson are causing such excitement in the league is not entirely their doing. Robinson, who was known as "28-sweep" when he was producing tailbacks at Southern Cal, and as "47-gap" when he was calling Dickerson's



A man wearing a hat and a dark jacket is crouching on the edge of a dark, layered rock cliff. Next to him is a dark-colored Ford Explorer SUV. The background is a vast, open landscape under a sky with a gradient of pink, orange, and purple, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is one of solitude and adventure.

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PETER READ MILLER

Henry," Everett says. Ellard was, in fact, on a 100-catch pace. "So I'm wondering, Who's going to pick up the slack. But then we got into this rhythm."

There hasn't been so much syncopation in New Orleans since the arrival of Dixieland. Anderson, who had caught only 19 passes in the first 12 games of the season, says, "I felt like Michael Jordan scoring 60 points out there."

Late in the game, Ellard, an interested bystander, came by to tell Anderson he was approaching the NFL record for yardage in a game, which happened to be held by Henry's best friend and Fresno neighbor, Stephone Paige of the Kansas City Chiefs. "Some best friend," sniffs Paige, managing a laugh now.

"It's funny," says Everett, "but on the final play before the winning field goal, Aaron Cox and Flipper are running the exact same pattern. I throw to Flipper, he catches. Yet when I looked back at film of that game, I see that Aaron was 10 steps ahead of his man and Flipper was double-covered. Sometimes you feel like you're throwing a football through the tire of a Hyundai, but that day, with Flipper, it felt like throwing a ball through the tire of a John Deere tractor."

This is no longer the surprising development it once was. Both Ellard and Anderson are now, according to the hard-to-

please Zampese, "legitimate," high praise indeed from Zampese. Everett, if he was skeptical at first, can now imagine himself throwing the ball into the Grand Canyon. Neither Ellard nor Anderson doubted their particular destinies. Both were raised to believe they were special, although Ellard has fallen somewhat short of the U.S. presidency his mother had predicted back in Fresno.

"Well, that's what she says she wanted," Ellard says, "but she always sensed something about me, always knew I'd end up doing something different. She picked up on that and kept me in line, kept me levelheaded, as if for a purpose."

Perhaps his mother, Margaret, didn't truly believe Henry would be president, but she was positive he wasn't going to play football. None of her boys—there were five (and three sisters) before Henry came along—were allowed to play any sports. Sam Lane, Henry's half brother, says his mother's involvement in The Church of God and Christ, "a holiness church, very strict," prohibited fun and games. "But when Henry was seven, I saw him do a gainer off this truck inner tube we used for a trampoline. I figured he had some athletic talent."

Lane, 15 years older, began working out with Henry, throwing a football to

him in the street. Henry definitely had talent. Lane talked their mother into letting Henry play a little Pop Warner. Margaret, who had divorced Henry's father, Jeremiah, years before, worked a late-night shift as a registered nurse to hold the family together, and because she could not rule her kids the way she liked, it was successfully argued that Henry's reckless energy might be more safely harnessed at football practice. "She began to see the sense of it," Lane says.

Still, it was slow going. Henry remained so small that when the neighborhood kids saw him come home from practice, they assumed he was the equipment manager. He cried to his mother every day, certain he was going to be "a shrimp" all his life. In fact, though he did grow, he wasn't a starter on a team until his junior year in high school.

Track seemed the more likely sport for him. By the eighth grade he could jump his height (5' 6") and long-jump 17' 2". At Fresno State, where he specialized in the triple jump, he bounded to a world record of 56' 5½" into the wind—now do you

**Speed merchant Ellard gave Henry Jr. a driving lesson.**

know why he was called Grass-hopper?—only to be topped a few days later by Willie Banks. Ellard still wonders what he could have achieved if he had devoted himself to the event.

On the other hand, ever since he watched Bob Hayes fly down a sideline, he knew which sport was more important to him.

At the time, hardly anyone who dreamed of playing for the Dallas Cowboys thought of going to Fresno State. But it was important to Ellard to stay close to his mother. "Just hooked on my mama," he says. He lived at home, though he tried dormitory life for one semester. "Too crazy," he says. Fresno State was a wide receiver's delight, and Ellard got all the balls and attention and home cooking he needed to ensure his being drafted in 1983 by the pros.

And once he collected on his first NFL contract, Ellard tried to buy his mother a new house. She resisted, so he refurbished the old one. (He later talked his mother into moving into the first house he bought in Fresno.) Then he bought a new Eldorado and put it into her garage. "Her eyes lit up," he says happily. (Of course, he owed her a car; as a junior at Fresno State he had pointed out a 1972 Gran Torino and she had quickly produced the fi-



# MARINES



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## receivers

nancing for his first automobile.) And all the while, he and the rest of Margaret's children conspired to marry their mother off to—guess who?—Jeremiah. “Story-book ending,” Ellard says of the recent remarriage.

Henry and his wife, Lenora, have a five-year-old son, Henry Jr., and a three-year-old daughter, Whitney, but he has never really left his mother. He built a 5,000-square-foot house near his mother's house in Fresno, and during the season he travels the 250 miles between there and Anaheim in his customized Mercedes as if it were a local commute. He likes fast food and fast cars, his only weaknesses. “Three and a half hours,” he says, of a drive that should take longer. “But I know where the patrol cars hide.” When he's running his routes, nobody can touch him.

Anderson at least has moved away from home in Paulsboro, N.J. But he is no more removed from the influence of “Mom-Mom”—Helen Hamilton, the maternal grandmother who, with her husband, Robert, raised him—than Ellard is from his mother. “She worries about me out here,” says Anderson, almost embarrassed. “She tells me to watch out for the women, and when I'm in a bar, to watch

my drink. It's still funny when she talks to me about drinking. And Saturday nights it's always, ‘You're going to be in church tomorrow?’”

Hamilton might well worry

about any environment less holy than her household, or her Faith Tabernacle Church, where she is pastor to “100 faithfuls.” Imagine her anxiety with Flipper in L.A. “You do hear so much of what goes on out there,” she says.

But Anderson can adjust to any environment; just check out his childhood. Anderson's mother, Verna, was just 15 when he was born, and she had ambitions of going to college. As she pursued them, the family settled into an unusual arrangement: Flipper and Verna were closer to being brother and sister, while Helen, even then a pastor, assumed the role of mother. (Verna is now a devoted fan, who, through her job at an airline, has been able to travel to most of Flipper's games.) Anderson's father, Willie Anderson Sr., who is now a minister in nearby

Camden, N.J., remains in close contact with the family. And Flipper, raised by grandparents in a stew of seven uncles, considers it all to be as ordinary as Ozzie and Harriet. For the record, none of these people nicknamed him Flipper. That was done by Aunt Pearl, a distant cousin of Flipper's, who thought his crying sounded just like the critter then popular on TV.

Church was less a problem for Anderson than it was for Ellard. His grandmother's charismatic faith allowed sports, providing they could be played in the few hours when Sunday school, church services or revival meetings weren't going on. At Paulsboro High, Anderson somehow fitted in wrestling, sprinting, basketball and, of course, football.

Anderson has tried to recreate this environment in a subdivision of starter homes well beyond the L.A. glamour that his grandmother worries about. There isn't so much church, and only his three-year-old daughter, Shardae, by a former girlfriend, visits regularly. Otherwise, his life is as wholesome as his grandmother could hope for. After workouts, Anderson blocks out the hours from noon to two for *All My Children* and *One Life to Live* (“Got to see my stories,” he says), naps and then plays golf, a sport he has become addicted to in just three months. He returns home to cook, using recipes he learned in his grandmother's kitchen.

Reports of this modest life, relayed back to Paulsboro, reassure his grandmother, who can't help worrying whenever the kids are out of sight. And there are so many to keep track of. Hamilton is the natural mother of 13 and has raised nine other children who were family or somehow wandered into her care. A boy with a “bad break” had dropped by that morning. He may or may not stay; it's up to him. “I wish I had a house with 20 rooms,” she says. One “bad boy” she took in is now a youth minister. Others, from broken homes, “kids nobody cared about,” have come and gone on to college or become successes in one way or another.

For example, Flipper. “All my children made me proud,” she says. Mama's boys always do. ■



JOHN IACONO

**In the '89 playoffs, Anderson (above) and Ellard were on.**

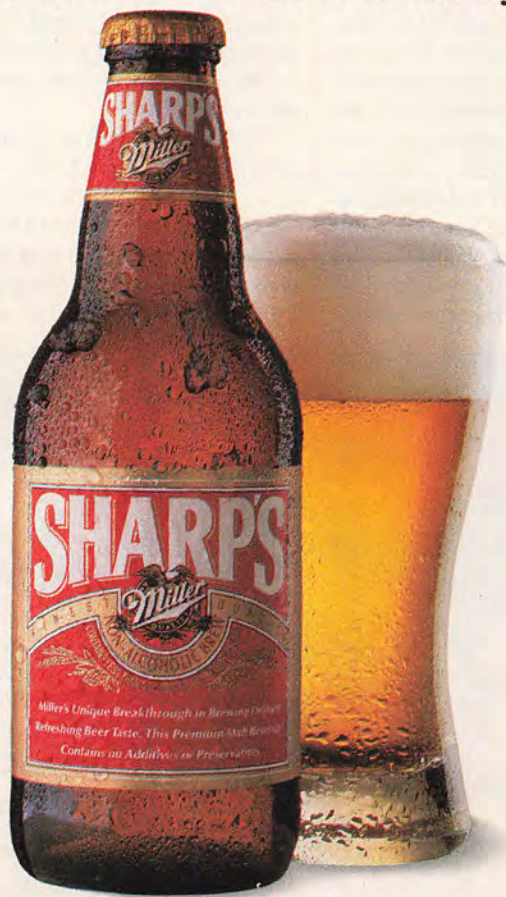


JOHN BIEVER



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# AFC EAST

— division —

NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG ABOUT JIM KELLY, BILL POLIAN AND MARV LEVY. THEY'RE GOOD PEOPLE. THEY'VE BROUGHT THE **BUFFALO BILLS** TO NEAR THE TOP OF THE NFL. BUT THAT'S WHERE BUFFALO IS GOING TO STAY—NEAR, NOT AT, THE TOP—UNLESS

some personality problems are ironed out.

Kelly is a tough, courageous quarterback who should have the fans eating out of his hands, but he says things that get people mad at him. Some of his teammates went public with their displeasure last year, and that got the fans stirred up. Polian, the general manager, got mad at the media in December for

"their negative, self-fulfilling prophecies that the season was over." So he told them, "Jim Kelly's still the quarterback, and Ted Marchibroda's still the offensive coordinator, and Marv Levy's still the head coach. And if you don't like it, get out of town." Practices were closed. This season the locker room will be closed during the week. Right, fellas, if the news is bad, shoot the messengers. And give your quarterback a \$20 million contract.

Levy is an extremely able coach and a nice guy, so nice that he doesn't want to hear about these kinds of distractions. The same thing happened to him in Kansas City. There were internal conflicts. He chose to stonewall them. They wouldn't go away, but he did. Levy was fired.

Despite all this, the Bills will be up there again. They can't help it. The AFC East is a steal. Buffalo has some neat offensive weapons: Andre Reed, who has emerged as one of the game's finest wideouts; Thurman Thomas, a tough little back who has played himself groggy every

afternoon, and Kelly. The defense slipped in 1989, though, from fourth in the NFL in '88 to 11th. Left linebacker Cornelius Bennett, playing hurt and playing within the scheme, has never fulfilled the promise he showed as a wild, sack-happy rookie in 1987. Right end Bruce Smith, once the highest-paid defender in football, has amazing pass-rush techniques—and amazingly bad technique against the run. Shane Conlan, the Pro Bowl inside linebacker, can't seem to go through a season

uninjured. The best defensive player last year was the most underrated, right linebacker Darryl Talley.

Buffalo drafted a wing-footed (4.29 in the 40) cornerback, J.D. Williams, in the first round, but it's questionable as to whether he will be an immediate starter. Still, the Bills should be the division's best, which is like being the best-hitting pitcher in baseball.

The wideouts were hurt, the defense collapsed, the offensive line couldn't knock anybody off the ball, quarterback Ken O'Brien became a basket case and the **NEW YORK JETS** slumped to their worst record, 4-12, in nine years. Heads hung low. The locker room was filled with mistrust. Coach Joe Walton was fired.

Bruce Coslet is the new coach, with a new staff, and the training camp was all smiles and handclapping: Let's go get 'em, gang! O'Brien taped an interview that was shown on TV at halftime of the Raiders-Saints preseason game. He was asked about Coslet.

"He's a hands-on type of guy," O'Brien said. "He gets on the field. . . . He shows you. . . . He's got a sense of humor, too."

Less than a minute later Houston quarterback Warren Moon was asked about his new coach, Jack Pardee, who replaced Jerry Glanville. "Jerry was more hands-

## Dr. Z's Scouting Reports

**Kelly had trouble holding the ball and his tongue.**





on," Moon said. "Very boisterous . . . into every drill. Jack is more businesslike."

The message is, It isn't how you do it, it's what you do.

The Jets in a nutshell: Offensive line still unsettled. O'Brien still a bit shaky. Tony Eason steadier at quarterback. Terrific receivers—Al Toon, supplemental draft pick Rob Moore, nifty little Terance Mathis. Defense much more active. Third-round pick Tony Stargell a fine cornerback. Seventh-round pick, linebacker Basil Proctor, talented but raw. Team should be better, thanks to wideouts and improved defense, but not yet top-drawer because of offensive line.

The schedule is very kind, and the season ends with games against Indianapolis, New England and Tampa Bay.

Oh, yes, Dick Steinberg, the personnel whiz from New England, is now general manager. His top draft pick, running back Blair Thomas, is still unproven after having been very hard to sign.

O.K., here it is, and you've heard it before. Over the past five years, ever since the **MIAMI DOLPHINS** last appeared in the Super Bowl, no team has given up more yards. Cumulatively, Miami has had the worst defense in the league. Yet the Dolphins have had only one losing record in that stretch. That speaks highly of Dan

Marino and Miami's big-pass offense.

The Dolphins have changed defensive coordinators in the five years, and they've drafted 33 defensive players, only four of whom have made significant contributions: linebacker John Offerdahl, safety Jarvis Williams, end Jeff Cross and safety Louis Oliver. Now Miami is trying to get by with patchwork, bringing in old pros, Plan B linebackers Mike Reichenbach and Cliff Odom, to go with the aging, but fairly effective, linebackers they acquired last year, E.J. Junior and Barry Krauss.

The thrust of the operation, if you can go by the last two drafts, is to firm up the running game, which also has been woeful for five years. Running back Sammie Smith was the top pick in '89; offensive linemen Richmond Webb and Keith Sims were one-two, respectively, in '90. Run the ball, block better for Marino, hide your defense. That should keep Miami right around .500.

Never have I seen as much disagreement surrounding the top pick in the draft. Some scouting departments, the 49ers' for instance, say that Jeff George is one of the most terrific quarterbacks ever to come out of college. Others tell you that the guy isn't tough and that they wouldn't want him on their squad at all. Well, the **INDIANAPOLIS COLTS** took the big gamble and got rid of an All-Pro (tackle Chris Hinton), a budding All-Pro (wideout Andre Rison) and their No. 1 draft pick next year for the right to select George. Then they locked him into a starting role by trading their No. 1 signal caller, Chris Chandler. Be great, kid, that's all we ask. George had a rough time in his first preseason start, then settled down after that, throwing mainly high-percentage stuff. No sense giving him too much too soon.

Trouble is, Indianapolis, always a slow starter, faces three '89 playoff teams with ferocious pass rushes—the Bills, Oilers and Eagles—on the road in the first four weeks. So when October rolls around, George might be hearing birdies, Eric Dickerson might be brooding about the suspension that kept him out of the first six games, the Colts might have a record of 1-3, and the Bob Irsay-haters around the NFL, of whom there are plenty, might be saying, "There is some justice after all."

The Colts' year will not be disastrous. Their defense is decent, now that they've

## AFC EAST FORECAST

<b>1</b>	<b>BUFFALO</b>	<b>10-6</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>NEW YORK</b>	<b>8-8</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>MIAMI</b>	<b>7-9</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>INDIANAPOLIS</b>	<b>5-11</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>NEW ENGLAND</b>	<b>4-12</b>

*It has been eight years since an AFC East team led the NFL in any defensive category—rushing, passing or total defense. The 1982 Dolphins were No. 1 in both pass defense and total defense.*

junked that high-risk blitz that burned them last season and have turned things over to a very capable line. If George collapses, there's always Jack Trudeau, a good enough quarterback, to bail them out. But George isn't going to collapse, is he, Bob Irsay?

You are Rod Rust. You are 62 years old, and for years you have been one of pro football's most respected defensive coaches. You've waited all your life for an NFL head coaching job, so what finally turns up? The Alamo.

The **NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS'** offense is in distress. The quarterback situation is nowhere—Steve Grogan and Marc Wilson both have seen better days. John Stephens, the star runner of '88, went into a deep six last fall, mainly because the offensive line did likewise. The receiving corps? Guess who the No. 1 pass catcher was last season? Hey, you got it. Eric Sievers, a 32-year-old tight end who tied for 34th in the league.

Rod, you'll have to do it with defense. Three good guys—linebacker Andre Tippett, corner Ronnie Lippett and end Garin Veris—were lost to injuries last year, but now they're back, or at least they were until Veris hurt his knee, which sidelined him for almost the entire preseason. Maybe the two first-round draft picks, linebacker Chris Singleton and defensive end Ray Agnew, will be terrific. Maybe rookie quarterback Tom Hodson will catch fire. Maybe rookie Greg McMurtry will be a productive wideout.

Maybe, Rod, you'll just have to be patient for a year.





FOR THE PAST FIVE SEASONS, THIS IS THE WAY  
IT HAS BEEN FOR THE CINCINNATI BENGALS: WIN  
IN THE EVEN YEARS, LOSE OR BREAK EVEN IN THE  
ODD ONES. DON'T ASK ME WHY—MAYBE THEY GET  
MAD ONE YEAR, UNMAD THE NEXT—BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT

has worked out. So here comes a winning season, after the slump to 8-8 in '89 on the heels of a Super Bowl year.

What happened to the Bengals last season? To put it bluntly, they lost their muscle. They couldn't stop the run. Defensively, they're undersized, but in '88 they got away with that because Tim Krumrie had perhaps the finest year a noseguard has ever had. Then came his terrible broken leg in Super Bowl XXIII, and his hard road back in '89. Suddenly, the Bengals found themselves getting shoved around, with no policeman to keep order.

Offensively the Bengals lost muscle when fullback Ikey Woods went down for the year with a knee injury in the second game. The Bengals' final statistics always look nice, because they're good for three or four big-yardage blowouts per season. When quarterback Boomer Esiason, his high-powered receivers—Eddie Brown, Tim McGee, Rodney Holman—and nifty little running back James Brooks get going, it's curtains. But last year in short-yardage situations the Bengals were punchless.

One more thing. The special teams, which weren't all that hot even in the Super Bowl year, were atrocious in '89.

Well, Krumrie looks healthier now, and even if the Bengals don't have a bunch of big defensive linemen, they have some oversized linebackers. First-round draft choice James Francis (252 pounds) looks like a crusher. Third-round pick Bernard

Clark (248) bulks up the inside. Offensive punch could come from the No. 2 pick, 222-pound running back Harold Green (until Woods returns, perhaps as late as midseason), and the Bengals expect their fourth-rounder, Mike Brennan, eventually to replace right guard Max Montoya, who took the Plan B route to the Raiders.

Flashy drafts are nothing new for the Bengals, who always seem to have a good rookie drop in. But a leak opened up in another part of the boat when cornerback Eric Thomas, a Pro Bowl player in '89, was lost for the season with a torn knee ligament, and then Rickey Dixon, who was to switch from free safety to replace him, suffered a less serious knee injury. Dixon is expected to be ready for the season opener.

A key acquisition at defensive back, a return to form by Krumrie and Woods, serious rookie help, and Cincinnati will be right up there again.

Here's my advice to the **HOUSTON OILERS**: Forget about all that House of Pain stuff. All it does is get opponents mad, the way America's Team used to fire up the Cowboys' foes. Where was the House of Pain when you needed it last year? Cleveland took the division title from you by scoring a touchdown with 39 seconds left. Pittsburgh knocked you out of the playoffs when cornerback Rod Woodson put a thunderous hit on running back Lorenzo White, causing a fumble and setting up the Steelers' winning field goal in over-

time. Both games were in the Astrodome, the House of Pain.

Jerry Glanville has taken his smash-mouth brand of football to Atlanta. The new guy is Jack Pardee, who has been perfecting the run-and-shoot offense in Houston for five of the last six years, two of them with the USFL Houstons, three with the university. The Oilers should have no trouble adjusting. Glanville's four-wideout Red Gun offense was almost the same thing, and Houston has the weapons to make it work—lots of receivers and runners, fine offensive line, good quarterback in Warren Moon.

Last year all that House of Pain stuff got the Oiler defense so crazy that it burned itself out, and by the end of big games it was tired and a trifle loose. I don't believe Pardee, who was brought up in the George Allen school of discipline, will let that happen.

Three rookies should contribute on the defense, which switches to a 4-3: outside linebacker Lamar Lathon (first-round pick), tackle Jeff Alm (second round) and pass-rushing end Willis Peguese (third round). The fourth keeper is a sixth-rounder, wideout Tony Jones, the smallest (5' 7", 142 pounds) and fastest (4.29 in the 40) man on the team.

I heard something that bothered me about the **PITTSBURGH STEELERS**. I heard that Joe Walton, the new offensive coordinator, was thinking about switching fullback Merrill Hoge to H-back, which is like taking a thoroughbred and putting it behind a milk wagon. Hoge, a 10th-round selection in 1987, is the heart and soul of the Pittsburgh offense. Just look at what he did in the playoffs last year. O.K., so the guy will never represent America in

## AFC CENTRAL FORECAST

<b>1 CINCINNATI</b>	<b>10-6</b>
<b>2 HOUSTON</b>	<b>9-7</b>
<b>3 PITTSBURGH</b>	<b>8-8</b>
<b>4 CLEVELAND</b>	<b>7-9</b>

*Since being traded from the Rams in 1985, Houston's Drew Hill has caught more passes (316) for more yards (5,349) than any other receiver in the AFC Central. His closest pursuer, Cincinnati's Eddie Brown, trails by more than 50 catches (260) and 700 yards (4,601).*



the Olympic 100 meters, but he runs over people and makes the tough yardage and tough catches. I just hope that in Walton's complicated scheme Hoge won't be the forgotten man.

Let's face it, though, for most of last season the Steeler attack was dismal, averaging 12 points for the first 10 games. When the Steelers made their late-season run to the playoffs, they did it by forcing 18 turnovers in the last six games, winning five of them.

Well, the new offensive theory is to spread the ball around, to work from multiple formations and actually to confuse people. Imagine. The coaches are high on rookie running back Barry Foster, a fifth-round choice. Pittsburgh's No. 1 selection, massive tight end Eric Green, was a long holdout. The defense is active and opportunistic, and that's what will win games for the Steelers—that and Hoge, provided he doesn't get lost in this strategic shuffle.

After three months of postseason R and R in Boca Raton, Fla., the quarterback of the **CLEVELAND BROWNS**, Bernie Kosar, said that late last year he couldn't lift his throwing arm above his head. Finger, shoulder and especially elbow injuries had done him in. But he played anyway, and had a very rough time.

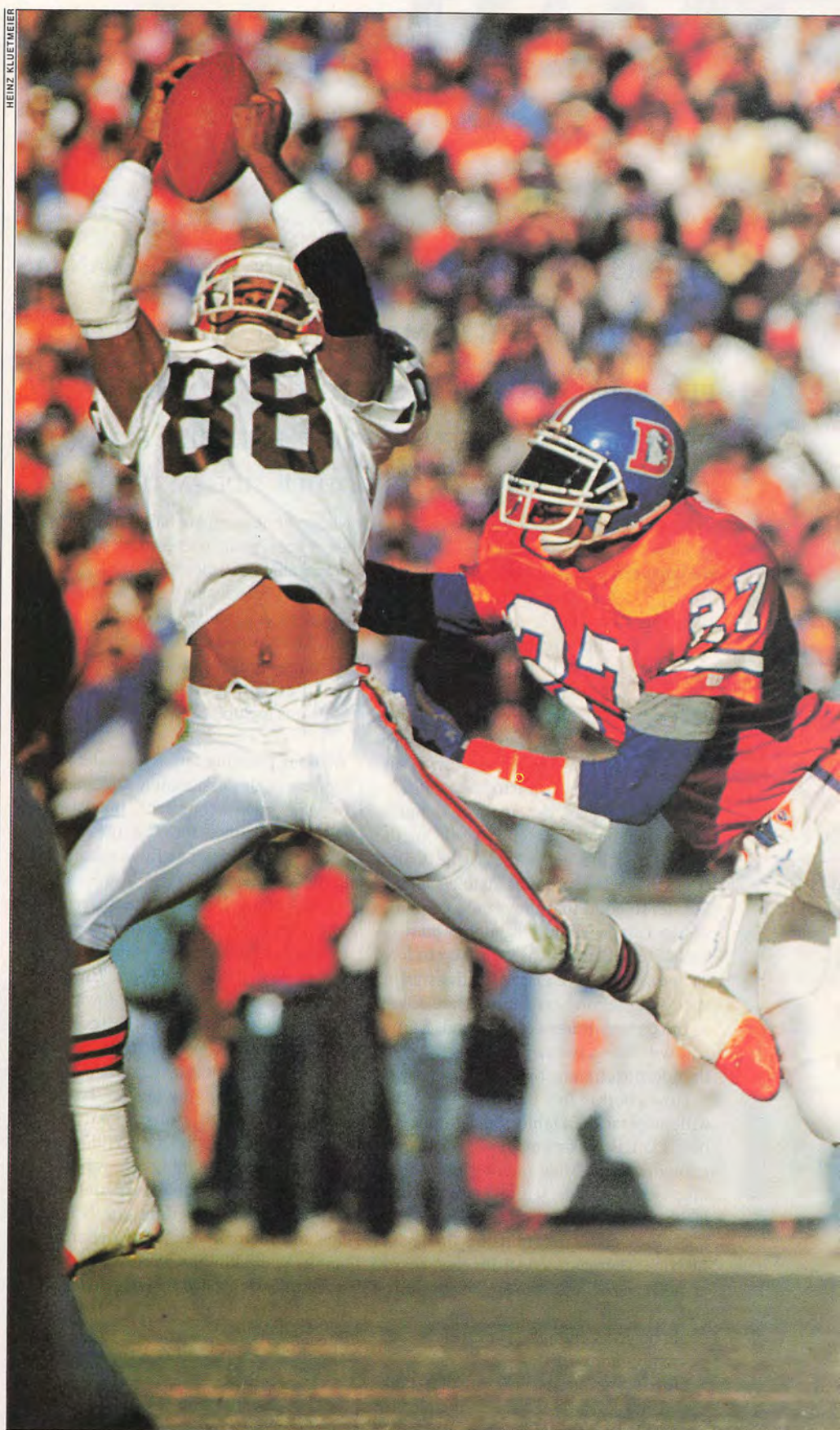
Is he all right now? He says yes. It didn't look that way in the exhibition games. Kosar is a major concern, as is the offensive line, which has suffered two retirements, assorted injuries and general malaise since the end of last season. The runners are fine—Eric Metcalf, who the coaches say will be a bigger part of the offense this year, and Kevin Mack, who's down to 217 pounds and in the best shape of his life. But so what, if the offensive line and the passing game are in disarray.

Bud Carson will put a good defense on the field, even if the Dawg era is over. Right cornerback Hanford Dixon went to the 49ers via Plan B (he then retired when he couldn't stick with San Francisco as a reserve), and left cornerback Frank Minnifield, with his \$1 million contract demand, has become trade bait. The good rookie here is pass-rushing end Rob Burnett, a fifth-round choice.

The Browns have a murderous schedule, though, and this division has no paties. That translates into a long season. ■

**Cleveland must keep wideout Reggie Langhorne busy.**

HEINZ KLUETMEIER





THIS IS WHAT HAS TO HAPPEN IF THE KANSAS CITY CHIEFS ARE TO MAKE IT ALL THE WAY TO SUPER BOWL XXV. NEIL SMITH HAS TO MAKE A BIG STATEMENT AT DEFENSIVE LEFT END. BILL MAAS HAS TO ASSERT HIMSELF ON THE OTHER SIDE, AFTER HAVING

switched to end from nosetackle. The camp holdouts—linebacker Percy Snow, the top draft pick; right cornerback Kevin Ross; and left corner Albert Lewis, one of the game's best but a guy who is mad at the organization—must be ready to go by opening day. Finally, free safety Deron Cherry, a six-time Pro Bowl selection, has to come back from December knee surgery in time to be of help.

## Dr. Z's Scouting Reports

That's a lot of ifs, and you'll notice they're all on the defensive side of the ball. But if the gears mesh, the Chiefs could have the premier defense in the league, so good that they could go all the way to Tampa without a glamour quarterback. Steve Pelluer was supposed to have challenged Steve DeBerg for the starting spot, with second-year man Mike Elkins as the comer. It hasn't happened. Kansas City will have to win with defense, and the thunderous running of Christian Okoye.

How good is this defense? Let's start with nosetackle Danny Saleaumua, the best Plan B pickup ever, who was good enough to push Maas out of a job. Saleaumua is 297 pounds, strong enough to collapse the middle, nifty enough to drop back into coverage. Outside linebacker Derrick Thomas was All-Pro last season as a rookie. Chris Martin, on the other side, is vastly underrated. The defense could be good enough to control the tempo of any game.

Here's another big reason that I like the Chiefs: Marty Schottenheimer, the coach. Order and stability follow this man

wherever he goes. He had the Browns in it every year, while overcoming some insurmountable obstacles.

What's interesting about K.C. is that it could go 8-8, while the conference's talent factories—i.e., Denver, Cincinnati, Buffalo—fight it out at the top. But this time I'm betting on the long shot. Chiefs vs. Rams in Supe XXV.

Without pointing any fingers, let's try to figure out, dispassionately and analytically, what goes wrong with the **DENVER BRONCOS** once they hit the big time. Why does their Super Bowl record stand at 0-4?

Denver vs. Dallas: Offense crumbled under pressure of the Cowboy rush; an overmatch. Denver vs. Giants: Courageous first half for John Elway. Broncos got physically worn down on both sides of the ball in the second half. Denver vs. Washington: Terrible defensive collapse. Couldn't stop the Counter-Gap, the play everyone knew you had to stop to beat the Skins. Couldn't stop Doug Williams. Couldn't stop anything. Denver vs. San Francisco: Ditto. Joe Montana had a read on everything the Broncos and their new defensive coordinator, Wade Phillips, were doing.

Is it the defensive scheme that has done in Denver of late? Is it lack of manpower? A combination of both? Or is it just the NFC's superiority over the AFC?

There's no dog in this team. Last year's victory over Washington in

Week 11 was a heroic performance. When coach Dan Reeves underwent heart surgery during training camp, he was supposed to be out six weeks. He was back in one. The Broncos want it, all right, but is that enough?

Their starting lineup is exactly the same as it was last year, with one position switch. Karl Mecklenburg goes from inside linebacker to the outside, where he has found a home, exchanging positions with Michael Brooks. The coaching staff remains unchanged. The enemy will be looking at films of what San Francisco did to the Broncos, of how the Niners busted their zone at the seams. Denver will see a season of teams trying to do the same.

Self-doubt is Denver's big worry: Why do we get blown out in the biggest game of all? So far no one has found the answer.

It's late July. **LOS ANGELES RAIDERS** training camp. End of a long, sweaty practice. Coach Art Shell has the boys running wind sprints. Team president Al Davis is watching from the sidelines. "That's enough, Art, they've had enough," mumbles Davis. "Let 'em go."

The players are at the starting line. Shell yells, "Ready, set—ah, the hell with it. Go on in." A cheer breaks out and practice is over.

"The old Raider way," Davis says. "Fool 'em and then say, 'The hell with it.'"

Shell has made everyone mellow. The vets love him. The rookies are awed by his massive presence. Here are three reasons why Los Angeles will improve on last year's 8-8 record:

## AFC WEST FORECAST

<b>1</b>	<b>KANSAS CITY</b>	<b>11-5</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>DENVER</b>	<b>11-5</b>
<b>3</b>	<b>LOS ANGELES</b>	<b>9-7</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>SAN DIEGO</b>	<b>9-7</b>
<b>5</b>	<b>SEATTLE</b>	<b>3-13</b>

*An AFC West quarterback has appeared in the last 11 Pro Bowls. Dan Fouts played in six of them, Dave Krieg in three, John Elway in two and Bill Kenney in one.*



## DR. Z'S POSTSEASON FORECAST

### NFC

**DIVISION CHAMPIONS:** LOS ANGELES (12-4), MINNESOTA (12-4), WASHINGTON (11-5)  
**WILD CARDS:** SAN FRANCISCO (12-4), NEW YORK (11-5), PHILADELPHIA (10-6)

**FIRST ROUND:** WASHINGTON DEFEATS PHILADELPHIA, SAN FRANCISCO DEFEATS NEW YORK  
**SECOND ROUND:** LOS ANGELES DEFEATS WASHINGTON, SAN FRANCISCO DEFEATS MINNESOTA  
**CHAMPIONSHIP:** LOS ANGELES DEFEATS SAN FRANCISCO

### AFC

**DIVISION CHAMPIONS:** KANSAS CITY (11-5), CINCINNATI (10-6), BUFFALO (10-6)  
**WILD CARDS:** DENVER (11-5), LOS ANGELES (9-7), HOUSTON (9-7)

**FIRST ROUND:** CINCINNATI DEFEATS LOS ANGELES, DENVER DEFEATS HOUSTON  
**SECOND ROUND:** KANSAS CITY DEFEATS DENVER, BUFFALO DEFEATS CINCINNATI  
**CHAMPIONSHIP:** KANSAS CITY DEFEATS BUFFALO

**SUPER BOWL XXV:** LOS ANGELES RAMS 24, KANSAS CITY 17

1) Rookies. The best first-year defensive twosome I've seen so far this year is second-round draft pick Aaron Wallace, a devastating blitzter as an outside linebacker, and seventh-round selection Garry Lewis, who looks as if he were born to play NFL cornerback.

2) Offensive line. Terrific middle three in guards Steve Wisniewski and Max Montoya and center Don Mosebar.

3) Breathtaking speed. Tim Brown, Sam Graddy, Willie Gault, Bo Jackson—they'll challenge anyone in the league in the 4 × 100 relay. Add to them former Olympian Ron Brown, who might make a successful switch from wideout to defensive back.

O.K., the flaws. Special projects coach Mike White is trying to teach Jay Schroeder how to put touch on the ball. Good luck. Schroeder was handed the job when Steve Beuerlein held out. Bombs-away passing isn't enough these days.

The Marcus Allen situation. Here is a guy who bleeds silver and black, a great, tough, proud back who has given his all to the club and is still a fine player. Then Bo

comes waltzing in from a baseball field and Allen is forgotten. It ain't right. It ain't the old Raider way.

The **SAN DIEGO CHARGERS** could be the surprise team in the AFC. They've turned their image around. Now it's the defense that carries the offense. In '89 the defense had a conference-high 48 sacks, thanks to big league pass rushers Lee Wil-

liams, Leslie O'Neal and Burt Grossman and solid linebacker Billy Ray Smith.

If new general manager Bobby Beathard can latch on to some offensive lineman to give quarterback Billy Joe Tolliver a base to work from, things could fall into place. Tolliver is an upbeat, sincere young guy who looks like a 218-pound, thick-necked Huck Finn. He has good weapons to work with: speedy wideout Anthony Miller and a pair of pounding runners, Marion Butts and Rod Bernstine.

Everyone expected Beathard to go for an offensive lineman in the draft, but he took a pass rusher, USC's Junior Seau, whom he had a tough time signing. This club is one more draft and a few offensive linemen away from seriously contending.

There are few fans as loyal as those of the **SEATTLE SEAHAWKS**, and frankly, they deserve better. Curt Warner, the best runner, was lost on Plan B, Steve Largent retired, Fredd Young was traded, and the Boz took the club for a ride and split. They've been trying to replace Dave Krieg at quarterback for a couple of years, but he usually winds up in the Pro Bowl one way or another. Brian Blades, the leading wideout, is a catch-one, drop-one guy. Top draft pick Cortez Kennedy, a tackle, was supposed to shore up the new 4-3 defense, but he was a holdout.

Seattle has some good rookies, especially sleeper free-agent halfback Derek Loville. Coach Chuck Knox is mentioning some offensive gimmicks, even some run-and-shoot. The Seahawks will win a few home games—their fans will see to that—but dark days are ahead. ■

**Tight end Jonathan Hayes is a Chief with a Super goal.**



DAMIAN STROHMEYER



# KEEP IT ALL IN THE FAMILY

The Matthews brothers, Clay and Bruce, play and fight hard

By JILL LIEBER

**WHEN** Clay and Bruce Matthews get together for a little brotherly competition, it's best to have an ambulance on standby. Boxing matches can turn into knock-down-drag-out fistfights; in Bruce's wedding pictures, you can see a scratch on his forehead that came from roughhousing with his brother. They play video games until 5 a.m., calling it quits only when they no longer can keep their eyelids from twitching. When they go knee-boarding on Castaic Lake in Southern California, pulled side by side behind a speedboat at 40 mph, they jump the wake and try to land on one another. A simple game of one-on-one basketball on Clay's backyard court usually turns into a shouting match, or escalates into so much banging and shoving that one of them gets a black eye, bloody nose or cut lip.

"We find losing so disgusting that we refuse, by sheer effort, to lose," Clay says.

"With time, effort and the will to win, we prove ourselves in the long run," Bruce says. "No matter what the sport is, if we play long enough, we will beat you."







Their sport of choice, naturally, is football. And while they may sound like a pair of burr-headed teenagers, Clay, 34, is the Cleveland Browns' left linebacker and Bruce, 29, is the Houston Oilers' right guard.

Of the 140-plus brother combinations who have played pro football since the 1920s, none can match the Matthews' overall achievements. Both received All-America honors in high school (Clay at New Trier East in suburban Chicago, Bruce at Arcadia, Calif.) and in college (while seniors at Southern Cal). Both were first-round NFL draft choices, the Browns making Clay the 12th overall pick in the '78 draft, and the Oilers choosing Bruce ninth in '83. And they are the only brothers ever voted to the same Pro Bowl team, having both been chosen for the AFC squad in '88 and '89.

Clay and Bruce admit, however, that their intensity on the football field has wavered 14 times in the past seven years. On those occasions they lined up across from each other as the Browns and Oilers, members of the highly competitive AFC Central, squared off. One brother does not enjoy seeing the other made to look foolish in front of a screaming, sell-out crowd and millions of TV viewers.

In 1986 in Cleveland, Clay blew past Bruce and sacked Oiler quarterback Warren Moon for a nine-yard loss. A great play? Not according to Clay, who had difficulty sleeping that night. "I felt like Judas, like I had turned in someone from my family for the sake of a game," he says. "My teammates wanted to exchange high fives, but I felt terrible. I

**Clay (left) and Bruce make raising their kids a high priority.**



## matthews brothers



want to beat Bruce in anything I do, except football."

Last year in Houston, with the division championship on the line, it was Bruce's turn to feel the tug of family ties. With about five minutes left in the fourth quarter and the Browns clinging to a 17-13 lead, Moon lined up in the shotgun formation at the Cleveland 15, and the ball was snapped over his head. Clay scooped up the ball and began to run, but an Oiler grabbed him.

"Everything seemed out of focus on the field except for Clay's eyes," Bruce recalls. "I'll never forget that sensation. He was looking at me. All of a sudden, he threw the ball, and I swear, it was coming right toward me. I thought I was having a flashback to my childhood, as though we were playing football in the backyard."

Actually, Clay had attempted a lateral to Chris Pike, the Browns' 6' 8" defensive tackle, but the ball sailed over Pike's head. It landed four feet in front of Bruce and then trickled through his legs. Oiler Ernest Givins recovered at the Cleveland 27, and on the next play, Moon threw a touchdown to Drew Hill, putting Houston ahead, 20-17.

"My teammates came up to me and said, 'Your brother just won the game for us!'" Bruce says. "It was such a boneheaded play. But I really didn't feel like celebrating."

Bruce was left with mixed emotions when, with 39 seconds left, Cleveland's Kevin Mack scored the winning touchdown on a four-yard run. "I said, 'Man, I can't believe we lost this game,'" Bruce says. "I was upset. Then, I thought, Well, at least my brother's not the goat. He's vindicated."

The brothers' competitive spirit originated with their father, William Clay Sr., now 62, tan and fit at 6' 3" and 240 pounds. President of a Los Angeles air-pollution-control business, Clay Sr. lettered in football, wrestling and swimming at Georgia Tech (1944-49), and started at offensive tackle, defensive

end and linebacker for the San Francisco 49ers in the early '50s. He loves to tell a story about how, as a senior at Georgia Tech, he competed in Georgia's state Golden Gloves heavyweight finals at 10 p.m. one night, then wrestled for the Southeastern Conference heavyweight title at 10 a.m. the next day. He won both championships.

Clay Sr. has always taken pride in being tough. "We were playing the Chicago Bears in 1954, and I was at linebacker, covering Bill McColl, their big end," he says. "I was watching the quarterback, and he got inside me. I ran right into the goalpost. Wrapped my arms around it. I was out cold. But I stayed in the game, calling the defensive signals. In those days, we had a trainer nicknamed Anak the Faith Healer. I'd say, 'I'm hurting.' And he'd say, 'Tape an aspirin to it.'"

With a father like that, you can imagine what it's like when the Matthews brothers compete against each other in sports. So where do they get all of this compassion when they are on opposite sides of an NFL field?

When they were youngsters, Clay and Bruce developed a close relationship while the family crisscrossed the country and Clay Sr. climbed various corporate ladders. Their father worked in 27 different locations for seven companies, and their mother, Daisy, supervised the moves. She packed the five children into station wagons and hopscotched from Palo Alto, Calif., to Raleigh, N.C.; Clinton, N.C.; Jackson, Mich.; Racine, Wis.; Washington, N.C.; Arcadia, Calif.; Kenilworth, Ill.; and back to Arcadia. Kristy, now 36, is the eldest Matthews child, followed by Clay, twins Bradley and Raymond, who are 31 and educationally handicapped, and Bruce.

Although Clay Sr. worked long hours and traveled often, he tried to be an involved father, as a disciplinarian and a philosopher. He had a simple set of house rules: Once you start something, never quit. Give every ounce of energy to any endeavor. "The Matthewses are committed," Clay Sr. preached to his family.

Every six months or so, Clay Sr. would gather the children at the kitchen table and hand each of them a piece of paper and a pencil. This was known as "personal inventory time." He would pose moral and ethical questions: What is God? What does marriage mean? What are brothers and sisters for? When you give





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your word to somebody, what does that stand for? He would tuck away the answers in the top drawer of his dresser, then pull them out a few months later and call the children together for a review.

"You try to teach your kids about morals, but you never know if it sinks in," he says. "I was interested in honesty, love and fair treatment of others. I wanted them to understand what brothers and sisters are for; they're for each other. They're somebody to rely on, to help and to protect.

"When we'd look at the slips of paper, I'd tell them, 'Until somebody convinces you that this is not true, or that there are better answers, this is who you are. To thine own self be true.'"

Clay Sr. insisted that Raymond and Bradley be treated exactly the same as the other members of the family. Same rules. Same chores. Same standards. Same philosophies of life. "They aren't mentally handicapped," Clay Sr. likes to say. "They just don't have the horsepower." He placed the twins in regular public schools, enrolling them in special-education classes, and he insisted they compete in all of the backyard and playground sports against Clay and Bruce. And they did. The basement of the Matthews' home in Illinois was the site of hard-checking floor hockey games, and the pool in Arcadia became a dangerous baseball and water polo battleground. There were knee-skinning basketball games on all of their cement driveways across the country.

"There was no foul unless there was blood," Raymond says.

"They hit hard, and so did we," Brad remembers. "We never backed down. No pain, no gain."

Both won state Special Olympics swimming medals while in high school, and today Raymond is the best bowler in the family, boasting a 180 average. But the Matthews family trait—an overly strong will to win—has gotten the twins into trouble. They've been ejected from Spe-

cial Olympics basketball and floor hockey games for fighting with opponents and arguing officials' calls.

Competing against Clay and Bruce in sports-related activities helped the twins gain confidence as they went to school and made friends. Brad and Raymond know how to read and write, maintain their own apartments, shop for groceries, cook, handle their own checking accounts and maneuver around Los Angeles on the city's bus system.

"They achieved, thanks to being pushed by their brothers," Clay Sr. says. "I just refused to do anything different from what I would do for a normal kid. I figured, They will be what they will be. I have the same wants for them as I do for Bruce and Clay. We don't all have the same gifts. And what are your gifts, Raymond?"

Sitting beside his father at the edge of the family pool in Arcadia, Raymond looks at his dad and answers slowly. "Love . . . being gentle . . . kind," he says. "Looks don't count."

For the past nine years, Raymond has worked as a maintenance man at the data-tape division of Kodak, and until Friday, Sept. 30, 1988, Brad was an assembler for an electrical firm. That evening, after work, he was walking to a nearby high school track for his regular three-mile run, when he stepped into a crosswalk and

was struck by a pickup truck. Brad was thrown 40 feet and suffered injuries that left him paralyzed from the shoulders down.

"He was given 26 pints of blood," Clay Sr. says, "but he never lost consciousness."

Although doctors said there was a chance Brad wouldn't survive, Clay Sr. waited three days—until after Sunday's games—to inform Clay and Bruce of the accident. When Bruce was told on Monday by his wife, Carrie, he pulled his car to the side of a Houston road and began to cry. Clay's first response was anger. "It just seemed so unfair," Clay says. "He was born with a strike against him. Why was he the one who was hit by the truck?"

Three weeks later, Clay visited Brad in the hospital. "I told Clay, 'When you go in, he's going to look different,'" Clay Sr. recalls. "Brad was wearing a halo. He had had a tracheotomy, a colostomy and a gastrotomy. He was being kept alive by tubes. Clay said that he could handle it, but when he got inside he was overwhelmed."

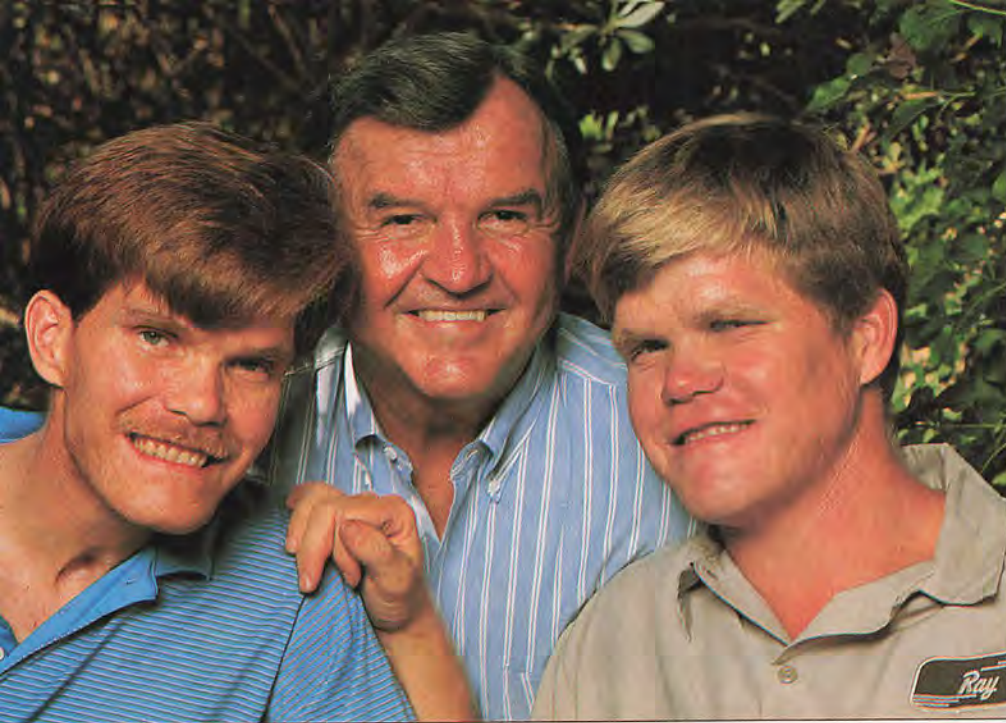
Clay composed himself well enough to offer Brad some words of inspiration. Recently, Brad, sitting in his motorized wheelchair, recounted the moment for Clay for the first time.

"You told me to keep fighting," Brad

**Clay made a point of coaching his son's baseball team.**







## matthews brothers

cause they are so similar in all aspects of life, Clay and Bruce thoroughly understand one another.

"We talk about football—our reactions to situations, what we're feeling inside—once a week during the season and almost every day in the off-season," Clay says. "That gives us a chance to figure out what makes us tick. We're like two psychiatrists. I know myself better because I know my brother."

And what do the brothers think of each other as football players?

Bruce on Clay, a five-time Pro Bowl performer: "He is the most unorthodox pass rusher in the NFL, and one of the smartest. His head, hands and feet go every which way. He looks like he's being electrocuted. That wigwagging is

Clay's strength: It freezes guys. He gets opponents wondering, 'What on earth is that guy doing?'"

Clay on Bruce, who has started in two Pro Bowls: "He's a good athlete in a position where

there aren't always good athletes. Most linemen get a lot of mass going, but they can be easily misdirected. He has such a low center of gravity and good balance overall, that he very rarely leaves his feet. More than that, he has an incredible will not to be defeated. I've seen him dive backward to block guys."

Clay and Bruce readily agree that they owe a lot of their success in football to the inspiration provided by the twins. Raymond and Brad have pushed them to strive for excellence. The twins' presence is a constant reminder to Clay and Bruce that talent is a blessing and playing football should always be kept in its proper perspective.

"Ray and Brad always understood they weren't going to be able to do the things that Clay and I were doing," Bruce says. "To this day, they are very happy about who they are, more so than frustrated about what they can't do."

"Of course, Clay and I both feel guilty that we've been given all these physical and mental tools. I know Clay has said it, and my parents have felt it, that if the twins were in a different situation, there would be four Matthews brothers playing in the NFL. In their own way, Brad and Ray are as fortunate as Clay and I are. Because what's important in life isn't being a football star. It's doing the best with what God has given you."

says. "You said, 'Do the best you can. Keep pushing. Keep going with life. You're just like anybody else, you just had a bad break.' That gave me strength."

Clay is stunned and moved. "I didn't know that I had made you feel strong," he says softly.

Brad smiles. "You told me how life goes on, that not everything can be perfect," he says. "It helped me. I wanted to be stronger because of you."

Brad's accident brought the Matthews family even closer. Daisy had died of lung cancer in 1984, so Kristy pitched in at the hospital, visiting Brad every day for nearly a year. Clay and his wife, Leslie, often had Raymond to their house for dinner and to stay overnight. Bruce and Carrie discussed the Bible with Brad.

"What Brad lost physically, he has gained mentally," Bruce says. "His personality and mental skills have expanded so much. He has no bitterness about not being able to walk. He's glad to be alive."

Clay and Bruce share the same philosophies on life and about raising children, and they possess a similar offbeat sense of humor. Both are devoted family men who own sprawling two-story homes a few blocks apart in Agoura Hills, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles. They met their wives as freshmen at Southern Cal. Clay and Leslie have been married 11 years and have five children. Bruce and Carrie, married seven years, have three kids and plan to have three more.

How do they differ?

Music: "I like '50s and '60s music, and he's more educated to heavy metal," Clay says. "That's where I got lost."

Food: "Clay makes a big deal about his healthy eating," Bruce says. "He'll say, 'I don't eat butter and you do.' Then, in the next breath, he'll order a cheeseburger."

Dancing: "I do an Elvis routine that's a big hit, probably because of the shock value," says Bruce, who is 6' 5", 295 pounds. "I swing my legs and shake my hips. Clay would never do that. He's too inhibited."

Clay, who is 6' 3", 249 pounds, prefers to wear his sandy blond hair long, so that it hangs out the back of his helmet. Bruce keeps his dark hair short, in a conservative businessman's style. "That's really the biggest deviation among the males in our family," Bruce says. "But looking back at Clay's old pictures, I think it was a move for the best."

Even though he was an academic All-America in business administration and is two courses short of earning his MBA, Clay likes to cultivate the image of laid-back California cool. He subscribes to a variety of comic books, refers to his sons as "dude," and drives a beloved '73 Mercury Capri, with an odometer that stopped working six years ago after 89,000 miles. Bruce puts on a more serious, analytical air. A former dean's list student in industrial engineering, he has taken piano lessons on his Steinway baby grand.

"Clay finds it amusing to portray that beach boy image," Bruce says. "But nothing he has said or done has ever caught me off guard. We both like to be different but not be smart alecks about it."

Because they are in the same business and achieved the same success, and be-

**Clay Sr. taught Raymond and Brad never to quit.**



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# INSIDE THE NFL

— by peter king —

## SEAHAWK COACH GETS RADICAL

Seattle's Chuck Knox has come to be known as a conservative, three-yards-and-a-swath-of-AstroTurf coach with no imagination. You know, Ground Chuck. "It's so convenient to put a label on someone," says Knox. "But I change. In 1984, we lost Curt Warner in the first half of the first game. We started throwing the football, and we went 12-4."

In the off-season, Knox and his staff took a hard look at their team, which in '89 finished 7-9, scored only 15 points a game and was particularly weak at line-backer. They decided to add the run-and-shoot to the offense, intending to use it about 30% of the time, and to switch from a 3-4 defense to a 4-3.

So far, the run-and-shoot—Knox calls it the Spread—is agreeable to everyone on the team. "The good thing is we're not going to it full-time, so lots of times defenses aren't going to know when we're in it and when we're not," says quarterback Dave Krieg. "They're not going to know who to substitute."

One other note on Knox. He's one of six NFL coaches who in the off-season entered

a weight-loss competition sponsored by a diet-drink company. Knox wrote down a diet game plan, with weekly goals, and he locked out his old eating habits. "I can't go cruise control on anything," he says. "If I play gin, football, anything—I want to win." He did. He lost 63 pounds.

## NEW ARMOR FOR MARINO

John Sandusky began coaching NFL offensive linemen in 1963, with the Colts. Five guys who weren't alive then make up his most promising project yet in 15 years with the Dolphins. From left tackle to right, the players who make up the youngest offensive line in the league are 23, 23, 24, 25 and 25 years old: respectively, rookie left tackle Richmond Webb (first-round draft pick), rookie left guard Keith Sims (second-round choice), second-year center Jeff Uhlenhake, third-year right guard Harry Galbreath and fourth-year right tackle Mark Dennis.

In the Dolphins' 25-year history, no rookie offensive lineman has started in the first game of a season, but coach Don Shula will start two on Sunday in New England. "The bad thing about a young line like this is it's going to make some errors," says Sandusky. "You don't have the veterans out there to help them and com-

municate with them. But the advantage is the kids will do things the way you teach them. If you're teaching the right things and they have ability, they ought to be successful."

Sandusky's biggest worry is the inexperience on the line's left side, which is so important in protecting quarterback Dan Marino, because that's where most topflight pass rushers pounce from. Sandusky used Webb and Sims together on nearly every preseason down, trying to force-feed them for the opener. They're massive enough—averaging 6' 4" and 300 pounds—but are they good enough?

"We're just starting to get our chemistry down, and it could take maybe a year, to get confident with each other," says Sims. "But there are no excuses now. We've got to play well right away."

## IT'S SHOW TIME, HERSCHEL

Herschel Walker had a nice 1989 season—915 yards rushing, 423 yards receiving, a 93-yard kickoff return and all the perks (house, car, 10 first-class plane tickets to the destination of his choice) that came his way in October when the Cowboys traded him to the Vikings. But Walker is not supposed to have *nice* seasons. He's supposed to have *great* seasons. Minnesota is expecting one from him in '90.

If Walker has it in him—and he's at a running back's prime age, 28—he could have a monster year, maybe carrying the team with 1,800 or 2,000 yards from scrimmage. The Vikings, who more

often than not last season subbed for Walker on third down and on plays at the goal line, plan to make him an every-down back at any one of four positions. He'll be the running back in the traditional two-back pro set, the I-back in the one-back set, the 226-pound bull on the goal line and either the flanker or wide receiver in some passing schemes. "We're using just about every formation in football," says coach Jerry Burns. "We've used them in the past. We're just using them earlier and maybe more often now."

"All my life, I've said I've wanted to be known as a great football player," says Walker.

**Marino's protectors—(from left) Dennis, Galbreath, Uhlenhake, Sims and Webb—are the NFL's youngest.**



BILL FRANKS



## A Nice Pickup

One of the best stories of the off-season—and one that went virtually unnoticed—was the crosstown trade of running back Greg Bell from the Rams to the Raiders for just a fourth-round draft choice. Raider boss Al Davis did his research and found a 28-year-old back with mediocre speed and Pro Bowl-caliber production the last two years.

In 1988 and '89, Bell rushed for a better average (4.2 yards per carry) than Herschel Walker (4.0), gained more yards (2,349) than all but four other NFL running backs (Walker, Eric Dickerson, Roger Craig and Neal Anderson) and scored more touchdowns (33) than any other player in the league.

Bell says he doesn't care about numbers; he only wants to play a prominent role with his new team. When the Raiders open the season Sunday against the Broncos, Bell will be used in a rotation of backs. That rotation will be affected by the arrival of Bo Jackson, after

he finishes playing baseball.

"This isn't an individual game, so I can't worry about individual stats," says Bell. "Eric Dickerson rushed for 2,000 yards [in '84], but what came of it? Did the Rams win the Super Bowl? I've been around seven years and put up some good stats and made some good pay. But I don't have the Super Bowl ring."

The 5' 10", 210-pound Bell will try to become the first NFL back ever to run for 1,000 yards in a season for three different teams. He gained 1,100 as a rookie with the Bills in '84.

Bell already is one of only two NFL backs ever to rush for 1,000 yards and 15 touchdowns two seasons in a row. Jim Taylor of the Packers was the other.

Six of the top dozen rushers in league history have been elected to the Football Hall of Fame. The accompanying chart shows how the best back-to-back seasons for each of these six greats compare with Bell's performance in 1988-89.



RICHARD JACKSON

**Bell's two-year statistics are hard to beat.**

Player/Years	Att.	Yards	Avg.	Rush TDs
<b>O.J. Simpson</b> 1975-76	619	3,320	5.4	24
<b>Jim Brown</b> 1963-64	571	3,309	5.8	19
<b>Jim Taylor</b> 1961-62	515	2,781	5.4	34
<b>Franco Harris</b> 1975-76	551	2,374	4.3	24
<b>Greg Bell</b> 1988-89	560	2,349	4.2	31
<b>Larry Csonka</b> 1971-72	408	2,168	5.3	13
<b>Joe Perry</b> 1953-54	365	2,067	5.7	18

He means a great *player*, not just a great back. Minnesota, which gave up about 5,000 of its 10,000 lakes to get him, expects nothing less.

### GREEN PEOPLE-EATERS?

On Aug. 25, in a preseason game against the Giants, the Jets unleashed a pass rush that looked like a pack of rottweilers running through traffic to get to a pile of filet mignon. They looked like a bunch of Chris Dolemans and Keith Millards. On six of his first eight pass attempts, Giants quarterback Phil Simms was sacked, chased from the pocket or belted as he threw. Jet ends Jeff Lageman and Ron Stallworth swooped in on him from the outside, while tackles Scott Mersereau, Dennis Byrd and Gerald Nichols penetrated the pocket.

After the game, Giants coach Bill Parcells said the

Jet pass rush looked "like a jailbreak." He was angry, because the Giants are supposed to have a good offensive line. And they do. But maybe the Jets aren't sad sacks anymore. Incorporating stunts installed by new defensive coordinator Pete Carroll, who as defensive backfield coach in Minnesota the past five seasons saw the Vikings use them with terrific success, the Jets just might resurrect talk of the old Sack Exchange. They had a league-low 28 sacks last year, but they had 15 in four preseason games.

Lageman insists that he wants this line to take on its own identity. "What I like about the new defense is that it's not as structured," says Lageman,

who played linebacker in the old scheme. "We attack. It's like playground ball."

### BACK TO CAMPUS

What has been forgotten about Denver quarterback John Elway, who has lived and died by the bomb in his seven NFL seasons, is that he is a heck of a touch passer. At Stanford, where he ran a pro-style offense and frequently threw to his backs, Elway was a 62.1% passer and averaged 19 TD passes a season. In seven years as a pro, Elway has completed 54.2% and averaged 17 TD passes.

The Broncos have decided to allow Elway to go back to his future. They've al-



## inside the NFL

ways had dump-off pass plays in their playbook, and now they're going to use them. Look for Elway to throw more often from a five-step dropback instead of relying primarily on the standard seven-step drop. Denver changed the emphasis of its offense in the preseason, and the results for Elway were impressive: a 70.8 completion percentage, three touchdown passes and one interception.

### DISPATCHES

Guess who Dallas owner Jerry Jones consulted before signing the NFL's most lucrative radio contract, with KVIL, a

five-year deal reportedly worth \$3.5 million per season beginning in 1991? George Steinbrenner. "He gave me some tips," says Jones. In 1988, Steinbrenner worked out long-term deals with Madison Square Garden cable-TV and WABC radio for a total of \$560 million. . . . Update on the two most prominent injured bodies of '89: Giants tight end Mark Bavaro and Bengal running back Ickey Woods, both of whom are coming off major knee surgery. The news is good for one and bad for the other. Bavaro showed surprising quickness in late-camp practices despite some tendinitis

and soreness in his left knee. Woods says that his left knee is fine and that he's ready to play, but the Bengals think otherwise after having watched him in preseason games. Woods will go on the physically-unable-to-perform list for the first six weeks of the season, and his replacement will be rookie Harold Green. One scout says that he thinks Green, who is coming off a terrific camp, can be one of the best backs in the AFC. . . . Here are my early picks for the best of '90: offensive player of the year, quarterback Chris Miller, Atlanta; defensive player, end Lee Williams, San Diego; offensive

## A Sad Sack Specialist

New Atlanta coach Jerry Glanville chooses his words carefully when the subject is Aundray Bruce, the Falcon linebacker who has come remarkably close to blowing his career in less than three years in the NFL. "Aundray Bruce has ability," Glanville says slowly, so that every syllable is understood. "And he has potential. Those things the Lord decides. Now every player has to bring something else to the party. That's the case here. Everything he possesses right now has been given to him. Now it's his turn to do something."

That's it? No compliments? "False praise turns your cream sour," says Glanville.

The first player chosen in the 1988 draft, the 6' 5", 248-pound Bruce has done little to earn anyone's respect, on or off the field. He has had three agents in the 29 months since he turned pro. In the conservative defensive system of former Atlanta coach Marion Campbell, Bruce strained to free himself to rush the passer, the part of his game that made him an All-America at Auburn. In between bouts of fighting the system—"I don't know the scheme, and I probably will never, ever learn it," he said in '89—Bruce collected only 12 sacks all told in two seasons. In the past off-season, two paternity suits were filed against him, he was sued for failing to make payments totaling \$912,000 on two home mortgages, and he allegedly threatened a pizza deliveryman with a BB gun.

Bruce pleaded no contest to one count of disorderly conduct. His punishment was a year's probation, 32 hours of community service and

**Bruce has become a regular on the sidelines.**

a \$650 fine. After he failed to show up for part of the community service, he was ordered to spend three Saturdays with a Gwinnett County (Ga.) road crew. He appeared as ordered, picking up litter on highways. Finally, in training camp last month, defensive coordinator Doug Shively ordered Bruce from the field for not practicing at full speed. Bruce left, but not before shoving Shively, who slapped Bruce on the helmet. They shouted at one another, then Bruce walked away.

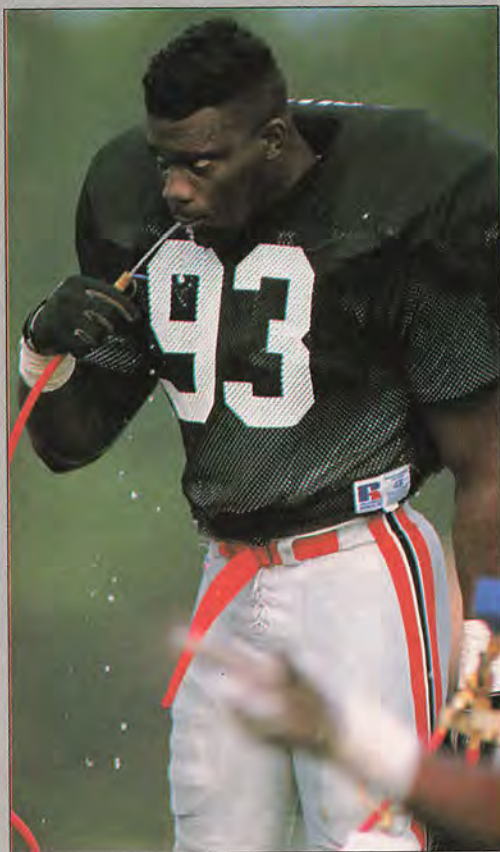
Bruce refuses to comment on any of these incidents, but he

has plenty to say about his stalled football career. The Falcons plan to use him as the weakside outside linebacker in their 3-4 defense, and he'll move to right end in some nickel formations. Both are prime pass-rushing slots.

"This year I feel like I'll finally get to showcase my talents," he says. "When I got drafted, the Falcons told me I'd be rushing the passer. I got here, and I was doing some rushing, but I was dropping into coverage, too, covering Roger Craig and Jerry Rice and Al Toon. Ridiculous. My strength is rushing the passer, and coach Glanville is going to let me do that. His defense is tailor-made for me."

Glanville demands production from his players, and Bruce, who did not start the last three preseason games, had better produce. "All I ask for is my chance," says Bruce. "I'll take over from there, believe me."

—P.K.



JOHN BEVER



rookie, running back Anthony Thompson, Phoenix; defensive rookie, linebacker Aaron Wallace, Raiders; comeback player, running back Gary Anderson, Tampa Bay; coach, Dan Henning, San Diego.

## The Week Ahead

### THE END ZONE

Cincinnati quarterback Boomer Esiason, raised in East Islip, N.Y., 50 miles east of Manhattan, spends a big part of every off-season around his beloved Big Apple. He knows the Bengals will never deal him to a New York team, and he likes living in Cincinnati and playing for the Bengals. But he can dream, can't he? Esiason was at Giants Stadium one day in the off-season to do commercial work for NFL Properties, and he asked to dress in Simms's locker. One of the ad people had a Polaroid camera. "Take a picture of me in Simms's jersey," Esiason told the ad guy. Esiason wrote "Wishful Thinking" on the snapshot and hung it in the locker. ■

**Oilers at Falcons.** The new Houston coach, Jack Pardee, unveils a kinder and gentler Oil-er team than those of his predecessor, new Atlanta coach Jerry

Glanville. "I want the same things Jerry wanted," says Pardee. "I want physical play. I just don't want the penalties." Last year Houston averaged a league-high 9.3 penalties a game. Atlanta's average of 5.1 penalties in '89, fourth-lowest in the league, is in danger of doubling, considering Glanville's history.

**Eagles at Giants.** For the past two seasons, New York had a 22-10 regular-season record, and Philadelphia was 21-11. In four head-to-head meetings over that span, the Giants outgained the Eagles by a total of 196 yards. So why did Philly win all four of those games? In order, here's how the four Giants debacles were decided: New York tight end Mark Bavaro dropped a fourth-quarter pass for the go-ahead touchdown; Eagle defensive end

Clyde Simmons returned a blocked field goal for a touchdown in overtime; the Giants blew a nine-point fourth-quarter lead; four of New York's five turnovers set up all of Philadelphia's 24 points.

"I've heard their excuses," says Eagle strong safety Andre Waters. "You don't get beat four out of four and say you're the better team. The better team finds a way to win." And this week? "They know they're going to get whupped," says Waters. "They just don't know how."

**Steelers at Browns.** Fifty-two weekends ago, in Pittsburgh, the sky fell: Browns 51, Steelers 0, and it really was that bad. Eight Pittsburgh turnovers. A team-record margin of defeat. Last year's worst debut for a heralded rookie. Pittsburgh's first-round draft choice, running back Tim Worley, fumbled three times and rushed for 37 yards. But by year's end, the Steelers had beaten the Browns 17-7 in their rematch and were a playoff team. Now they may be better than their archrival. "We're going to flash back," says Worley. "We owe them a big one." ■

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### Leaders in the race for Roloids Relief Man of the Year as of: 8/29

American					
Pitcher	W	L	SV	BLN	Total Points*
Dennis Eckersley, Oakland	2	2	39	1	115
Bobby Thigpen, Chicago	4	6	43	7	111
Doug Jones, Cleveland	4	3	34	6	92
Gregg Olson, Baltimore	5	4	29	3	83
Dave Righetti, New York	1	1	29	4	79

National					
Pitcher	W	L	SV	BLN	Total Points*
John Franco, New York	4	0	30	3	92
Randy Myers, Cincinnati	3	3	26	4	70
Craig Lefferts, San Diego	6	4	22	5	60
Lee Smith, St. Louis	3	3	22	5	56

Two tied for fifth place with 48 points.

\*Scoring system: Three points for each save. Two points for each win. Two points deducted for each loss. Two points deducted for each "blown save." (A pitcher is charged with a blown save when he enters a game in a save situation and leaves or the game ends with the save situation no longer in effect because he has given up the lead.)

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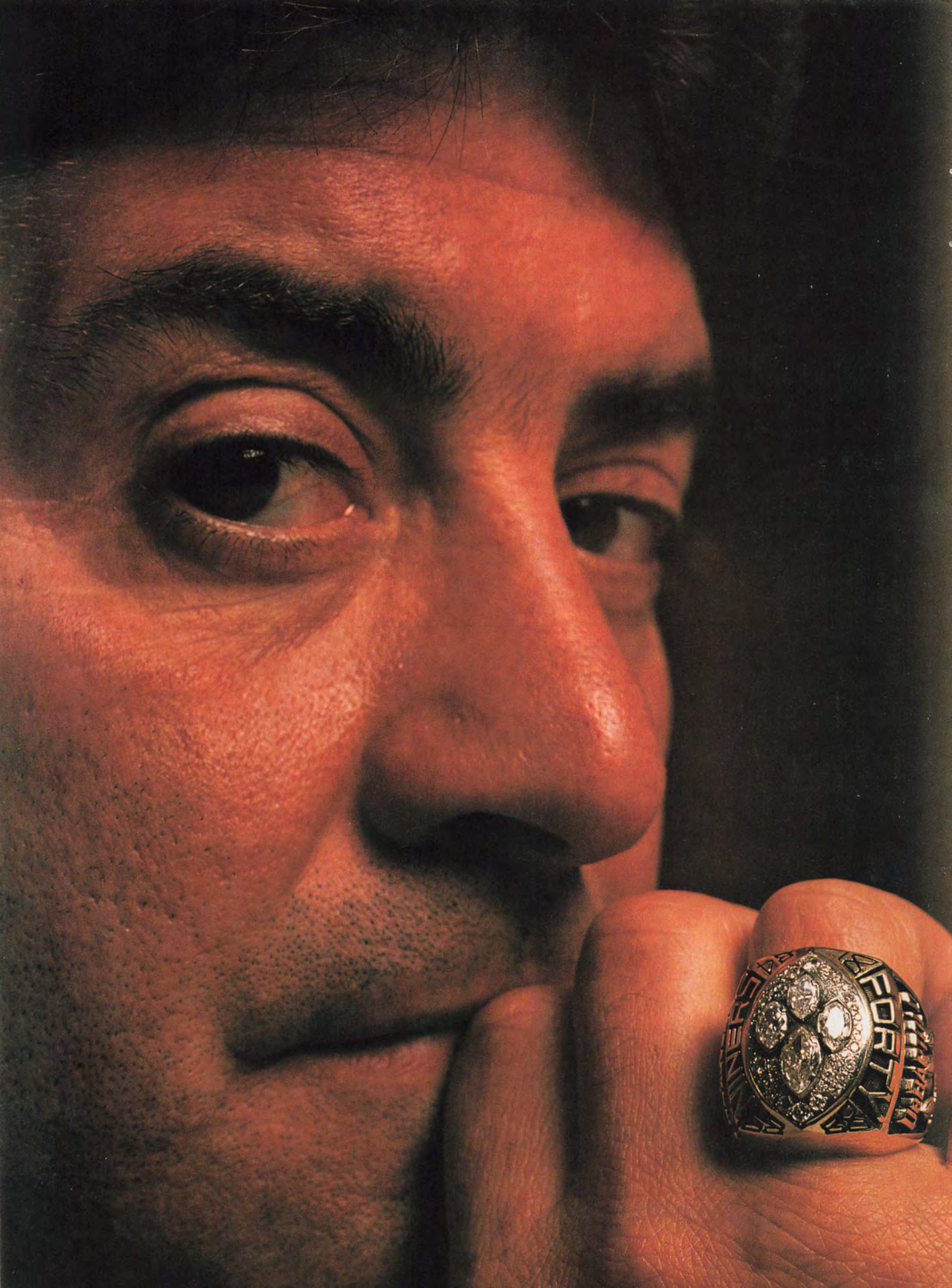
This summer's competition has been fierce.

And it's no wonder. Because when these pitchers save, it's the opposition that has to pay.

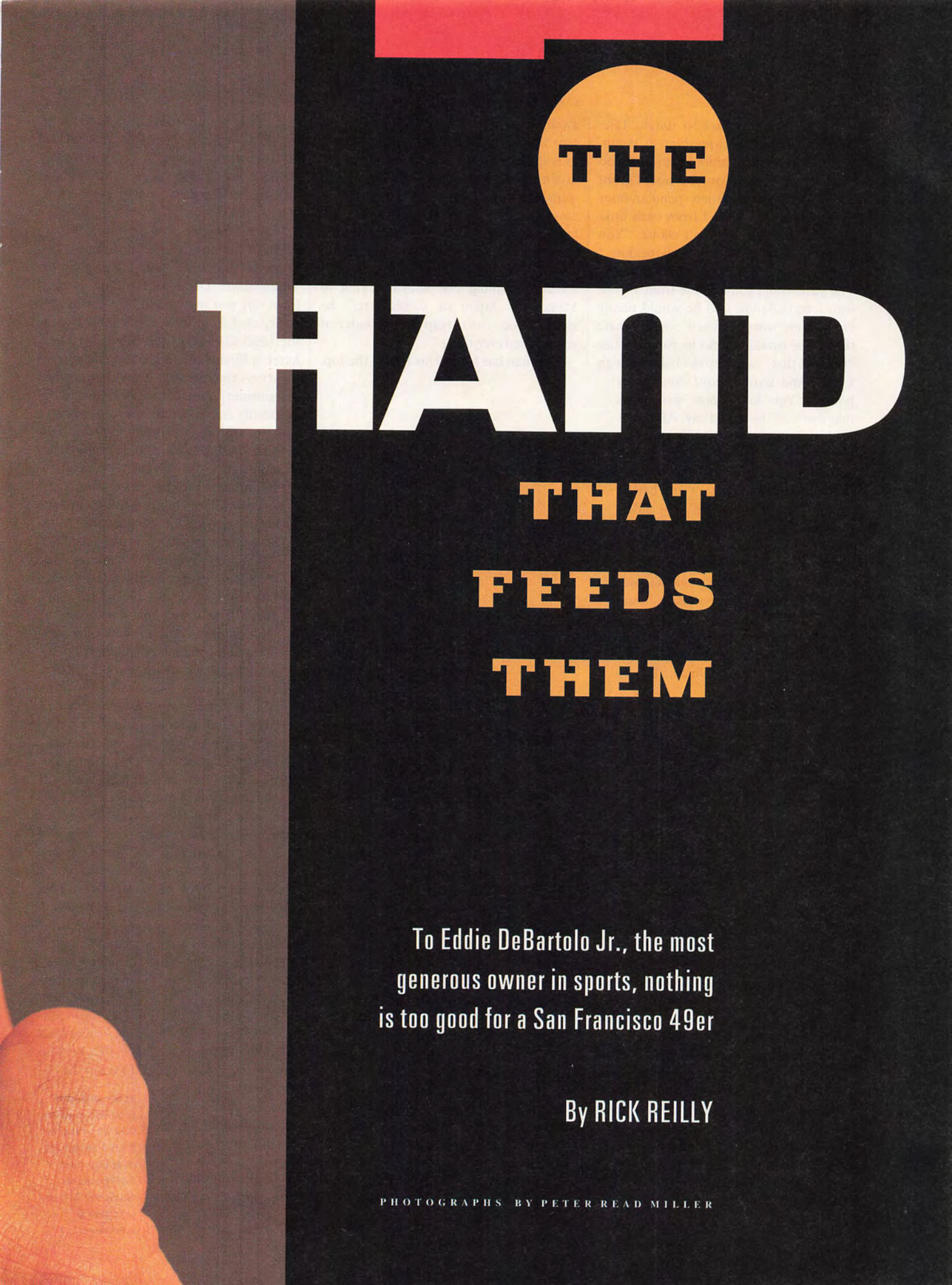


The Major League Baseball Players Assoc. supports the Roloids Relief Man Awards program. The Roloids Relief Man Award is sponsored annually by the Warner-Lambert Company.









**THE**

# HAND

**THAT  
FEEDS  
THEM**

To Eddie DeBartolo Jr., the most generous owner in sports, nothing is too good for a San Francisco 49er

By RICK REILLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER



**THE MAN** isn't so tough. Take popcorn. Popcorn scares him to death. When his three daughters were young and they begged for popcorn, he would grunt and whip up a batch, then spend an hour prying each little kernel from each little piece so the girls wouldn't choke. "You read about that kind of thing all the time," he would say. Balloons petrified him too. The girls would come home from a store with free balloons, and he would nearly faint from worry. "They could inhale them!" he would say. So he would holler "Look at that!" and pop the balloons with a pin. And hard candy? Not in his house. "You know how dangerous that can be?" he would say. At dinner he would stare at his girls during every bite, worried that they hadn't cut their meat small enough.

Not that he has gotten any better. When he couldn't find his oldest daughter, Lisa, now 20, the day of the San Francisco earthquake last year, he nearly squeezed the innards out of his cordless phone. The fact that she was eventually found, perfectly safe, hasn't kept him from stewing about it. "Do you know she was on the Bay Bridge 15 minutes before it collapsed? She could've been killed!" Then he knocks on wood.

There is not enough wood in the world for Eddie DeBartolo Jr. to knock. The best owner in pro sports may stand only 5' 7", but his supply of worry runs from here to the moon. When one of his San Francisco 49ers is injured in a road game and has to stay behind for treatment, DeBartolo sends his private jet for the player when he's ready to go home. "So he'll be more comfortable," DeBartolo says. When 49er safety Jeff Fuller severed nerves in his neck on a helmet-first tackle during a game with New England last October, DeBartolo immediately left his luxury box, followed the ambulance to the hospital, waited in Fuller's hospital room, watched Fuller cry, cried himself and eventually, under absolutely no legal obligation, arranged to pay Fuller—who still has no movement in his right arm—\$100,000 a year for the rest of his life.

DeBartolo once called home twice a day from Europe just to check on Cleo, his Great Dane, who didn't happen to be sick. After seeing a CNN report in late '88 about Amber Garza, a one-year-old in Fort Myers, Fla., who was gravely ill and

awaiting a liver transplant, DeBartolo sent \$25,000 to the TLC Governor's Fund to help her or, if she died, other children in similar situations. When Garza died soon afterward, DeBartolo sent \$1,558 to cover her funeral. Today, three years after his mother's death from lung cancer, DeBartolo still worries that he didn't do enough for her. "Every day you read about something else they're trying in Mexico or Japan or somewhere," he sighs. "You can't help but wonder if you've tried *everything*."

The man has fretted his way to the top.

## DeBartolo would have 1,311 guys on the taxi squad if the NFL would let him.

*Is this player happy? Is he mad at me? Does he feel part of the team? Is his wife happy?* "Thank god Eddie didn't have to cut guys," says Bill Walsh, the 49ers' ex-coach, "or they'd never have gotten cut." DeBartolo would have 1,311 guys on the taxi squad if the NFL would let him.

His largess is the largest in the league. When Niner fullback Harry Sydney and his wife, Nancy, had their third child, DeBartolo sent flowers two hours after the birth. "Two hours!" says Sydney. When linebacker Jim Fahnhorst's wife, Kim, delivered twins, DeBartolo's flowers weighed 70 pounds. Every time the 49ers win their division—and every Easter, too—every player and staff member gets two dozen long-stemmed red roses for his wife or mother or girlfriend. Last Christmas DeBartolo sent each wife or girlfriend a \$500 Neiman-Marcus gift certi-

cate. "When I signed, Eddie sent me a fruit basket," says new 49er nosetackle Fred Smerlas. "I spent 11 years in Buffalo, made five Pro Bowls, and I never got a fruit basket. In fact, I never even got a piece of fruit."

When the Niners won their third Super Bowl, in January '89, DeBartolo flew every player and office staffer and a guest to Youngstown, Ohio, DeBartolo's hometown, for two nights. He brought in the pastry chef from the Beverly Hills Hotel, the head chef from the Mayfair House hotel in Miami and four other chefs from across the country. They produced a gourmet dinner for 750, including freshly made pasta, smoked Norwegian salmon, imported lobster, Belgian endive salad and homemade chocolates—all served by more than 100 models brought from New York and elsewhere and trained as waitresses for the occasion. Singer Jeffrey Osborne entertained.

The night before the banquet, DeBartolo reserved his restaurant, Paonessa's, exclusively for his guests. The women found no prices on their menus. Come to think of it, neither did the men. Each night, the players came back to their rooms at the Holiday Inn, which DeBartolo also owns, to find a surprise: a portable CD player, a decanter of perfume, a bottle of cologne, Godiva chocolates in a cut-glass vase, a bottle of champagne, the inevitable fruit basket. This stuff will beat a mint on your pillow every time.

When the Niners won the Super Bowl again last January, DeBartolo had to top his considerable self—and did. He flew everybody to the Westin Kauai in Hawaii for a week of thankstaking. This time Huey Lewis entertained. The players got \$600 to spend on meals, which, of course, were all free in the first place. "Then he decides that wasn't enough," says linebacker Matt Millen, "so he gives us \$500 more."

Forty-niner coach George Seifert casually mentioned once that his fishing boat was in pretty bad shape. DeBartolo bought him a new boat. "If we win the Super Bowl again," says Seifert, "you can be sure I'll mention my small three-bedroom house."

DeBartolo doesn't fuss only over large,

**Hands-on boss: a pat for Ronnie Lott (right), a hug for Millen, a Super Bowl victory shower.**



debartolo



WALTER IOOSS JR.



JOHN IACONO



JOHN IACONO





sweaty athletes and their dates. He worries about 4' 10" secretaries, too, and even men of the cloth. When the Niners moved their offices from Redwood City, Calif., to Santa Clara, he bought a train pass for each secretary with a long commute and had each of them picked up at the Santa Clara station and driven to the office, even though the walk is less than four blocks. "There's a lot of traffic on that road," he said. Priests eat free at Paonessa's in Youngstown.

DeBartolo has a nice command of the English language except for one word: no. He sends money and gifts to sick children such as one boy with cancer in Sacramento and another in Youngstown. "And that's just two of dozens of people the boss helps," says Kathy Keklak, secretary to DeBartolo, sifting through a file of answered prayers.

When O.J. Simpson became a Niner in 1978 via the Lawrence Welk trade—San Francisco gave up "a one and a two and a three," not to mention a four and a five—

he didn't do much for the team on the field, gaining only 1,053 yards over two injury-plagued seasons. Yet when Simpson was going through a divorce in 1980 and was about to lose his house, DeBartolo lent him the money to keep the place. Says Simpson, "Eddie is a hard guy not to like."

Simpson must not have talked to many NFL owners.

It's four in the morning and DeBartolo is already whirring away on the exercise bike. He'll ride and read for 90 minutes without stopping, then hit the rowing machine, then the stair-climber. If he's on the road, he will have all the machines waiting for him in his hotel room, damn the cost. When you are 5' 7", your height cannot impress, but your chest size can. Eddie's chest is thick, his legs monstrous. "If Joe Montana had the boss's legs," says Bill Moses, a senior VP in the Edward J. DeBartolo Corp., "he'd play till he's 45."

**The 49ers helped Eddie Jr. stand apart from Eddie Sr.**

Ever since DeBartolo was old enough to fight, he had plenty reason. Not only was he little, but he was the only son of the richest, most powerful man in town. He was athletic but too small to make the football or basketball team. For a little guy, he could sure carry a big chip.

"Eddie was feisty," says childhood chum Tim Porter. "Whenever you'd see a crowd start gathering, you'd go over and, sure enough, there was Eddie and somebody getting ready to fight." Most of the fights at Cardinal Mooney High School in Youngstown were rescheduled for later that day at the Pavilion, an old band shelter nobody used except to prove his manhood. Eddie was a popular entry on the Pavilion cards because even when he lost, he got in his licks. "I'll tell you one thing," says his friend Bill Lopatta, vice-president of a Youngstown foundry. "If you knock Eddie down, you better be there to knock him down again, because he'll never stop coming at you."

DeBartolo's temper is still as quick as his fists. At a San Francisco hotel on the day of the Dallas game in December 1985, a belligerent Cowboy fan grabbed DeBartolo by the wristwatch and DeBartolo

punched him so hard that the man skidded across the marble floor and made a hole in the drywall. After the man was helped away, Niner general manager Carmen Policy dragged a potted plant over to cover the damage. At the Fonderlac Country Club in Youngstown a few years back, Policy says, DeBartolo tried to calm down two rowdy drunks and found himself in a brawl. Eddie Sr. jumped in, too, and the DeBartolos both got in some decent shots. In fact, one overhand right from the old man hit Policy in the ear. "Uh, Mr. D, I think I caught that punch," Policy said afterward. Said Mr. D, "You should have gotten out of the way."

If you think that Eddie Sr. is tough now, you should have seen him when Eddie Jr. was young. In fact, the old man was one of



# Quality is Job 1.<sup>SM</sup>

## **Profile in Quality #19: Continued Recognition.**

*For the second time this year, Ford Motor Company has been honored by prestigious Motor Trend Magazine. Motor Trend has named the 1990 4WD Ford Aerostar "the hands down winner" as the Truck of the Year. The Aerostar joins the 1990 Lincoln Town Car which was recently named Car of the Year by Motor Trend. Receiving these awards is further evidence that Ford's total commitment to quality is producing results. When Quality is Job 1—you don't do it any other way.*



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**At home in Youngstown, DeBartolo thrives on work and working out.**

the problems that DeBartolo had with appearing at the Pavilion. "When you'd get home, your dad would kick you worse," he says. Talk about symbolic. Way down inside, DeBartolo has been fighting

his father all along.

Yeah, they love each other. They talk 10 times a day if they talk once. Senior eats at Junior's home four times a week. But if there is a father you would not want to try to live up to, it would be Eddie DeBartolo Sr., 20th-ranked American on the 1990 FORTUNE list of billionaires; developer of malls (more than 87 million square feet); owner of hotels (three) and racetracks (three); sports impresario (the Pittsburgh Penguins and the Pittsburgh Civic Arena); and pinup boy for the American Dream. He sleeps four hours a night, eats seven times a day and does 50 sit-ups every morning.

Of course, the elder Eddie DeBartolo wasn't even Eddie DeBartolo until high school. He was born Anthony Paonessa in May of 1909, two months after his father died of pneumonia. His mother, Rose Vilani, married Michael DeBartolo, a Youngstown masonry contractor, when the boy was two. By the time Anthony was 12, he was not only teaching his stepfather to read and write but also handling the man's paving contracts. Soon, the business was flourishing. Anthony admired his stepfather so much that in high school he changed his name to Edward J. DeBar-

tolo, the Edward being for a favorite uncle.

But when an Italian from a tough part of town changes his name, people get suspicious. What was he running from? The Mafia? In those days, "there were all kinds of murderers, thieves and characters," says Eddie Sr. "They had to explain my success with *something*."

In 1980, Senior wanted to buy the Chicago White Sox but was rejected by commissioner Bowie Kuhn and major league owners. The rumor was that the owners thought DeBartolo had Mafia connections. "Did that hurt?" says Senior. "Damn right it hurt. We could have

bought that franchise for \$17 million. It's worth \$75 million now." Says his son bitterly, "Kuhn was prejudiced. He didn't want us in the league." Kuhn denied this.

The Mafia rumors, though unsubstantiated—the DeBartolo Corp. has been investigated by three state racing boards and the NFL, which found no problems—still dog the DeBartolos. "All I can say is, if we're in the Mafia, we've got to be jerks for working so hard," says Eddie Jr.'s younger sister, Marie York.

Eddie Jr. was born in 1946 and grew up to be

not at all like his father. Senior is restrained, the sort of man you lean close to, to hear. Junior is a hugger and kisser, buoyant, vibrant, colorful. In a reception line, Senior makes do with nods and smiles. Junior is on you like you were just freed by Iraq.

Senior lives to work, not the other way around. Nobody at the office can remember seeing him without a tie. There's a tennis court attached to his house, but he has never played on it. He outworks employees 50 years younger. On a recent trip to Florida, he visited nine building sites the first day, seven the next, and was back home in Youngstown that night. He

works Saturdays and Sundays, too, and every holiday, including Christmas. Then again, he can keep this kind of schedule. He's only 81.

"I think he goes home at night just to charge his batteries, refuel himself at the nuclear pump, and change points and plugs," says Policy.

Eddie Jr. at least takes vacations. He calls the office 10 times a day, but he takes vacations. He plays golf. "He's got a 16 handicap," says his brother-in-law, Buzz Papalia. "Ten if he doesn't bring his phone." He has a





## debartolo

1,500-acre ranch near Kalispell, Mont. He is a lover of Scotch, dinner checks, the best suite, the nicest table and the finest bottle of Taittinger Arman (he and his Youngstown buddies call it "Armani" for laughs).

Senior is practically allergic to luxury. He lives in the same house he built himself in the 1950s, an unpretentious ranch two minutes from his office. The only things that set it apart from the other houses in the neighborhood are the 24-hour security guard out front and the stretch limousine parked on the side.

Eddie Jr., on the other hand, owns a Bentley, a Jag, two Mercedes, a BMW and a Land Rover. His suits are Italy's finest. One night Frank Cooney, an old friend who writes for the *San Francisco Examiner*, accompanied DeBartolo, Policy and a few others on a town-painting. The raucous evening eventually wound up at the bar of a very swank restaurant. "Shots of Fondateur!" DeBartolo belted. The news was greeted by roars of approval from everybody in the entourage but Cooney.

"What's Fondateur?" he asked.

"Brandy," said Policy.

Cooney, not one to be impolite, chugged his like everybody else.

"How 'bout another?" DeBartolo asked Cooney.

"Why not?"

And when they urged Cooney to have a third, he said, "What the heck."

As he was gunning that last one, Cooney was given a huge backslap by one of the buddies. "Not bad for \$180 a shot, eh, Frank?"

Life with DeBartolo means never having to wait for the sale. "Eddie handles money the way you like to think you'd handle it if you had it," says Simpson. DeBartolo is famous for exceeding the ceiling the NFL puts on the cost of Super Bowl rings—\$3,500 this year. The ones he had made for the current champions would redden the cheeks of a Tiffany clerk: Each ring has four marquise diamonds shaped like footballs sitting atop a bed of smaller diamonds, 44 in all. On the sides are the wearer's name, engraved in large letters, plus a rendition of the Golden Gate Bridge mounted on four reliefs of Super Bowl trophies with the years '81, '84, '88 and '89 carved in them. The rings may be worth as much as \$10,000 each. DeBartolo ordered 105.

His house is modest, just slightly small-



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## de bartolo

er than your basic Sheraton. The rec room has a full soda fountain with a six-nozzle soda-pop dispenser, more beer glasses than some Shakey's, and walls lined with LeRoy Neimans. When you step into any room in the house, the lights come on automatically. A 100-foot tunnel leads from the game room, the one with the five television sets, to the workout room, which features three rowers, four climbing machines, three stationary bicycles, one treadmill, a dozen or so weight machines and other contraptions too mysterious to comprehend.

Not that DeBartolo flaunts it. Nobody gets you your beer but him. When he was at Notre Dame in the mid-'60s, his roommate, All-America linebacker John Pergine, didn't even know DeBartolo was wealthy until DeBartolo invited him back to Youngstown for spring break. When they got to the South Bend airport they found the DeBartolo family jet gleaming at the end of the terminal. The way they came back to school

wasn't too shabby either: by private prop plane from the infield at Eddie Sr.'s Thistledown racetrack in Cleveland, between the sixth and seventh races. "I felt like the President of the United States," says Pergine.

Those were the days when DeBartolo and Pergine would stay up late, plotting their brilliant careers on the dorm ceiling. "John, I'm gonna own a football team someday," DeBartolo once said.

Late-night dreams get forgotten in the morning. DeBartolo graduated in '68 and returned to his father's businesses. But something was not right. What challenge was there in taking over his father's work? It was like making the white pages or inheriting England. Even his father called him the Prince. "He was trying to find his own identity," says Candy, Eddie's wife and high-school sweetheart. "He had *such* big shoes to fill. It was always, 'This is Edward DeBartolo Senior's

son.' Not, 'Eddie DeBartolo Junior.' "

Besides, what was there to do that his father wasn't already doing from 5:20 in the morning until eight at night? The mall game is knowing the right people at Sears and Nordstrom and J.C. Penney. "Back then, he wouldn't *let* anybody else handle the contacts," Eddie Jr. says. "He had them all. And you found yourself saying, 'I don't want to take anything away from him. Maybe there's something else I should be doing.' "

One morning in January 1977, a phone message arrived from Joe Thomas, rock-fisted builder of football franchises in Baltimore and Miami. He wanted to know if Eddie Sr. wanted to buy the San

Francisco 49ers. *Could you tell him I called?* Not so fast, thought Eddie Jr.

Why football? "He'll probably kill me for saying this," says Candy. "But because of his size, he wasn't able to really play sports in high school. And yet he really loved football. He's strong as an ox, but not tall, so maybe that's why he got into ownership."

Days later Pergine picked up the phone to find his old roommate on the other end. "Remember the time I said I was going to buy a football team?" DeBartolo asked.

"So?" said Pergine, who had gone on to play pro ball (four years with the Rams, three with the Redskins).

"I just bought the San Francisco 49ers."

DeBartolo was 30.

Unfortunately, when he bought the team, DeBartolo installed Thomas as



**Cleo (top) is as much a DeBartolo as (below, from left) Candy, Tiffanie, Lisa and Nikki.**





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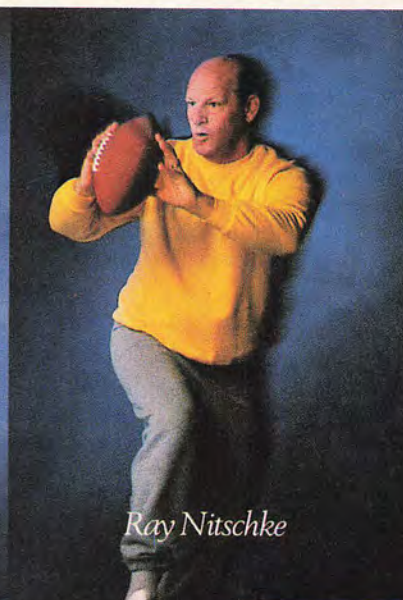
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*The Pleasure Ships.*

SHIPS' REGISTRY: BAHAMAS ©1990 NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE.



*Suzy Chaffee*



*Ray Nitschke*



*Bonnie Blair*



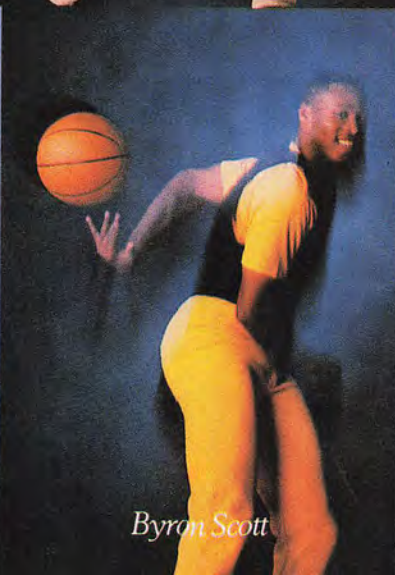
*Billy Casper*



*Rusty Wallace*



*Brad Park*



*Byron Scott*



*Hank Aaron*



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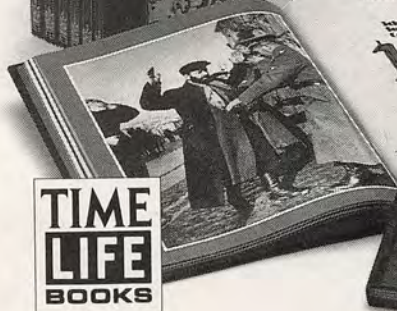
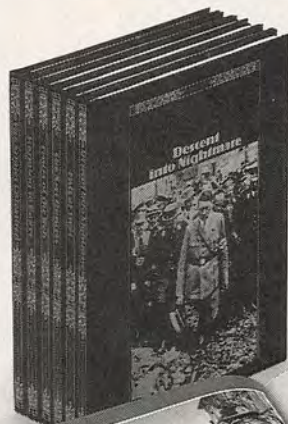
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general manager. In two years, Thomas practically wrecked the franchise. He began by ordering all the pictures of former 49er greats taken down and burned. (A public relations assistant hid them in his basement instead.) Thomas told 49er legends like Hugh McElhenny and Y.A. Tittle that their days of special privileges were over. He abolished the kids' section at Candlestick Park, wiped out the cheerleading group, even canceled the team Christmas card.

The 49ers' popular coach, Monte Clark, refused to work with Thomas and quit. No problem, said Thomas. His football philosophy, he told DeBartolo, was that "running backs, wide receivers and coaches are a dime a dozen." Thomas then set out to prove it by bringing in a string of empty suits as coaches. Or do the names Ken Meyer, Pete McCulley and Fred O'Connor ring many bells with you? Thomas's two drafts (1977 and 1978) were disasters. Of his '77 picks, not one played for the Niners more than a year.

But DeBartolo had promised "unbending patience" and stayed with Thomas. His father had taught him his secrets: Treat your key employees like family, pay them like royalty, and fire them only for disloyalty. Boneheadedness you can work around. So the heat found its way to Youngstown. One columnist called DeBartolo a "5' 7" punk," another called him a "gunslinger from the East." The average fan figured DeBartolo for nothing more than a spoiled brat who'd broken the Christmas toy Daddy bought him at Franchises 'R' Us.

That galled them both. "You can't give somebody a \$17 million gift," says Senior. "You'd have to pay half of that again in taxes. He *bought* the goddam team. It was no gift." Of course, Eddie Jr. wasn't exactly a self-made man. Still, buying the team was his deal, and keeping his father out of it was not just what Eddie wanted, it was what he *needed*. "Eddie was going to either rise, or fall on his face," says his buddy Porter, "but he was going to do it on his own."

The Niners lost the way Chicagoans voted—early and often: 5–9 the first year, 2–14 in 1978. Every other weekend, Candy and Eddie would fly back grim-mouthed from San Francisco. The losing was jangling their marriage. "It put a damper on our relationship," she says. "You're not yourself. You're not pleasant seven days a week." In fact, Eddie was

hardly pleasant three days of the week. If the Niners lost, it would be Wednesday before his office door stayed open again.

The losing drove him to his knees, literally. At a game late in '77, a half-full can of beer hit DeBartolo on the head, and he buckled. "You son of a bitch!" he hollered up at nobody. "At least you could've drank it first!" But even that wasn't rock bottom. Rock bottom arrived during another game, at home. A man spit in DeBartolo's face from three feet away. "And I mean a big ol' hocker," says DeBartolo, still cringing. "I was so steamed and so frustrated. I didn't know what to do. And all I could think was, 'What the hell am I doing here? I could be back in Youngstown playing golf.'" Some way to treat a prince.

Meanwhile, Thomas was becoming less and less earthbound. "He was falling apart," Candy remembers. "You'd see him, and he'd be ranting and raving, a nervous wreck. He'd be so paranoid, he'd be sweating through his leather coat." On Monday, Nov. 27, 1978, San Francisco mayor George Moscone and city supervisor Harvey Milk were shot to death by Dan White, a depressed former supervisor. The Niners were playing Pittsburgh at home that night, and Thomas wanted to cancel the game, but for the wrong reason. He was worried about his own safety. "I knew then that I had to make a change," says DeBartolo.

He hired the anti-Thomas, Bill Walsh of Stanford, as coach and general manager. Walsh, DeBartolo, sanity and a little luck helped launch a dynasty.

"What should we do with this Notre Dame kid?" Walsh teased DeBartolo when the 82nd pick came up in the third round of the '79 draft and Joe Montana was available.

"What the heck," said DeBartolo.



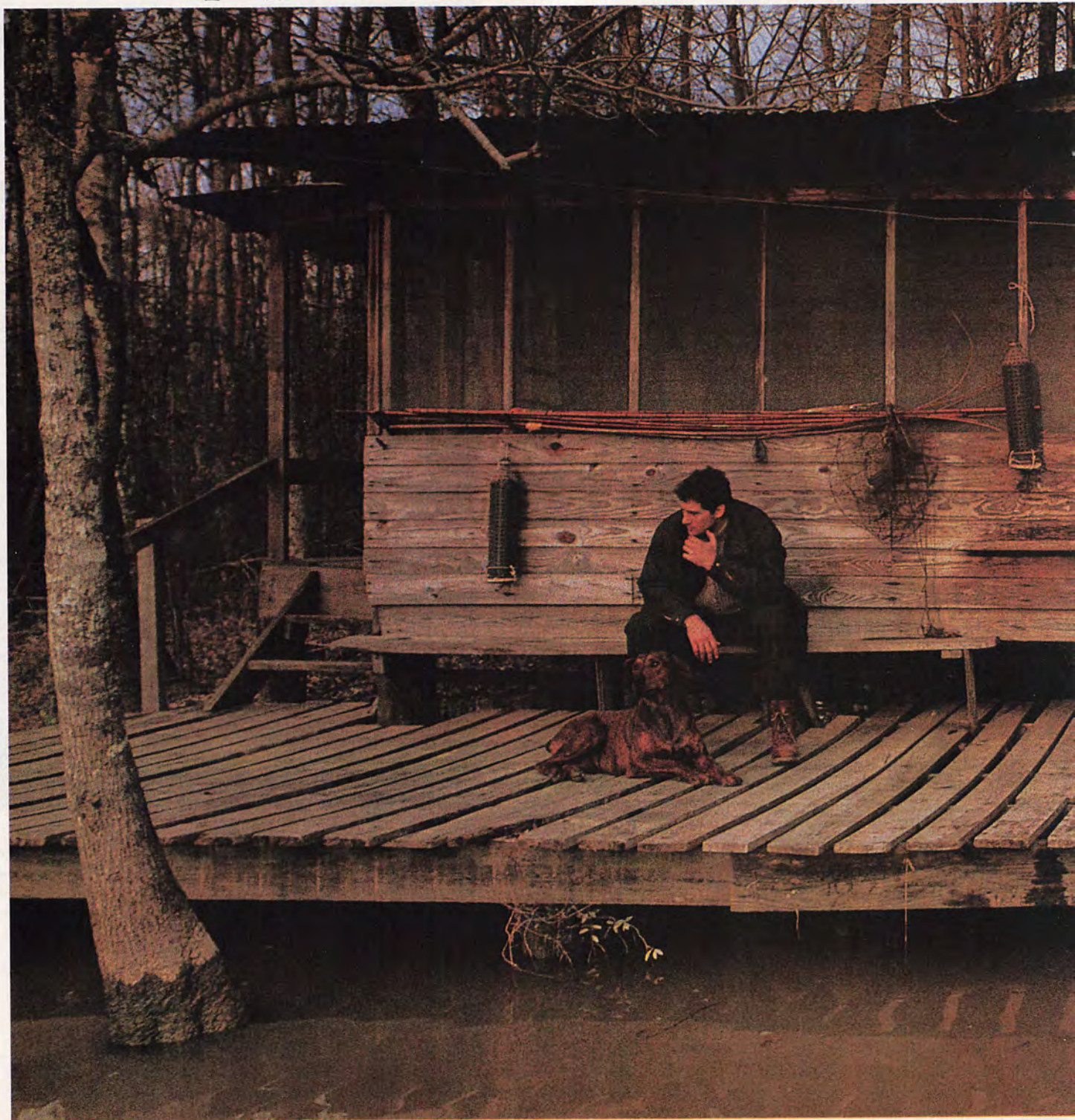
"He's a Notre Dame kid. How can you go wrong?"

The losing years were soon over, and then DeBartolo forgot how to lose. He can be the kindest man on the planet, but when he's mad, Napoleon can kick in. "When he's mad? He can be a real s.o.b.," says DeBartolo's friend Lopatta. At various times, Eddie has pulled phones out of walls, screamed at his own employees and even offered to "kick ass" in the case of a *San Francisco Chronicle* beat writer who correctly predicted the 49ers' loss to the Bears in 1988. DeBartolo was so disgusted at losing to the Vikings in the 1987 playoffs that he went off on a two-week Caribbean vacation with Candy and a few other couples and forbade anybody to talk football. At an exhibition game in London the next season, Montana and running back Roger Craig were late to a

**At the Taj, Policy's office reflects a bit of Niner polish.**



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## debartolo

press conference. "That's not unusual," DeBartolo said. "They didn't show up at our playoff game with Minnesota, either." Sure, everybody on the 49ers is part of a family. Of course, sometimes this family bites.

But would you want to go back to those phlegm-filled days of losing? Nowadays, even when he's winning, DeBartolo worries about losing. Early in last season's Su-

per Bowl, the Niners were ahead 7-3 and starting to drive. Walsh, who retired as coach after the '88 season and was a guest in the owner's box, turned to DeBartolo and said, "Considering the way Denver is lined up on defense, this could be a huge rout."

DeBartolo would not hear of it. "You're crazy. You're out of your mind," he said. DeBartolo refused to admit triumph until there were only five minutes left to play in the game.

It was his fourth Super Bowl win in nine years, a record matched only by the Pittsburgh Steelers' Art Rooney (four in six years) and certainly unmatched by DeBartolo's father, who lost \$10 million on the Pittsburgh Maulers of the USFL and has taken a bath on the Penguins as well. So there it was. The Prince had outdone the King in at least one thing.

"I think that meant a lot to Eddie," says Moses. "I think it means everything."

Says Eddie, "I never tried to

be my father. If I had, I'd have become the biggest failure that's ever been."

Now his problem is, he's *too* good.

Not everybody likes DeBartolo. He can be a bit too macho for some. One of his two luxury boxes in San Francisco is subdivided so women watch the game on one side and men on the other. "I would never watch a game with a woman," DeBartolo says. "They'd chat." He has no great understanding of journalists, either, despite his friendship with Cooney. DeBartolo once tried to ban Frank Blackman of the *San Francisco Examiner* from covering the Niners because Blackman had written some negative stories about the team. But nobody dislikes DeBartolo the way some NFL owners dislike him. To them, he's the Man Who Killed Parity.

"The issue here," Eagles owner Norman Braman said, "is that the rules should apply to everyone, but they didn't apply to everyone, and things have gone to hell. . . . I fear for the family businesses—the clubs owned and operated by families."

Braman and other owners claim that four years ago DeBartolo secretly transferred ownership of the Niners from his personal portfolio to the DeBartolo Corp., of which he is president and chief administrative officer. (The 49ers insist that the transfer was made clear in documents presented to the league that year.) NFL rules say that only someone whose primary business is football can own a team. Braman and the other owners complain that corporations can use their losses as tax write-offs, while families can't. Never mind that Washington, Minnesota and Houston all have arrangements similar to DeBartolo's. Braman and the others know that DeBartolo not only can afford the San Francisco 49ers, he could practically afford San Francisco. Anything he pours into the 49ers is pretty much tip money.

"Braman talks to hear himself talk," says DeBartolo. "He's got no business telling me how to run my team."

No, the real score is that the owners object to DeBartolo playing the Easter Bunny to his team: the secret bonuses to players for performance, the "country-club atmosphere" of the Niners' lavish facilities, the endless gifts, the



**If Montana (left) and his wife, Jennifer (above), are happy, then DeBartolo is happy.**





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Wherever you look in our footwear line, you find holes.

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But we're the Timberland company, and you have to understand where we got our start. Over twenty years ago, we were exclusively a boot manufacturer, and we were the first people to successfully produce fine leather sporting boots that were totally waterproof.

The lessons we learned then are why we're able, today, to build wingtips and handsewns you could go wading in.

Lesson one. Select only the cream of the world's leather crop, then spend the money to impregnate every pore with silicone at the same time the leather is

being tanned in the drum. (We leave the shortcuts to our competitors, the ones who merely brush the surface with silicone after the leather is tanned. And the consequences, unfortunately, we leave to their customers.)

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Company, creators of waterproof, breathable Gore-Tex™ fabric.

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## debartolo

outrageous salaries. Backup quarterback Steve Young makes \$1.1 million a year for running a nice clipboard. Smerlas makes \$750,000 and won't start. Dumb money? Have a look.

Take the Neiman-Marcus certificates. Why give them? "Because if he can't win a player's heart, he might win the wife's," says backup tight end Jamie Williams, formerly of the Oilers. "I know that my wife is a lot more understanding now. She'll say, 'You've got to get your workout in today, don't you?' Now she feels part of something."

Take how DeBartolo treats his players on the road. They get the best security (a phalanx of guards escorts them from locker room to bus, from bus into hotel, and

so on), each player has a hotel room to himself, and the planes are big enough for each player to have at least two seats, a luxury. DeBartolo's private chef always has prime

rib on the in-flight menu. It probably doesn't make a difference, but then again, the Niners had the best road record in the NFL in the '80s.

Their new practice facility in Santa Clara is named the Marie P. DeBartolo Sports Centre, after Eddie Jr.'s mom, but the players call it the Taj. It's got a 30' x 40' hydrotherapy spa, racquetball courts, a steam room, a picnic area and a huge locker room, where each player has a bronze plaque engraved with his individual achievements. The players want to fill the plaques up, and when they do, they fill up Eddie's trophy case at the same time. Is that so bad?

During the Niners' stir-frying of the Vikings in the playoffs this year, Vikings were helping Niners up after tackles and asking, "Hey, man, tell me how I can play for Mr. D." And when the NFL finally installs a salary cap, those players will still be beating down DeBartolo's door. Underneath the eye black, NFL players are

still people, and people like to be treated like human beings.

The other owners will probably win the battle, but DeBartolo will win the war. NFL commissioner Paul Tagliabue is expected to rule on DeBartolo's case this month, and Eddie expects to be fined. But when that's done, he also expects Tagliabue to push to rewrite the league's bylaws and "bring the league into the 21st century," allowing the DeBartolo Corp. to continue to own the Niners.

What then? What will DeBartolo have left to prove? Careerwise, he's 6' 3". What's next?

"Maybe baseball," says Candy. DeBartolo has played footsie with the San Francisco Giants for years, pondering whether to buy the team, build a stadium near the Taj in Santa Clara and move the Giants there. Then again, he is still the heir to the throne of a conglomerate that exerts a powerful influence on everyday American life. He also owns Power Burst energy

drink and Murex Clinical, a corporation that is trying to market a 10-minute, at-home AIDS test.

Still, DeBartolo toys with the idea of moving to San Francisco and commuting to Youngstown. Two of his daughters, Lisa and Tiffanie, will be in the Bay Area attending college for the next two years, and who knows how small they're cutting their meat? "This company doesn't need a dictator anymore," he says. "It doesn't need a DeBartolo there every moment."

Besides, there may be more important things to come. Nikki, the youngest daughter, will be off to college in three years, and who will be there to absorb all that worrying? There is only one solution. Either buy another team or adopt. The DeBartolos are thinking about adopting.

"A baby," Eddie says. "A year old, maybe 18 months. We're serious."

Send no balloons, please. ■

**Is it lonely at the top? Only in the locker room after the kickoff.**





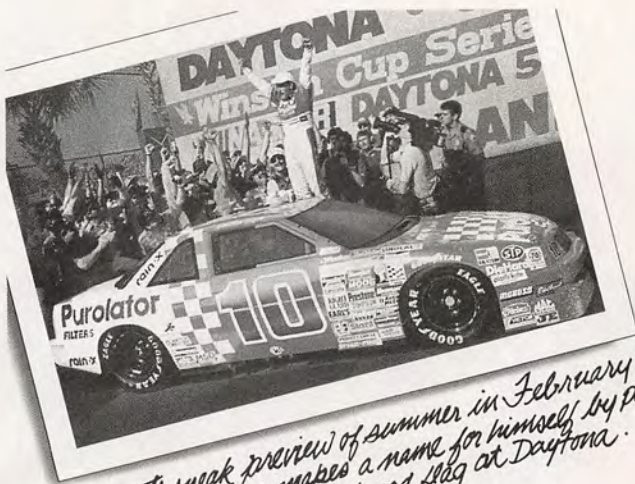


# Bud

KING OF BEERS



# How S



*Chevy gets sneak preview of summer in February as Derrick Cope makes a name for himself by powering his Lumina to the checkered flag at Daytona.*

*Chevy makes strong showing at Indy before race even begins. Beretta named Official Indy Pace Car—the 8th time a Chevy paces the race.*



*Chevy and Al Jr. win fastest 500-mile race ever run, anywhere in the world, with an average speed of 189.72. Chevy now 11-0 in CART events.*

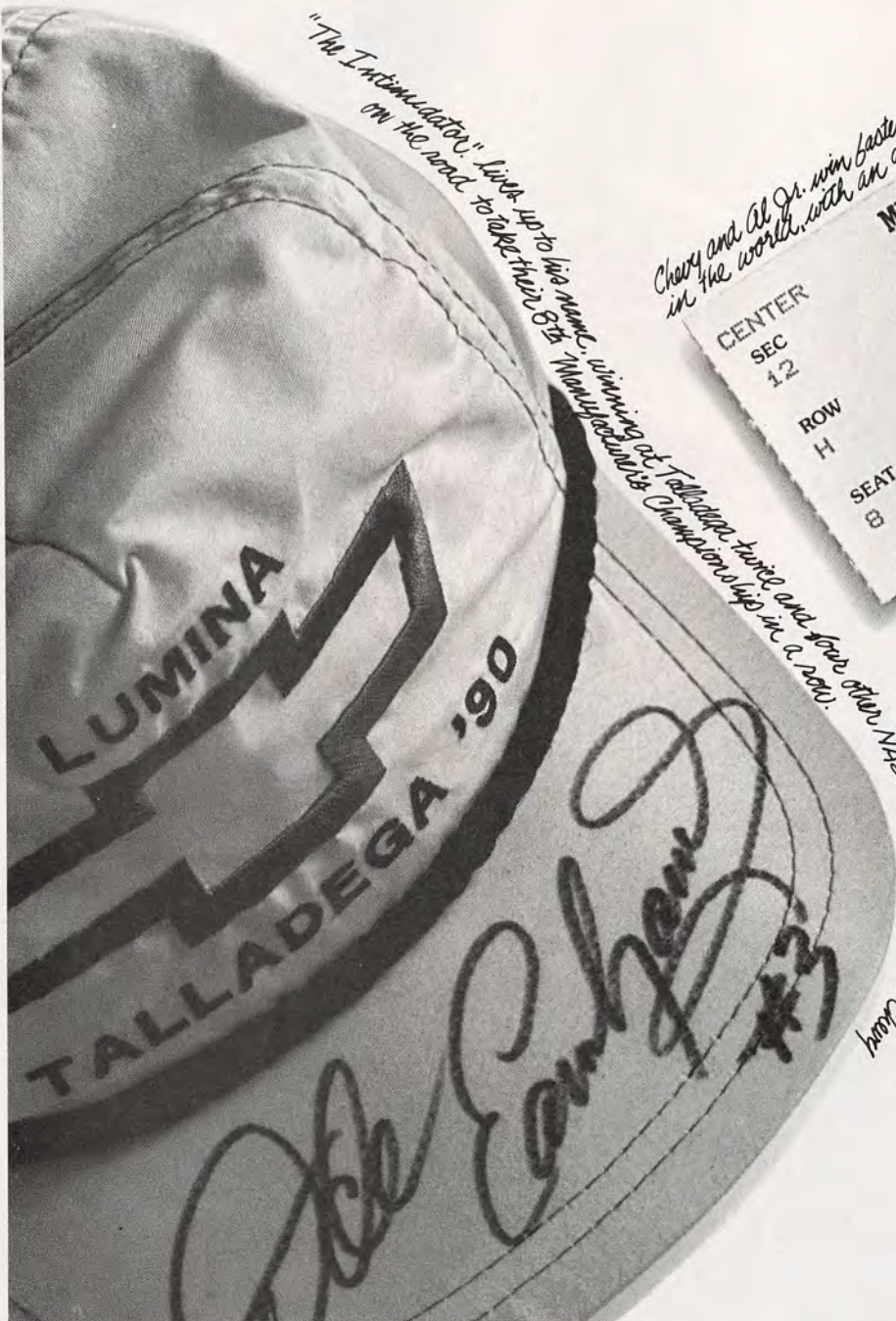
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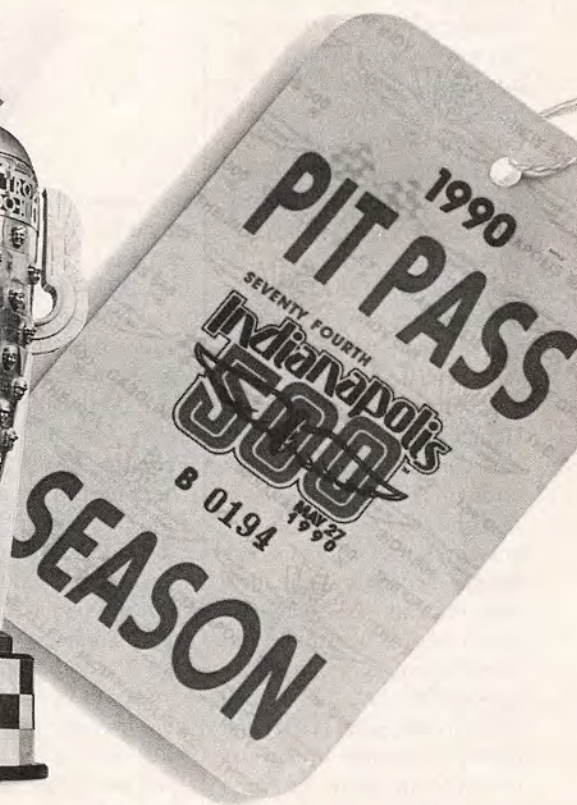
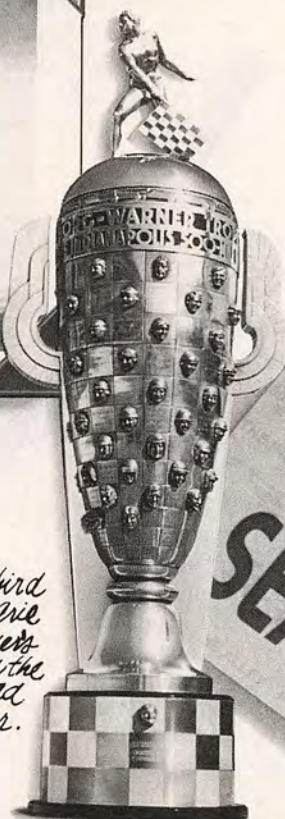




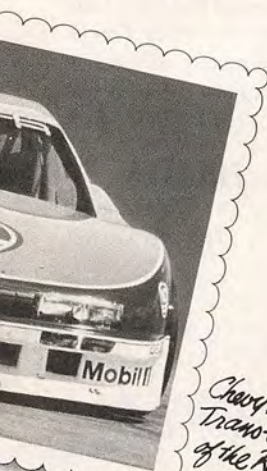
# How Chevy Spent Its Summer Vacation.

Whoever originated the saying, "Nice guys finish last," must have never known any of the guys driving Chevys this summer; like Dale Earnhardt, Al Unser Jr., Tommy Kendall and Clive Smith. Almost every weekend, you were bound to see their names high atop the leader boards, thanks to Chevy power. This has been a record-setting summer to remember for Chevrolet. But it's not over yet. So before you start feeling all melancholy as the racing season comes to a close, remember, it could be worse...you could've been like countless other guys who weren't driving a Chevy and spent the summer eating our dust.

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# INSIDE BASEBALL

BY  
**TIM KURKJIAN**

## TITLE HOPES

With the acquisition of Harold Baines and Willie McGee by the already dominant A's (page 28), and the recent surge by the Red Sox, who at week's end had opened up a 6½-game lead over the second-place Blue Jays, the most interesting American League race might turn out to be for the batting crown, not for a division title. McGee won't be in the American League batting hunt, but his .335 average through Aug. 29, the day of his final game with St. Louis, may be good enough to win the National League title if the Phillies' Lenny Dykstra (.341 through Sunday) and the Mets' Dave Magadan (.330) continue to fade. The American League, though, has six realistic candidates for the crown, some of them new to the pressures of a batting race and a couple who find them very familiar.

Oakland leftfielder Rickey Henderson is one of the new kids, and his .325 average through Sunday gave him a six-point lead over his closest pursuer, Kansas City's George Brett. Henderson is already a lock to win the stolen-base crown. Should he win the batting title, too, he would join Ty Cobb (1907, '09, '11, '15 and '17), George Sisler (1922) and George (Snuffy) Stirnweiss (1945) as the only American League players to triumph in both categories in the same season. But chances are, another righthanded batter won't win the race. Kirby Puckett of the Twins led the league last season, and if Henderson were to follow him, it

would be the first time since the 1954 and '55 seasons that righthanded hitters (Al Kaline and Bobby Avila, respectively) won consecutive American League batting championships. "It would be an honor to win, but I'm not thinking about it; I'm thinking World Series," says Henderson. "At the end of my career, I'd like to look back and say I've done most everything in baseball."

Brett is another player who has done almost everything already. He has two batting crowns but hasn't won one since his phenomenal .390 season of 1980. If he were to prevail this season, the 10-year

span between titles would be the longest since Ted Williams's 1948-57 parlay. Through Sunday, Brett had hit .393 since the All-Star break.

In third behind Brett was Texas first baseman Rafael Palmeiro (.318), who is attempting to become the first Ranger to win a batting title. "It would be a pretty big deal [if I won]," said Palmeiro. "But if I don't, a great hitter will." Palmeiro might seem like the pretender in this group, but he has been a batting race runner-up before; while playing for the Cubs in 1988, he finished second to the Padres' Tony Gwynn.

Tiger shortstop Alan Trammell (.312 through Sunday) is perhaps the most perplexing contender to handicap. He is attempting to hit .300 for the sixth time in his 13-year

career, but he has also hit less than .270 five times. In 1989, his average dropped 68 points from the previous season, to .243. It could rebound even higher this season. Should Trammell win, he would be the first American League shortstop since Lou Boudreau in 1944 to win a batting crown.

Boston centerfielder Ellis Burks is probably the hottest hitter in the race. In the 15 games from Aug. 19 to Sept. 2, he hit an even .400 to bring his season's average to .314. But the player whom the other contenders fear the most is his teammate, third baseman Wade Boggs. At week's end, Boggs was hitting .311, but he said, "In 1984, I was hitting .300 heading into the last

month and wound up hitting .325. It's a matter of getting some breaks."

Some observers believe Boggs is due for a sizzling stretch run, which will be necessary if he is to pass Henderson and win his sixth batting title. "I think it's in reach," says Boggs. "I'm not giving up."

Boggs needs 39 hits in the last 30 games to reach 200 hits for the eighth straight season, which would tie Willie Keeler's major league record. It helps Boggs's chances that 18 of Boston's last 30 games are at Fenway Park, where he is hitting .381, in contrast to his .249 average on the road. "I've said all year that I'm swinging the bat better now than I have at any time in my career," says Boggs. "To hit .350 or .360, you have to have a lot of luck."

Last week Brett talked about the difficulties of hitting for a high average and the reasons that no one has approached the .390 average he put up in '80. "In 10 years the game has changed," said Brett. "They've come up with new pitches like the split-finger [fastball]. Guys coming out of college are better. I think the quality of baseball is better than it was 10 or 15 years ago."

## FINALLY

In this Year of  
the No-Hitter,



Home cookin' may fuel Boggs's attempt to pick up a sixth batting title.

CHUCK SOLOMON



## NO. 1 DAD

Until last week, Oriole infielder Rene Gonzales had the major leagues' most unusual uniform number—88. Now comes the number 1 being worn by pitcher Matt Young of the Mariners. He chose that after giving up his number 30 to Ken Griffey Sr. Young is believed to be the first pitcher to wear a single-digit number since Atlee Hammaker sported number 7 with the Giants for a while in 1985 and '86. "There's nothing scientific to it," says Young. "I gave a list of numbers to my [eight-year-old] daughter Brynn, and she said, 'I want this one.' It looks funny on a pitcher's back, but I couldn't disappoint my daughter."

## WILD AT HEART

Few singles hitters with career averages under .260 have four nicknames and a fan club, but few play with the enthusiasm of the Cardinals' Rex Hudler. St. Louis was a somnambulant team until August, when manager Joe Torre started to play Hudler, a former high school football star whose hustling play on the diamond has earned him the nicknames Hurricane, Head First, Rex-Citable and, of course, Rex the Wonder Dog. Says Hudler, "The only thing that worries me is that kids write me letters about how they slid head-first and knocked the second baseman down. My wild style is done because it's my profession. I want it to be fun for them."

## ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE

On Aug. 30, Kansas City's Bo Jackson had one of those Bo-daciously spectacular days against Oakland—two sliding catches, two assists and a 425-foot home run into the wind off Dennis Eckersley.

better stuff in his near no-hitters. "It takes a lot of luck," said Stieb, who walked four and struck out nine against Cleveland. "That's exactly how I did it today."

There was something of a home-crowd atmosphere for the game. About 6,000 members of the Blue Jays' Fan Club were in the crowd of 23,640. As he stood on the mound after completing his

gem, Stieb pointed up to the press box at free-lance writer Kevin Boland, who was the co-author of Stieb's 1986 autobiography, *Tomorrow I'll Be Perfect*. Said Stieb later, "This was close enough to being perfect for me."

## QUICK CHANGE

When Mississippi State manager Ron Polk would visit the mound to talk to his pitcher in

the late innings of games in 1984-85, a ball would be thrown to rightfielder Bobby Thigpen so that he could loosen up with members of the bullpen. As soon as Polk pointed toward rightfield, Thigpen would run to the mound, throw a bunch of fastballs past overmatched hitters and pick up a save. A few things have changed. Thigpen doesn't play the outfield any-

But the highlight of the game came in the seventh inning when he threw out A's catcher Terry Steinbach, who was trying to score from third base on a single to leftfield. Jackson deked Steinbach into thinking he was going to catch the ball, scooped it up and threw a laser to the plate to nail him. Royals catcher Bob Boone, who made the tag on Steinbach, said he had never seen that play made in his 22 years in pro ball.

## SLAMMIN' SEASON

There have been three inside-the-park grand slams this year, and two of them occurred last week. Ron Karkovice of the White Sox hit one against the Twins on Aug. 30, and two days later Mike Greenwell of the Red Sox hit one against the Yankees. Karkovice's was the cheapest. His line drive in the fourth inning was very nearly caught by Twins shortstop Greg Gagne, but it rolled all the way to the left center-field wall. Centerfielder John Moses slipped and fell on the warning track, before flipping the ball to leftfielder Dan Gladden. But Gladden was facing the plate and didn't see it coming. All this time, Karkovice was circling the bases. "I know it's rare, especially for a big catcher," says Karkovice. "The guys said when I rounded third, my face was beet-red. I thought I was going to lose it."

## BY THE NUMBERS

- Rangers pitcher Charlie Hough walked 10 Angel hitters in five-plus innings on Aug. 27 but left with the game tied, 1-1. Five days later, Hough's teammate Bobby Witt walked 10 in a 3-2 win over the A's.
- Padre shortstop Garry Templeton has 376 career errors, the most ever by a shortstop who played his entire career after World War II. Dick Groat had 374.
- Ranger pitcher Nolan Ryan has struck out the side 14 times this year. The entire Twins staff has done it twice.



TONY TOMSIC

After three near misses since 1988, Stieb threw a no-hitter on Sunday.

it's only right that Toronto's Dave Stieb threw one. Three times in the previous two seasons, Stieb missed no-hitters with two out in the ninth inning. In 1988 he lost one on a bad-hop single by Cleveland's Julio Franco and another on a 110-foot bloop single by Baltimore's Jim Traber. Last year a clean double by the Yankees' Roberto Kelly cost Stieb not only a no-hitter but a perfect game as well.

But no last-second spoilers were in Cleveland on Sunday. Stieb tossed the first no-hitter in Toronto's history, beating the Indians 3-0. It was the ninth no-hitter of the season, extending a record. "Maybe it's not so tough to get one this year, that's why I got one," said Stieb.

The no-hitter improved Stieb's 1990 record to 17-5. No Blue Jay has ever won 18 games in a season. After Sunday's game, he said he had had



# INSIDE BASEBALL

more, he warms up *in* the bullpen, and he has developed a pretty good breaking ball. But he still throws a bunch of fastballs and still saves a lot of games. Last Saturday he picked up his 46th save, tying the major league record set by Dave Righetti in 1986.

Thigpen's transformation from outfielder to ace reliever has come more quickly than anyone expected. "I never thought he'd be this good," says Texas's Rafael Palmeiro, a former Mississippi State teammate. The White Sox, who selected Thigpen as a pitcher, not an outfielder, with a fourth-round draft pick in 1985, tried to make him a

starter in the minors in 1986. "I was terrible," says Thigpen. "I couldn't deal with the inactivity of being a starter."

An ultracompetitive athlete, Thigpen thrives on work. Only 33 students were in his senior class at Osceola (Fla.) Christian High, so he pitched and played shortstop on the baseball team, played guard on the basketball team and was a tight end, middle linebacker and placekicker on the football team. He has pitched in four games in a row on two occasions this season and twice has had to be told by manager Jeff Torborg, "You're not pitching tonight. Even if we have to lose, you're not pitching."

The Sox haven't lost often when Thigpen pitches: His 46 saves have come in 53 tries. But the save record is not that important to him. "Our other relievers talk about it more than I do," says Thigpen. He credits the deep Chicago bullpen for his success: "[Reliever] Barry Jones always says when he walks a guy with a four-run lead [creating a save situation], 'I'm the best setup man there is.'"

## LOST YANKEES

The Yankees have traded many pitchers whom they now wish they hadn't. Three of them, Doug Drabek of the Pirates, Ed Whitson of the Padres and Bob Tewksbury of the Cardinals, were a combined 38-16 through Sunday. Who did the Yankees get in return for those

three players (and four minor leaguers)? Tim Stoddard, Rick Rhoden, Steve Trout, Pat Clements and Cecilio Guante.

Drabek, 28, acquired as part of a deal for Rhoden in November 1986, is the leading candidate for the National League Cy Young Award. He is tied with Frank Viola of the Mets for the league lead in victories (17 at week's end) and is second in winning percentage (17-5, .773). He must also lead the league in lopsided victories; the Pirates outscored their opponents 114-31 in his 17 victories. In the last five seasons his ERA has steadily declined, dropping from 4.10 to 3.88, 3.08, 2.80 and his current 2.77.

Whitson, 35, who was sent to San Diego for Stoddard in July 1986, is leading the National League in ERA (2.31 through Sunday). He is with his sixth team (counting two stints with the Padres). No National League ERA winner has ever won the title while playing for his sixth team.

Tewksbury, 29, may be the National League's Comeback Player of the Year. He floundered in the Yankee and Cub chains from 1986-88 and then, after recovering from a shoulder injury, won 13 games for the Cardinals' Triple A Louisville team in '89. When he was called up by St. Louis this June, Tewksbury decided it was time to establish himself or go home. "I was tired of bouncing around," he says. With a 9-4 record and a 2.55 ERA at week's end, he's now the Cardinals' top starter.

## WAIT'LL NEXT YEAR

Keep this in mind: In the 1980s—excluding the strike year of 1981—every National League team that led its divi-



A 50th salute to a stellar '64 rookie.

sion on Sept. 1 went on to win the division. In the American League, four teams that led on Sept. 1 didn't win the division, but none of those four led by more than 2½ games. On Sept. 1, 1990, the division leaders were the Red Sox (6½ games), A's (6½), Reds (5½) and Pirates (½ game)... Last year the Padres' Bruce Hurst was one of the best starting pitchers in baseball when it came to finishing games. From the eighth inning on, he threw 30 innings and gave up one run. Through Sunday, Hurst had pitched 11½ innings from the eighth inning on and allowed 11 runs... How bad have the Braves been? They have had 21 straight losing months. Every other team has at least played .500 ball for one month this season... Yankee coach Buck Showalter on New York outfielder Oscar Azocar, who was a pitcher in the Yankee system from 1984 through '86: "His worst tool as an outfielder is his arm, which says something about his pitching. His best pitch was a screwball, which says something about Oscar..." Expanding the rosters to 40 players for September rewards young players who have been productive in the minors and allows teams to get a look at their prospects. However, it still doesn't make any sense to play the game with 25 players for five months and then change the rules for the most important month of the season.



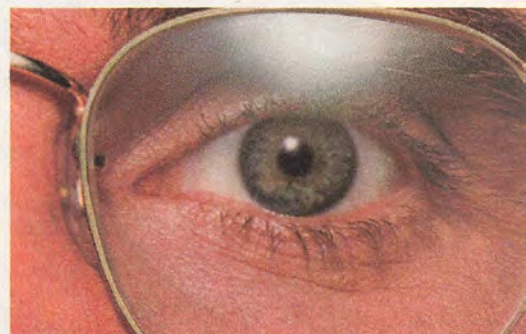
Thigpen has moved from the outfield to the top of the hill.



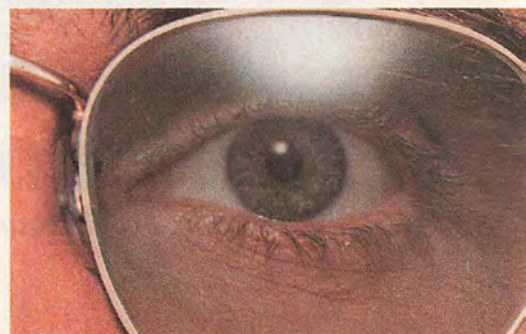
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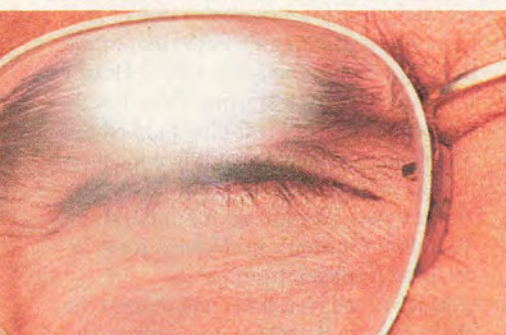
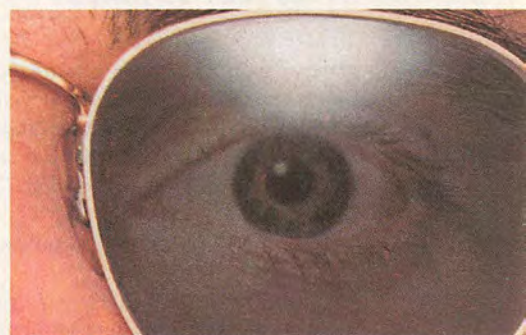
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## A SOJOURN IN BROBDINGNAG

*In Labrador, brook trout grow big—but dumb*

BY ROBERT F. JONES

*To take large fish when they are shy is the acme of sport. A day now and then on . . . waters crowded with fish eager for your flies is a pleasant novelty, but for real sport give us free water where the trout are critical, hard to please, and highly valued when caught.*

—THEODORE GORDON, 1903

"My turn again?" Nick Hetzer said. He groaned and got to his feet in the bow of the Gander River boat, a sort of long, square-end canoe. "I was just getting comfortable." He picked up his rod, unhooked the fly from the keeper ring and dropped it over the side, then began stripping line from the fly reel in preparation for casting. The fly, a shaggy brown mouserat tied on a 2/0 hook, was bobbing on the water with its leathery tail twitching gently. It looked big enough to gag a barn cat.

Hetzer hadn't stripped more than six

feet of line from the reel when a great rushing flash streaked up through the amber water, slammed the mouserat sky-high in a flurry of spray, then arched over and descended upon it like a red, black and ivory Stuka dive-bomber. The reel howled, and Hetzer howled along with it.

"Damn," he said as he struggled to control the fish's run. "Another one of those pesky four-pound brookies. I can't keep them off the end of my line no matter what I throw!"

Then he laughed maniacally through his black beard, and his eyes shone as bright as the water. Poor Hetzer, indeed.

Last fall we were fishing Park Lake, a 10- by six-mile flowage, punctuated with boulder-studded rapids, that feeds Labrador's Eagle River, some 65 miles southeast of Goose Bay. Brook trout swarmed at the foot of each rapid, gaudy in their late summer spawning colors—Day-Glo orange bellies, charcoal-streaked jaws, red fins edged in ivory, their sides flecked with dime-sized dots of yellow, red and

pale blue, their broad backs with moss-green and black vermiculations. They seemed voracious and unselective. No matter what we threw, they took it. In six days of virtually nonstop action, I caught and released 72 brook trout ranging in size from 15 to 22 inches (1½ to four pounds in weight) on everything from tiny, delicate dry flies to big deer-hair bass bugs. Others in our party—a 13-man contingent of the L.L. Bean Advanced Fly Fishing School—had taken them on big, feathery tarpon flies, butterfly-sized White Wulffs, salmon flies like the Green Butt, Bomber and Buckbug, and even on outrageously colored "pencil poppers" of the sort that drive bluefish wild in the salt water.

"It's not the usual question of 'What are they eating out there?'" Hetzer said as he released his umpteenth trout of the day. "It's 'What won't they eat?'" Hetzer is a burly, laid-back attorney from Toledo who does most of his fishing in northern Michigan, no stingy locale when it comes to big, choosy trout. Like the rest of us, Hetzer was beginning to understand Theodore Gordon's preference for critical, hard-to-please trout.

Much of the pleasure—and most of the challenge—in fly-fishing derives from fig-



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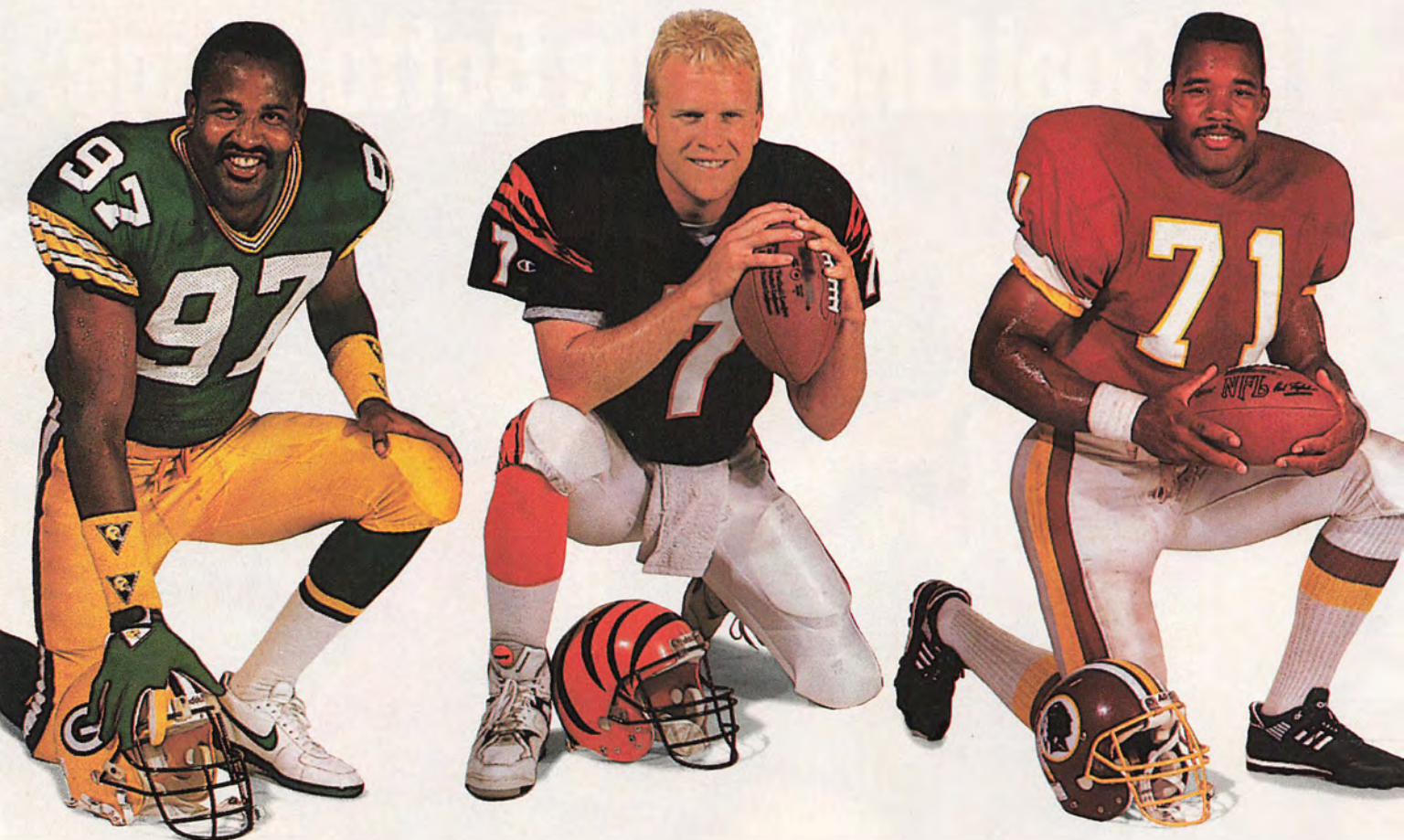
This season, every player is a candidate. Just look for the Miller Lite NFL Player of the Week announced every Wednesday in *USA Today*. At the end of the season, six players will become Miller Lite NFL Player of the Year finalists. Then, it's up to you to decide who will be the ultimate winner. Charity wins too; Miller Lite will donate \$125,000 through this program. Watch for special fan ballots later in the season and vote

for the player who knows the bottom line—the Miller Lite NFL Player of the Year.



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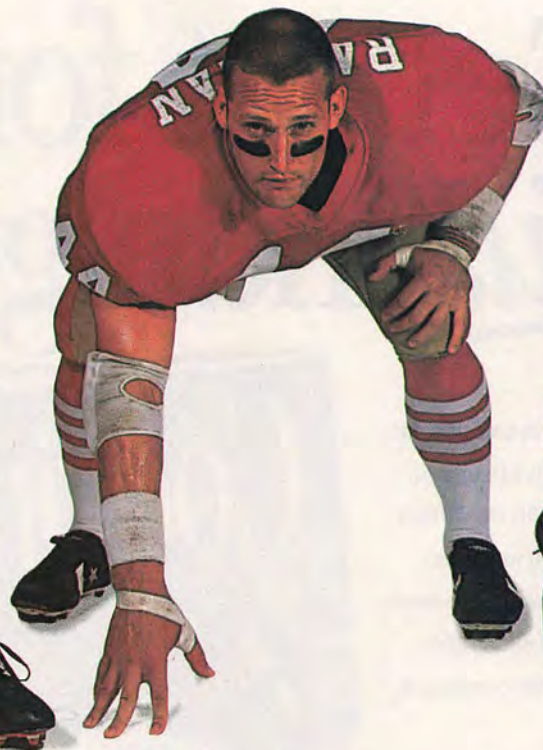




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uring out what a fish is hungry for at a particular time of day (or year, for that matter), then presenting an imitation of it in a lifelike, natural manner. Size, shape and color (in that order) seem to be the critical factors in matching the natural plat du jour. Trout can be especially picky when they're keyed to a particular hatch of flies. A mayfly two millimeters longer than a natural fly will more often than not be rejected by selective trout even if it's identical in shape and color. Further, as a hatch runs its course, trout get even more and more selective so that, finally, size and shape are no longer enough: A slightly darker yellow or lighter brown in the artificial fly may be enough to cause them to spurn it.

Finding the right fly for the trout moment—a diminutive number-18 Blue Wing Olive, say, with just the right hue of dubbing in its body on a gloomy, overcast day—is as exciting as winning the office football pool or hitting an exacta. Big trout will now tip up with confidence in slow head-and-tail rises. The angler can almost hear those hungry jaws clamp down on his brilliantly selected fake. The weight of the fish comes up his arm like a therapeutic electric charge. He has solved a minor mystery of the only universe that counts.

There was no mystery on Park Lake, unless it was why the Atlantic salmon weren't taking—and the whole aim of the Advanced Fly Fishing expedition was to put Bean's students into close contact with the king of game fish. There were fresh-run salmon in Park Lake all right. From time to time we would see them jump—long, bright, shimmering exclamation points dancing at the lips of the rapids—but although all 13 of us had at one time or another during the week thrown everything in our fly boxes at them, we got not a nudge. "It rained like the very devil last week," explained Harvey Wheeler, a high school science teacher and swimming coach from Falmouth, Maine, who doubles as L.L. Bean's salmon maven. "The lake is from three to six feet higher than normal for this time of year, so the salmon could be anywhere, not in their usual lies."

But Brock Apfel, who serves as coordinator for Bean's hunting and fishing schools, is experienced enough to have wisely anticipated a possible skunking on

salmon. "We chose Park Lake because the big brook trout offer a fall-back position," he said. "It would be terrible to come all this way just to see a few salmon jump. In addition to the brookies, there are also northern pike in the drainage—big ones, up to 12 and 15 pounds."

Some fishery biologists speculate that the presence of the predatory pike in the same drainage as brook trout may be responsible for the great size these Labrador trout achieve. Though the growing season is short in these high latitudes—ice doesn't go out of Park Lake until June, and the snow flies again in September—there is an abundance of food available during the short summer, and virtually nonstop daylight for the trout to find it. The brookies have to get big fast to evade the lupine jaws of the pitiless pike.

"This must be what fishing was like in the United States a hundred years ago," Hetzer said one morning when he and I, sharing a boat, were pulling in Park Lake's brookies hand over fist. Probably most of us think of the past that way: An unlimited supply of three- to five-pound native (i.e., brook) trout in every stream from New England to the Great Lakes. Not so. Listen to Theodore Gordon, writing in 1903: "Fifteen years ago, in many of our best New York trout streams, a one-pound native trout was a big fish. In all my experiences of waters easily accessible . . . I took but one fish of 16 inches."

Other writers of the period corroborate Gordon. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, who was Teddy's uncle and a superb fly-fisherman of his time, had to journey to the northern (or Canadian) shores of Lake Superior to catch three- and four-pound brookies. Once the European brown trout was introduced to American waters, about a century ago, large brookies became even harder to find. Browns grow big, and quickly, and they are much warier than the naive native. They are much more tolerant of warm water, which is why they were brought to the U.S. Brook trout habitats declined precipitously in the post-Civil War period because of uncontrolled logging, which exposed streams to sunlight and raised the average water temperatures above the optimum brook trout range. The browns drove what few brook trout remained into the higher elevations of the east, where there was cold water but less food and less room



to grow. The result: dwarf trout. I've caught fully mature natives in the brooks and rills of Vermont that were every bit as bright in spawning colors as the Labrador brookies but measured only six inches.

So even though the giant brookies of Park Lake were only second best to the salmon, there was little complaining. And each day was much like the last—glorious. Park Lake Lodge, the only camp on the lake, was cluttered with the homey accoutrements of fly-fishing: damp waders dangling from hangers above the barrel stove like so many pairs of “pale green pants with nobody inside them,” as Dr. Seuss so nicely puts it; rod cases, fishing vests, buffalo-plaid shirts scattered hither and yon. And on a table in the lounge area, Apfel's fly-tying vise and a big plastic bag full of “makin's”—deer hair, spools of vividly colored silk thread, enough hackles and marabou feathers to fill an Antarctic-class sleeping bag. Each morning after breakfast, the Bean instructors conducted a low-key, high-value, half-hour class in subjects as various as knot tying, whitewater survival and casting into a heavy wind. The casting instructor was a baby-faced lad named Scot Bealer, and at first some of the mossbacks among the student body looked askance at the youngster—well, he was actually 25 years old. But Bealer erased all doubts when he walked out on the dock and cast the entire 90-foot length of the fly line with only two, maybe three, backcasts.

Five boats were available to the party, and every day the Bean instructors rotated from one to another, ostensibly so each could share his superior skills and knowledge with the students. But since the salmon weren't biting and the prey was the omnivorous brook trout, the need for sage advice was at a minimum. The closest thing to a hot tip, in fact, was provided by Hetzer. He was poking through his fly boxes late on the first morning when he came up with a bundle of fur laced with hook points—a cluster of tangled mouserats.

“I don't know why I brought these along,” he said doubtfully. “They're really



bass flies, I guess. I picked them up at a little tackle shop on the Au Sable in Michigan. The owner had tied them himself, and I suppose I felt sorry for him. I bought out his whole supply.”

We were anchored in a back eddy of the Muskrat River, which feeds Park Lake from the north. Upstream and across from us lay another boat, and from it, whenever we looked, Apfel or Doug Joseph, a computer salesman, or Peter Blackman, a paper distributor, seemed to be fighting another brookie bigger than the last. Since Hetzer and I both hail from the Midwest, at least originally in my case, we were damned if we were going to let a trio of New Englanders—Joseph and Blackman both live in Massachusetts—outfish us. I had noticed a lot of lemmings running around the cleared area surrounding the lodge, so maybe a rodent imitation wouldn't be a bad bet to bolster our regional pride. I tied on a mouserat and cast it to the edge of the main current.

It bounced once, twice, on the chop,

then disappeared in an orange and ivory flurry.

A moment later Hetzer cast his mouserat to the other side of the boat and was rewarded by another immediate hookup. For the next half hour we took a fish with every cast. The guys in the other boat were gaping at us.

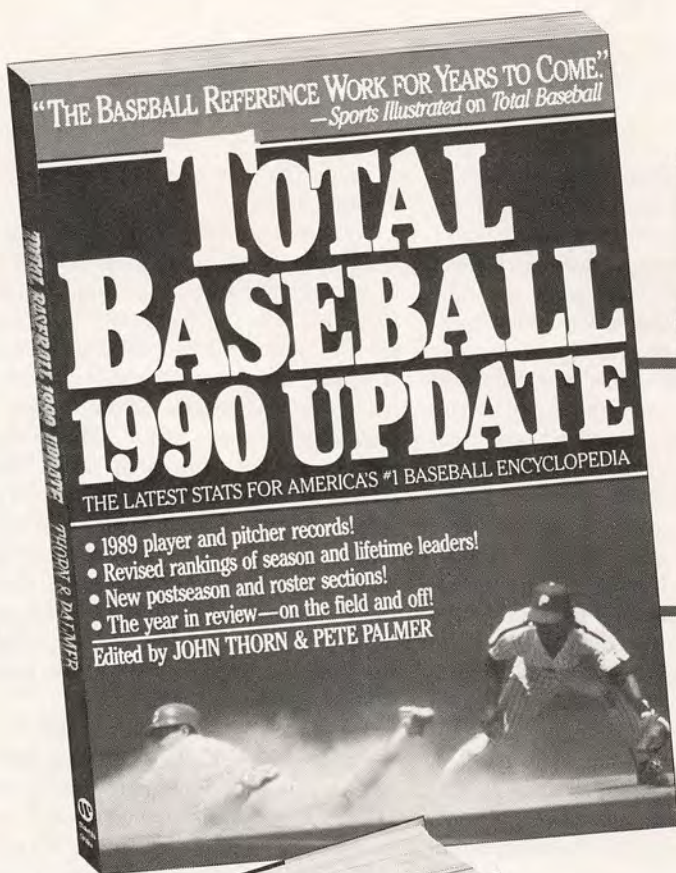
One afternoon at midweek, Hetzer and I were anchored among huge, sun-dried boulders a few miles south of the lodge when a fairly strong hatch of mayflies provoked a sporadic rise of trout. We had been told that the Park Lake brookies rise eagerly to hatches of the big mayflies that carpet the waters shortly after ice-out, but although we saw occasional hatches every day during our stay, there were never, never enough bugs to excite the trout. This time there were. A big head kept appearing in the same spot, sucking down what looked like a number-12 gray drake just behind and to the right of a nearby boulder. A big fish on a light leader was just what I'd been yearning for, so I quickly tied on a couple of feet of new leader and a number-12 Adams dry fly.

A real fly was drifting down to the trout's lie—a small, delicate, gray insect twitching its wings clear of its nymphal case and drying them in the sunlight. I laid my artificial right alongside it. This way the brookie would have a choice. The big head came up confidently, the jaws opened and closed—on my Adams!

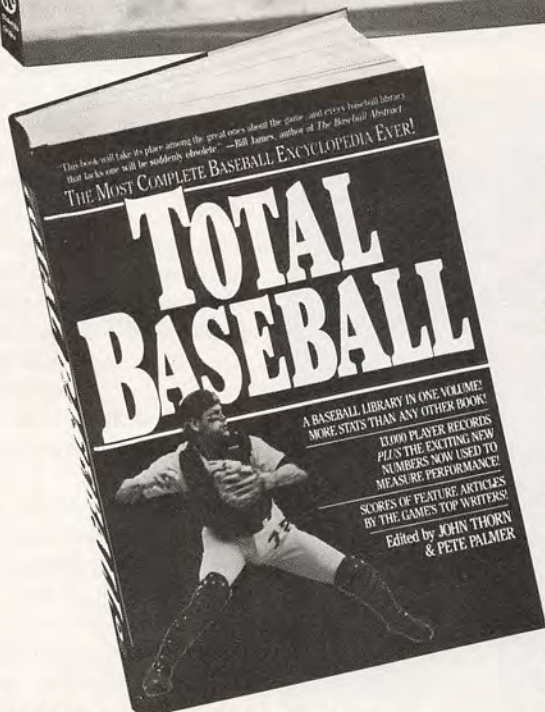
So much for any lingering doubts about selectivity.

Later that afternoon we witnessed another phenomenon dear to the heart of the brook trout aficionado. Usually when you cast into a pod of trout—especially browns—if one hooks up, the rest bolt off, frightened by the violent reaction of their cousin fighting the hook. But the old literature says that brook trout frequently follow along with a hooked fish, apparently hoping he'll drop the delicious morsel and the tagalongs can pick it up. I had noticed this endearing trait on a few occasions in a pond I fish near my home, but the brookies there were just little guys, no more than 10 or 12 inches long. These bigger, older and hence (you would think)





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wiser fish wouldn't be that compliant—or would they?

Bealer was fishing with us this day, and we were taking it in turns, each of us casting until we hooked a fish, played it in and released it. Then the next man would stand to cast. Bealer had an unusually active fish on, and as he brought it close to the boat he noticed another trout following not a foot behind it, aping its every maneuver. "Hey, quick!" he yelled. "One of you guys slap another fly alongside my fish!"

Hetzer jumped up, ready, and laid down a mouserat on the water.

Bang!

Double hookup.

Bealer released his fish, and while Hetzer played the one he had on, I got ready. When Hetzer's fish came alongside the boat, there was another one following. I cast to it, and the tagalong took. Meanwhile Bealer prepared himself. We caught and released a train of six trout in this manner.

"Say, you sports," our guide, Brian Mahoney, finally interrupted, "it's getting on toward five-thirty, and unless we get a move on, they're going to eat up all the supper before we get back to camp." We readily reeled in our lines. This was starting to get old.

It was time for a change of species. The next day Hetzer and I determined to try for northern pike. I had cut my piscatorial teeth on northerns as a boy in Wisconsin, where the lakes teemed with these lean, green, shovel-faced denizens of the shallows. Jacks, as northerns are called by contemptuous anglers seeking nobler game, like to hide in weed beds and dart out to ambush anything swimming past.

In my youth, they were considered fit prey only for young boys and women, but I retained an unspoken affection for *Esox lucius*—no freshwater fish hits harder or with more avidity, and on a fly rod they truly show their stuff, ripping off line in fast, zigzagging runs that can quickly cut your line finger to the bone.

Again we headed up the Muskrat River, dodging boulders through the whitewater rapids. We stopped

briefly where we had fished the day before, to warm up on a half dozen three-pound brookies, and then entered pike water—shallow, weedy, slow-moving and studded with rocks. Our guide this time was Todd Snelgrove, a wiry blond boatman from Goose Bay who speaks just like Popeye—a legacy of his Newfoundland heritage. While Snelgrove regaled us with hunting and fishing anecdotes, we began blind casting. Hetzer was throwing a green, black and yellow Dahlberg Diver, a deer-hair fly that behaves almost like a balsa plug. I tied on a weedless deer-hair bass bug on a 1/0 hook. Snelgrove was reaching the climax of a tale wherein he and a friend had snowmobiled 300 miles to kill caribou for their families' "winter grub"—"We catches the herd on a frozen pond, 'ey, and gets 'em circlin', and I ups with me .243. . . ."—when Hetzer yelled, "Fish on!"

From the swirl it looked like a big one, at the edge of a weed bed in barely a foot

of water. But then we saw a flash of red. Another brookie.

We caught brook trout after brook trout after brook trout from that pikey water, until our arms ached and our spirits sagged. The sun beat down. Not a ripple on the water except those caused by struggling brookies. "Newfie steak, 'ey?" Snelgrove was saying. "Now there's a plate o' grub what's fit for a king! Fried baloney a-swimmin' in cream sauce. With plenny o' fried spuds on the side, 'ey? Why, I. . . ." We were drifting past a solitary boulder that rose from a wreath of weeds like a monk's tonsured pate. Wearily I bounced my bass bug off the top of it—"Take that, padre!"—and began stripping it erratically back to the boat. There came the inevitable swirl.

This time, though, it wasn't dull red, but rather the refreshing, exciting, soul-sparking thrill of Something Completely Different—the dark green, lozenge silhouette of a yard-long northern! Adrenaline surged, and suddenly I was wide awake. The pike took off on a scorching run, the searing bite of the line welcome under my forefinger as I reared back on the rod and held it high overhead. Three times that pike ran, stripping off line with ease despite the heavy drag setting on the reel. When I finally brought the fish alongside to release it, it glowered up at me with a gatorlike grimace. I patted it on the head as if it were a well-loved pet. If it had had ears, I would have scratched them.

Up in the bow of the boat, Snelgrove was beside himself. "Ridiculous," he said. "Grinnin' from ear to ear like you'd just caught a 40-pound salmon. We're in Brook Trout Heaven, and you're all excited 'bout a slippery, slimy, foul-smellin' gator." Hetzer stood up and grabbed his fly rod. "Hey, Todd, head back over to that bald-headed rock. There may be another one lurking in there."

He unhooked his fly from the keeper ring and gazed at it skeptically. "You got another one of those bass bugs you could spare?"

And then all three of us were laughing. Labrador's Brook Trout Heaven can do that to you. ■







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## OUTDOOR ESCAPES:

# Mountain Biking

Brian Starr



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sturdier frames. A new, good quality mountain bike can be purchased for as little as \$300.

"When buying your bike," says John Kukoda, technical editor of *Bicycling Plus Mountain Bike* magazine, "buy from a reputable bike shop that employs knowledgeable sales help. Specify that you intend to use it primarily off-road, and choose one that's the right size for you; a proper fit helps you ride over rocks and logs without injuring yourself."

To master the art of mountain biking, you must develop your ability to balance and create traction. The secret to developing these skills involves learning how to shift your weight. Traction prevents your back wheel from lifting off the trail when going down steep hills; balance keeps your front wheel from popping up on long ascents, allowing you to go very slowly without falling over.

### Pedal Safely

Transport your bike using a roof rack designed to hold it on top of your vehicle—so neither will get damaged. Care for your bike as you would your car, and learn simple maintenance procedures. Before you head out on the trail, prepare your bike: clean mud and sand out of the gears; adjust saddle height; check your tire pressure and brake pads; and pack your tool kit in case of a flat. "The most important piece of equipment you can buy besides your bicycle," says Kukoda, "is a hard-shell helmet."

In the event of inevitable spills, it can save your life.

Since others will be sharing the wilderness with you, use caution as you go around bends and over hills: assume you'll come upon an animal, a hiker or another biker. Avoid mud so you won't leave deep ruts in the path. And avoid skidding to a fast stop—this erodes the surface of the trail. Follow these simple guidelines, and the wilderness will be open to you and your bike for many years to come.

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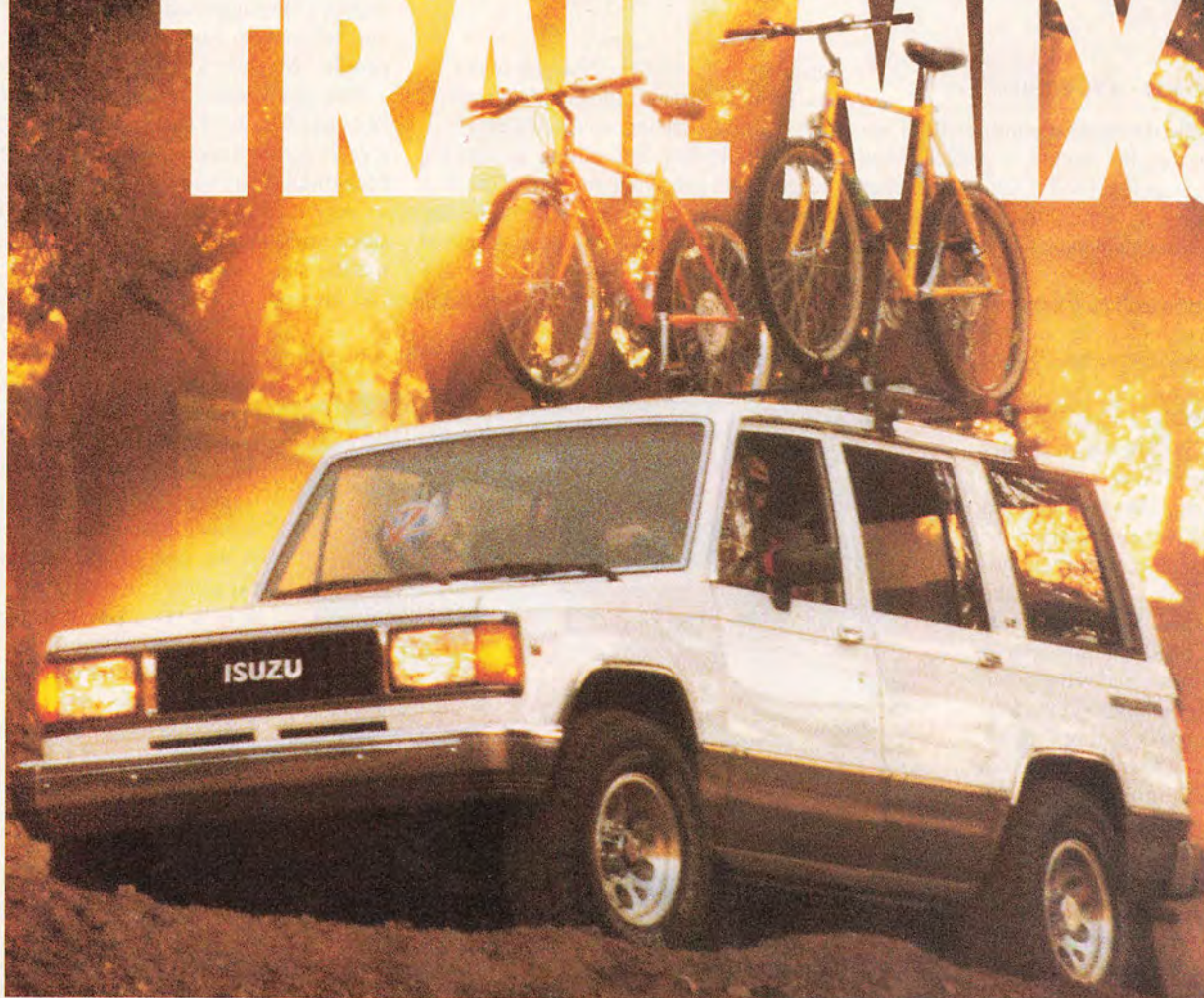
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# HE'S PITCHING A DIFFERENT GAME

*Sudden Sam McDowell is now a professional counselor*

BY SONJA STEPTOE

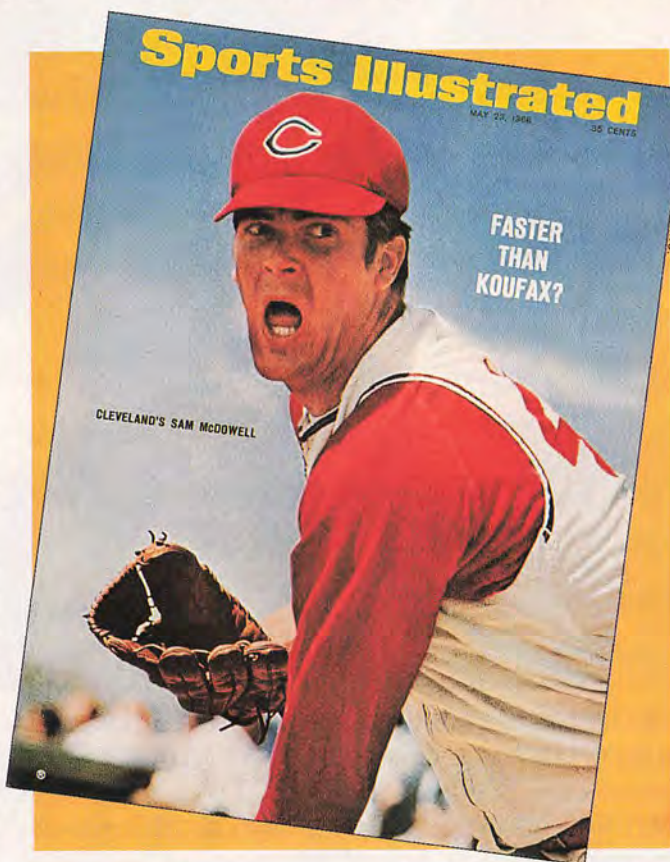
It was the day after a painfully brief appearance on the mound by Alex Sanchez of the Syracuse (N.Y.) Chiefs. Sanchez had been sent to the showers in the fourth inning, after giving up eight runs—including three homers—to the visiting Richmond Braves. The Chiefs lost 13–2.

Sam McDowell, an ex-major league pitcher, greeted Sanchez in the locker room at the Chiefs' MacArthur Stadium home. McDowell, who was hired four years ago by the Toronto Blue Jay organization to counsel players in their system about performance problems and substance abuse, had lectured Sanchez and his teammates the previous day on how to erase negative images during a game. But McDowell's approach seemed unrelated to that. "Did you hear about the commotion over at the bus station last night during the game?" he asked, referring to the Greyhound bus terminal that's situated about 250 feet beyond the centerfield fence. Before Sanchez could venture a guess, McDowell grinned and said, "They heard all those home run balls hitting the roof and thought it was sniper fire."

The joke was McDowell's way of telling Sanchez not to let the loss get him down, and a subtle reinforcement of the previous day's lecture. "I try to get the players to remember the past and to learn from it but not dwell on it—and refocus on the task at hand," says McDowell, who explains that about 80% of his work is in the area of sports psychology.

As a substance-abuse counselor and confidant to players and other employees—from front-office personnel to

grounds crews—of the Blue Jay and Texas Rangers organizations, McDowell is also getting a second whack at a career in baseball. In his first outing in the big leagues—in the 1960s and early '70s, as a pitcher for the Cleveland Indians, the San Francisco Giants, New York Yankees and Pittsburgh Pirates—he played in the fast lane and, eventually, he crashed,



In the majors, McDowell earned a reputation for his fastball and his fast living.

done in by his own alcohol and drug addiction.

During his 15 years in professional baseball, from 1961 to '75, McDowell threw hard and partied harder. In his 1961 debut with the Indians, he was trying hard to strike out a batter and reared back with such force that he broke three ribs in the process. He spent the rest of that season on the disabled list.

When he wasn't scheduled to be on the

mound the following day, his nights usually ended at 3 a.m. or later, and sometimes he brought a lump on the head back to the hotel as a souvenir after an impromptu scuffle. "During my addiction I had very low self-esteem and I lived to impress people," McDowell says.

Now clean, sober, content and the driver of an alabaster Lincoln Town Car with KOUTS on the Pennsylvania vanity plate, McDowell steers clear of the fast lane. He works out of a first-floor office in a four-story brick building in Swissvale, Pa., a modest-sized suburb of Pittsburgh, in the hills overlooking the Monongahela River and Interstate 376. Big wooden letters stretched across the top of the office building's facade announce that TRIUMPHS UNLIMITED is the name of McDowell's enterprise. Painted on the front window, in small gold letters, is the rest of the message: "SUDDEN" SAM MCDOWELL & ASSOCIATES. COUNSELORS FOR PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES AND ATHLETIC TEAMS. Living the slow, quiet life in Swissvale suits McDowell just fine. "I'm not here to prove anything anymore," he says. "I'm very secure within myself now."

McDowell, now 47, has changed physically, as well. The sideburns that were his trademark in his playing days are less conspicuous. His 6' 6" frame sports a bulging middle. He wears bifocals, and there are more than a few flecks of gray in his still-thick black hair.

On a cloudy Sunday afternoon, McDowell sits at his desk, reviewing plans for visits to various teams. He keeps a map of North America handy, with his destinations marked in bright colors. His schedule calls for him to be on the road about 40 weeks this year.

Since 1983 seven baseball organizations, as well as two NFL clubs and an NHL team, have sought McDowell's expertise for players with emotional, drug-abuse or alcohol-abuse problems. Triumphs Unlimited also counsels teenagers



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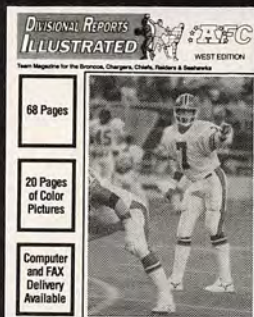


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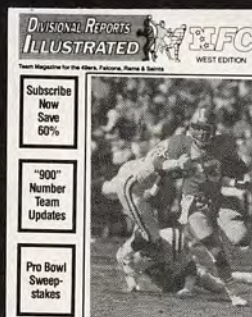
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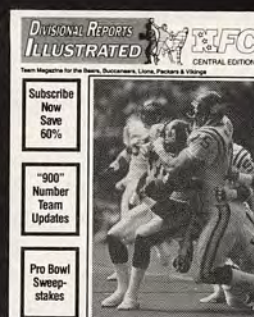
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and retired athletes.

An autographed and framed cover shot from the May 23, 1966, issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* hangs on the wall near the desk, a reminder of the road trips McDowell made more than 20 years ago, when he was an All-Star lefthander. The picture caught Sudden Sam in his Indians uniform, mouth agape, after he'd thrown one of his ferocious fastballs. During the 10 complete seasons he played in the majors, beginning in 1965, McDowell led the American League in strikeouts five times and was named to six All-Star teams. He finished his career with a 141-134 record, 2,453 strikeouts and a 3.17 ERA. He was tagged with his alliterative nickname after several bewildered hitters reported that those fastballs approached the plate "all of a sudden." Roughly translated, that's something on the order of 108 miles per hour—the speed registered by McDowell in his heyday.

Those feats notwithstanding, many people in baseball believe that McDowell never achieved his potential. He also walked 1,312 batters and had only one 20-victory season, in 1970. Some blamed McDowell's know-it-all attitude and eccentric nature. A Cleveland sportscaster once quipped that McDowell had "a million-dollar arm and a 10-cent head."

**Sam and Carol became business partners in 1984, and husband and wife six years later.**



**Substance abuse is often the subject of McDowell's talks.**

his new life. He got into barroom brawls. His 18-year marriage crumbled, and his wife, Carol, got custody of their teenage children: Timmy, now 25 and a minor league pitcher for the Pirates, and Deborah, 28, a housewife and mother of a seven-year-old son.

PHIL HUBER

But others knew that McDowell's biggest problem was his after-hours carousing. Because of his addiction to alcohol, amphetamines and tranquilizers, and the wildness on the mound that inevitably followed, he was booted from Cleveland, San Francisco and New York.

McDowell waved off haranguing relatives who called him a drunk, and he continued to deny that he had a problem and refused treatment. In 1975 the Yankees sent him to the Pirates, where he was relegated to the bullpen. McDowell had left the Steel City in 1960, fresh out of Central Catholic High School, when he signed with the Indians. Now, 15 years later, he was back, trying to salvage a sinking career. Before the season was over, however, McDowell broke his vow to quit drinking and taking drugs, and the Pirates released him. He never pitched in the majors again.

He got a job as a salesman for Colonial Life & Accident Insurance Co. in Pittsburgh, but he continued to drink and pop pills. The old habits soon began to destroy

agreed to one session with a psychiatrist, but he didn't return; by 1980 his life was in a shambles. He had lost his home, his family and a once-sparkling major league career. Early one April morning of that year, a week after his most recent binge, McDowell sat in the living room of his parents' home, gulping down coffee and muttering incoherently. He was sure he was losing his mind.

"I kept saying over and over again, 'You beat me, you beat me,'" McDowell recalls. "It was my surrender." He checked into Pittsburgh's Gateway Rehabilitation Center later that day, and has been off alcohol and pills ever since.

McDowell jokes that he was coerced into becoming an addiction counselor by Dr. Abraham Twerski, an Orthodox rabbi and director of the psychiatry department at Pittsburgh's St. Francis Medical Center, who helped him conquer alcohol and drugs.

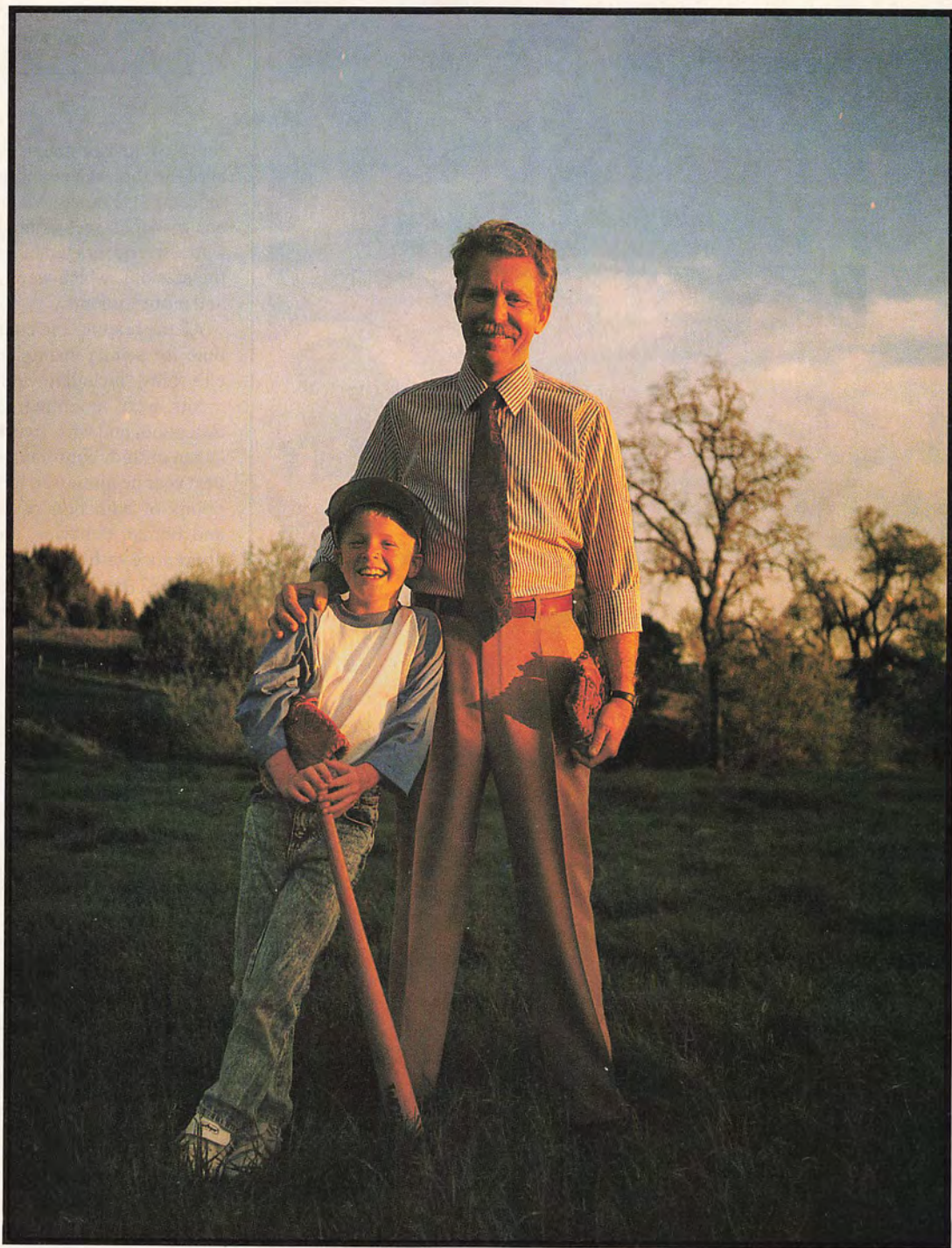
But baseball played a role, too. After sobering up, McDowell coached in a community league in the suburb of Monroeville, where he was living. The teenagers on the team readily confided in their coach, who spoke so candidly about his addiction and recovery. McDowell encouraged the teens to call on him when they had problems and needed a pal. The only time he was out past midnight in those days was when he was summoned by a teenager who wanted to talk about drug abuse, alcoholism or an unhappy family life. "I'd get calls in the middle of the night," he says. "We would sit on a street curb because there weren't any restaurants open at those hours."

McDowell provided a sympathetic ear but no advice, because he didn't think his reformed-alcoholic status gave him li-



JOHN ABBOTT





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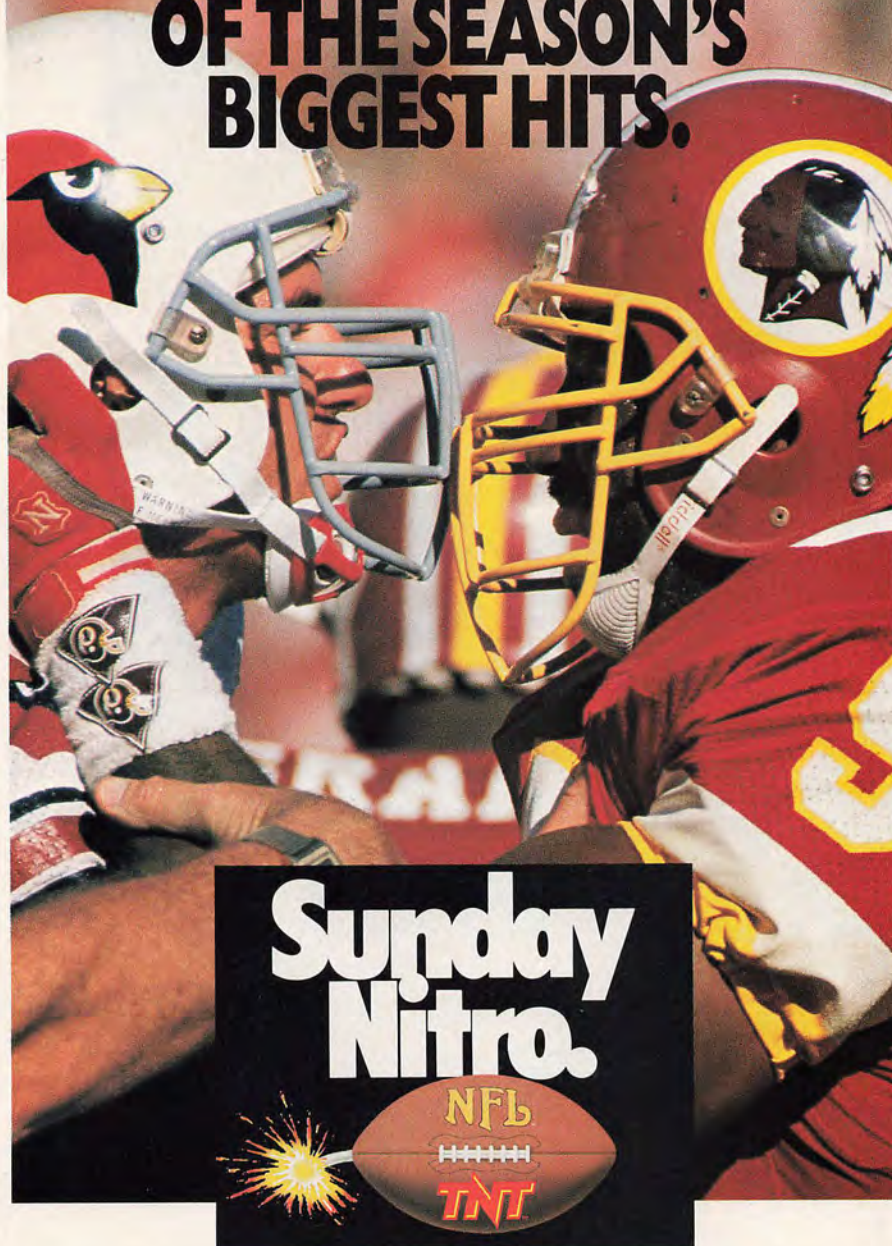
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U P D A T E

cense to advise others. For expert guidance, he took the youngsters to Twerski's office at St. Francis. McDowell read dozens of books recommended by Twerski, who also encouraged him to participate in the sessions, which were attracting more and more students.


All the reading and counseling left little time for selling insurance, and McDowell's bills, including child-support payments, were mounting. But he liked his avocation, and with Twerski's backing, he began to study counseling full-time. In the next year he immersed himself in the finer points of addiction psychology, therapy and human behavior, and continued to apprentice with Twerski.

In 1982 the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania awarded McDowell a counseling certificate. He began his second career at a newly built \$3.5 million teen alcohol- and drug-rehabilitation center in Pittsburgh. In fact, the facility was built in 1983 at St. Francis as a direct result of the group meetings that Twerski and McDowell were holding. In 1984 McDowell formed Triumphs Unlimited and hired several counselors to work with him. He had met one of the counselors, Carol Eppihimer, during his internship; the two were married last January.

Because of McDowell's stormy past, the last place he expected to end up was in professional baseball. But the sport's grapevine started humming after his success in helping a hockey player and two football players, who had failed to beat their addictions by other means. In 1981, after an inquiry by then-commissioner Bowie Kuhn, McDowell designed an addiction and counseling program for the major leagues and sent it to Kuhn. The plan wasn't implemented, but the Texas Rangers signed him up to advise their players. Thus began his seven-year association with the organization. Since then, other clubs have paid for his services, which can also be arranged for on a single-case basis. His sports-psychology clients currently include a professional golfer and two boxers.

McDowell says *this* baseball job is more rewarding than his previous one, and he takes great pride in his performance. So far his record is impressive. Among the 175 active ballplayers he has counseled over the past five years, 171 are recovering from addictions. Recovery is an ongoing



A full-length photograph of Nolan Ryan standing on a baseball field's warning track. He is wearing a black cowboy hat, a light blue long-sleeved button-down shirt with two chest pockets, and light grey jeans with a large silver belt buckle. He holds a baseball in his right hand and a brown leather baseball glove in his left. The background shows the stadium seating and several flags on poles under a clear blue sky.

*Nolan Ryan, baseball's  
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McDowell shared a laugh with former All-Star Mark Fidrych at a recent old-timers' game.

ing process. Four have relapsed, he says, and two of those are back with McDowell, undergoing further treatment.

When pitcher Mike York met McDowell four years ago, at the Pirates' Florida training and tryout site near Bradenton, York was, in his own words, "a mess floating around the minor leagues." He was only 22, but he knew the camp at Pirate City might be his last stop in professional baseball. He already had been released in successive years by the Yankees, the White Sox and the Tigers because of his alcoholism. In 1986 Johnny Lipon, who was the manager of Detroit's Class A Gastonia (N.C.) team, told York he reminded him of another troubled alcoholic he had coached decades earlier—Sam McDowell.

When Lipon made the observation, York didn't even know who McDowell was; but a few months later, early on an October evening, he was standing toe-to-toe with Sudden Sam in an office at the Pirate City complex, ready to duke it out. McDowell had tried to make York face up to his alcohol problem and had called him a drunk. Before York could throw the first punch, McDowell darted out of the room and made a call to Pirate general manager Syd Thrift, telling him to sign York because McDowell thought he

could help the young ballplayer stop drinking.

York spent 30 days at a rehabilitation center in Coral Springs, Fla., calling McDowell every night for advice and moral support. He won a job with Pittsburgh's Macon (Ga.) Class A team during spring training in 1987 and posted a 17-6 record. York moved on a year later and for the past two years has been a starter with the Buffalo Bisons, the Pirates' Triple A team. Although the two men are friends, York says McDowell makes him toe the line.

"He doesn't hesitate to push the friendship aside if he sees me doing something that might hurt me or cause me to go back to my old habits," says York. "He's not the kind of guy who tells you what you want to hear."

The normally tight-lipped McDowell becomes effusive when talking about York's progress. With obvious pride he says, "By all accounts he shouldn't even be in baseball, and I bet he'll be in the big leagues next year."

From experience, McDowell knows that professional athletes can't afford to sit still for long, drawn-out therapy because the career clock ticks swiftly. So he has devised methods to produce fast but lasting results.

To help athletes deal with self-doubt, he teaches them to use a technique he calls "keying in, locking, loading and fir-

ing." When a negative thought occurs, he tells a player to clear his mind by focusing on something pleasant that's unrelated to baseball—"like your wife or girlfriend in a bikini." Then, he says, come up with a positive idea about how to handle the next pitch.

Perhaps McDowell is an eternal optimist. But that doesn't mean he's a push-over. A player who shows up on his doorstep just before being cut from the team, in hopes of winning a quick reprieve, is sent back to the gallows. And McDowell is not one of those Mr. Fixit types determined to find problems even if none exists. "I'm not out here to be a crutch for anybody and I'm not here to solve the world's problems," he declares.

But counseling does consume him. Sometimes a little too much, according to his wife, Carol. McDowell says he has an obsessive-compulsive nature, and is trying to control it. Every year, for instance, he acquires many more counseling course credits than are required to maintain his certification. In his spare time, Sam eschews the murder mysteries and romance novels Carol prefers in favor of medical thrillers like *The 5-Pound Brain*, or the self-help manual *Think & Grow Rich*, by Napoleon Hill. He reckons he has read that book 30 times and can recite passages from it. The extra reading might come in handy, though, if he follows through on plans to kick his pack-and-a-half-a-day cigarette habit, down from three packs a day.

McDowell does have other interests. When he's on the road, he occasionally relaxes by playing golf with Sonny Jackson, a minor league coach in the Atlanta Braves' organization, and other friends. At home, he dabbles in art, painting mostly forest scenes, landscapes and seascapes. And when Sam and Carol need a break from their office chores, they head to Veltres, a family-style restaurant across the street from the office.

Back at Triumphs Unlimited, a visitor notes that 1990 marks the 10th year of McDowell's sobriety. He used to track the anniversaries closely, but now, McDowell says, he has other things to concentrate on. There are all those books to read and reread, players to talk to, and that cigarette habit to lick. "I don't think about the past very much," McDowell says. "Today is all I care about."

PHIL HUBER





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Vienna



**Skoff now focuses on ripping shots instead of fans and foes.**

cheered for his opponents. Later, while playing France's Yannick Noah, a local favorite, at the 1987 Monte Carlo Open, Skoff turned to the partisan crowd and shouted, "The more you whistle, the better I play."

The next year Ivan Lendl called Skoff "the biggest jerk in tennis." Skoff affirmed his status during an opening-round loss at the 1988 Summer Olympics in Seoul by heading the ball back to Stefan Edberg on match point. "I thought it was funny," says Skoff, "but others thought I was mocking the Games."

Skoff sniped at anything that moved, and a lot that didn't. But it wasn't until his sponsors started deserting him that Skoff stopped scoffing. Today, at 22, he is a model of deportment on the court, an engaging mix of

Teutonic stolidity and Viennese charm. He laughs often and easily, and speaks freely of his concerns and apprehensions. "At 16, the local newspapers made me out to be a god," said Skoff, who was ranked No. 23 after upsetting his countryman, eighth-ranked Thomas Muster, to reach the semifinals of the Austrian Open last month. "That was very bad for me."

Through it all, Skoff retained a loyal following, thanks in part to his game. It is most effective on clay, on which he can bludgeon forehands from the baseline, but he also is clever and creative, a master of angles and oddball shots. Last year Skoff hoodwinked Boris Becker 7-6, 6-2 at a Grand Prix tournament in Hamburg, and he outfoxed the equally sly Mats Wilander in a five-set Davis Cup match that lasted more than six hours. "In two words, Skoff is 'big worker,'" says Ion Tiriac, the exacting Romanian who manages Becker. "He's a fighter who gives hell."

Like McEnroe, Skoff was a child of the

establishment who once lived to scorn the establishment. Born in Klagenfurt, he started playing at six with the help of his stepfather, Lukas Boschitz, who founded the tiny Kuehnsdorf Tennis Club. At 11, Skoff enrolled at the Südstadt sports center near Vienna. The school is an extended boot camp for Austria's most promising young athletes, who train there at least five hours a day, every day. Skoff says that the school maintains that "tennis is a martial sport" and that a trainer once told him never to acknowledge that an opponent had won with superior skill. "He said to always find an excuse," recalls Skoff. "So whenever I lost, I blamed either my back or my ankle or my stomach."

Südstadt's other big ego belonged to Muster, a persistent if plodding baseliner from Leibnitz. Though he and Skoff are hardly the best of friends, they remain Davis Cup teammates. This year they have led Austria to victories over Spain and Italy and later this month they will face the U.S. in a semifinal tie on clay in Vienna.

The Americans will have to muster all their forces to prevail against these two. In a 1989 win over Australia, Muster, who will never be confused with a Viennese choirboy himself, showed just how seriously he takes Davis Cup competition, when Mark Woodforde weakly pushed a return over the net. Instead of tapping the ball away, Muster smashed it into Woodforde's chest. "Such a hit intimidates the opponent," said Muster later. "It shows him my strength and that I do not have the slightest consideration for him."

Skoff may be less contemptuous than he used to be, but he's just as intransigent as ever. Muster suffered severe knee injuries in an April 1989 car accident and was sidelined for five months. Yet Skoff didn't send his condolences. "I'm real sad that this happened to Tom," he said, "but I can't call him. I don't think he'd believe my concern is honest."

Still, Skoff has become a Horst of a different color on the court. He's polite, even courtly, mugging good-naturedly and applauding his opponent's play. "I am no longer the angry young man," he says. "I decided there was nothing to be gained by arguing and complaining. I've learned to be diplomatic, that it's better at times to shut up."

## AN AUSTRIAN NOT TO BE SCOFFED AT

*The U.S. must be at its best to beat Horst Skoff and his Davis Cup mates in Vienna*

BY FRANZ LIDZ

Seven years ago, when Horst Skoff was Austria's top junior tennis player, his defiant air, incessant complaining and sudden outbursts of anger combined to make him a sort of John McEnroe of Europe's clay courts. He bullied anyone who got in the way of his self-glorification, lobbing insults at linesmen as well as at fans who



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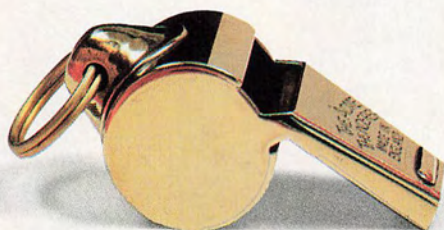
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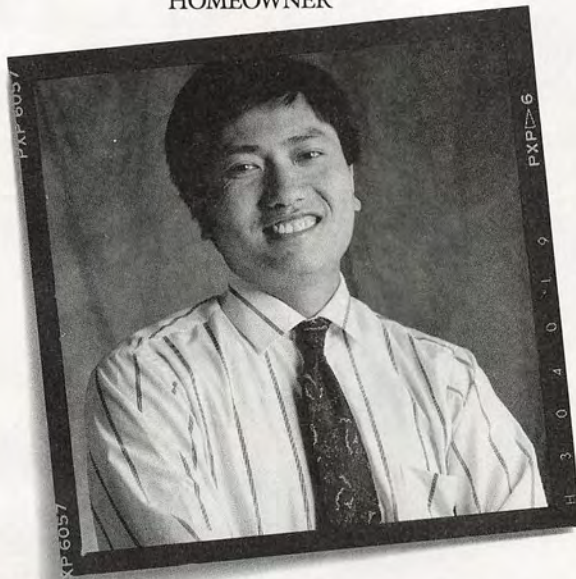


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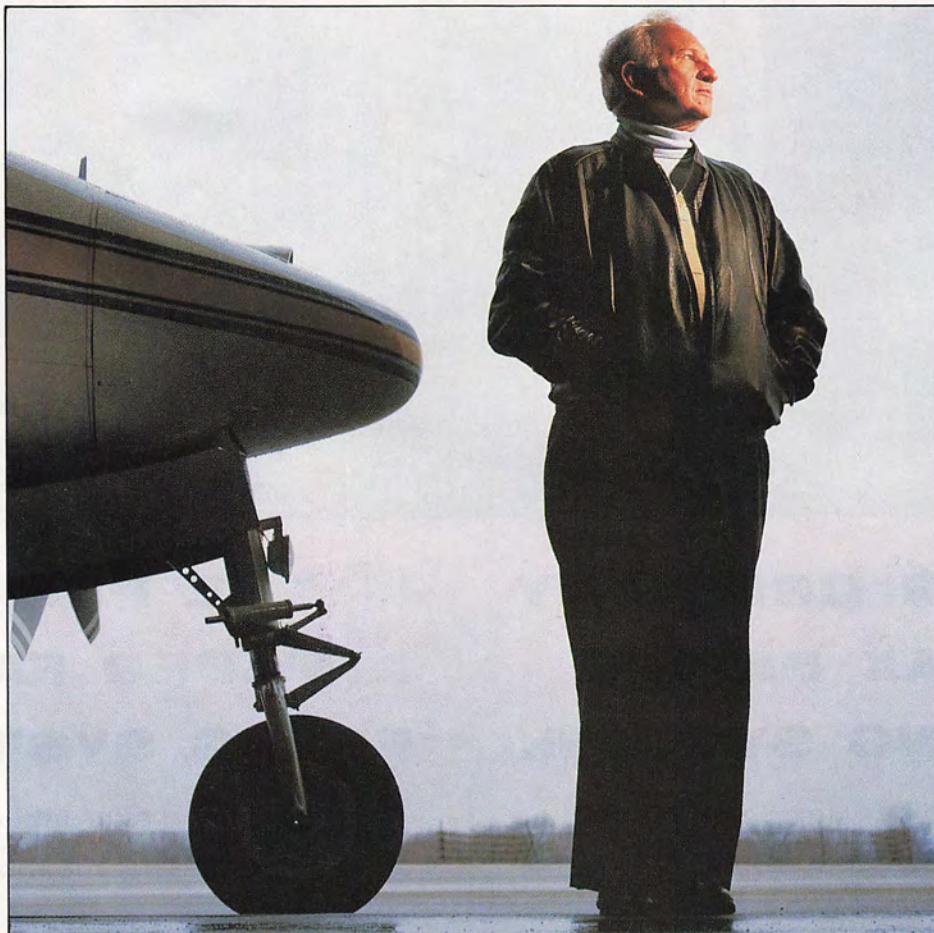
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Saturday September 8 - Friday September 14

ALL TIMES EASTERN

## AUTO RACING

**Formula One:**  
**Grand Prix of Italy**  
From Monza, Italy  
Sunday - 8:50 AM

**Motorweek Illustrated**  
Monday - 7:30 PM

**ESPN's SpeedWeek™**  
Thursday - 7:30 PM

## BASEBALL

**Baseball Tonight™**  
Saturday, Monday,  
Thursday - 11 PM  
Sunday - 6 PM & 1 AM  
Wednesday - 10:30 PM  
Tuesday, Friday - Between  
Doubleheader Games

**Sunday Night Baseball**  
**Cardinals vs. Cubs**  
Sunday - 8 PM

**TUESDAY & FRIDAY**  
**Doubleheader**  
Teams to be announced  
7:30 PM & 10:30 PM

**WEDNESDAY**  
Teams to be announced  
7:30 PM

Games subject to change or blackouts

## COLLEGE FOOTBALL

**College Gameday™**  
Saturday - 11:30 AM

**Big Ten Football:**  
**California vs. Wisconsin**  
Saturday - 12:30 PM

**College Football Scoreboard**  
Saturday 3:30 PM,  
7 PM, 10:30 PM

**CFA Football:**  
**Clemson vs. Virginia**  
Saturday - 4 PM

**CFA Prime Time Football:**  
**Miami vs. BYU**  
Saturday - 7:30 PM  
**Houston vs. Texas Tech**  
Thursday - 8 PM



Sunday

Night

Baseball

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and the

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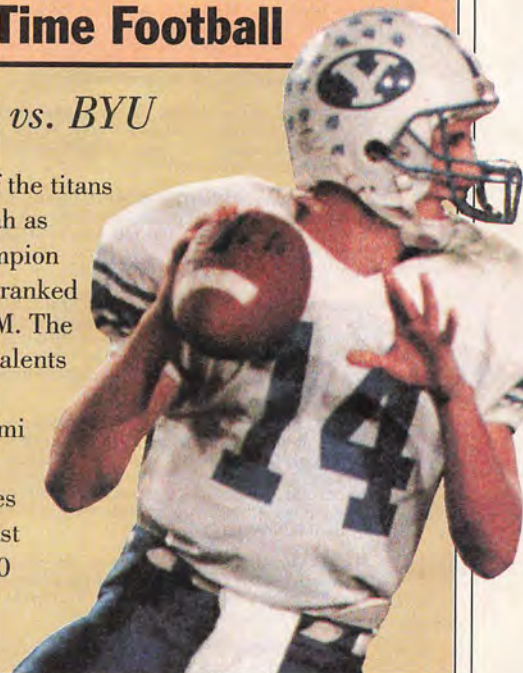
Field

at 8 PM.

## CFA Prime Time Football

Miami vs. BYU

**A**N EARLY-season clash of the titans takes place in Provo, Utah as defending national champion Miami takes on highly-ranked Brigham Young, Saturday at 7:30 PM. The game should be a showcase for the talents of two Heisman Trophy candidates, quarterbacks Craig Erickson of Miami and Ty Detmer of Brigham Young. Erickson was at his best in big games against Notre Dame and Alabama last season, and Detmer passed for 4,560 yards while leading the nation in passing efficiency during 1989.



## GOLF

**PGA Golf:**  
**Hardee's Golf Classic**  
**Third Round**  
Saturday - Midnight  
**Final Round**  
Sunday - 2:30 PM

**PGA Golf:**  
**Canadian Open**  
**Full Coverage Begins**  
Thursday - 4 PM  
**Second Round**  
Friday - 4 PM

## HORSERACING

**1990 Budweiser**  
**Racing Across America:**  
**Maryland Million**  
Sunday - 4:30 PM

## NFL FOOTBALL

**NFL Gameday™**  
**Season Premiere**  
Sunday - Noon

**NFL Primetime™**  
**Season Premiere**  
Sunday - 7 PM

**ESPN's Zenith NFL**  
**Monday Night Match-up**  
**Season Premiere**  
Monday - 8 PM

**NFL Monday Night**  
**Magazine: Season Premiere**  
Monday - 8:30 PM

## RUNNING

**Moscow International**  
**Peace Marathon**  
From Moscow  
Sunday - 1 PM

**Foot Locker Road**  
**Race of the Month:**  
**Crim 10 Mile**  
Sunday - 2 PM

**Danskin's**  
**Running & Racing**  
Tuesday - 6 PM

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8:30 AM, 7 PM,  
11:30 PM, 2:30 AM

TUESDAY, FRIDAY

8:30 AM, 7 PM, 1:30 AM

## VIDEO OF THE WEEK

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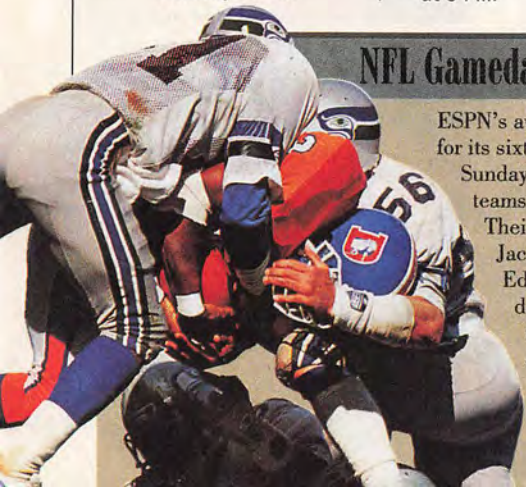
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## FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Aug. 27-Sept. 2 • Compiled by Michael Jaffe

**BOWLING**—EARL ANTHONY beat John Hriesina 244-192 to win a PBA Senior tournament and \$17,000 in Canton, Ohio.

**CYCLING**—RUDY DHAENENS of Belgium defeated compatriot Dirk De Wolf by a wheel to win the World Cycling Championship, in Utsunomiya, Japan. Dhaenens completed the 18-lap, 162-mile race in 6:51:59. Tour de France champion Greg LeMond finished in fourth place, eight seconds back.

**GOLF**—JIM GALLAGHER sank an eight-foot putt for par on the first hole of sudden death to defeat Ed Dougherty and Billy Mayfair and win the Greater Milwaukee Open. Gallagher, who shot a 17-under-par 271 for the tournament, took home a purse of \$162,000.

MIKE HILL parred the 1st hole of sudden death to beat Bruce Crampton and win a PGA Senior tour event in Indianapolis. Hill shot a 15-under-par 201 for the tournament and earned \$67,500.

**HARNESS RACING**—ROAD MACHINE (\$8.80), driven by Tony Kerwood, beat In The Pocket by three quarters of a length to win the James B. Dancer Memorial Pace, at Freehold Raceway. The 3-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:54 1/2 and won \$151,712.

**HORSE RACING**—GOLDEN PHEASANT (\$15.20), ridden by Gary Stevens, beat With Approval by 1 1/4 lengths to win the Arlington Million on the turf at Arlington International Racecourse. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:59 1/2 and took home a purse of \$600,000.

RELUCTANT GUEST (\$31), Robbie Davis in the saddle, passed Lady Winner in the homestretch to win the Beverly D Stakes by half a length, at Arlington. The 4-year-old filly covered the 1 1/4-mile turf track in a record 1:51 1/2 and earned \$300,000. Reluctant Guest's time was one fifth of a second faster than the mark set by Round Table in 1959.

BAYAKOA (\$2.80), Latfit Pincay Jr. up, nosed out Fantastic Look to win \$88,500 and the Chula Vista Handicap, at California's Del Mar Racetrack. The 6-year-old mare ran the 1 1/16 miles in 1:40 3/4.

GO FOR WAND (\$2.60), under Randy Romero, defeated Feel The Beat by 2 1/2 lengths to win the Mas-kette Stakes, at Belmont. The 3-year-old filly covered the mile in 1:35 1/2 and earned \$68,760.

PHANTOM BREEZE (\$8), Mike Smith up, beat Green Barb by six lengths to win \$52,110 and the Man-

hattan Handicap, at Belmont. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4-mile turf course in 2:02 1/2.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—DALE EARNHARDT, driving a Chevrolet Lumina, beat Ernie Ivan, also in a Chevrolet Lumina, by 4.08 seconds, to win a NASCAR event in Darlington, S.C. Earnhardt averaged 123.141 mph over the 367 laps of the 1.366-mile oval and earned \$205,350.

**TENNIS**—In singles play during the first week at the U.S. Open in Flushing Meadow, N.Y., 14 seeded players lost early-round matches. Among the men, Stefan Edberg was beaten by Alexander Volkov 6-3, 7-6, 6-2 to become the first top seed to lose in the first round since John Newcombe in 1971; Luiz Mattar upset No. 5 Andres Gomez 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3; Pete Sampras beat No. 6 Thomas Muster 6-7, 7-6, 6-4, 6-3; John McEnroe defeated No. 7 Emilio Sanchez 7-6, 3-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, and No. 10 Andrei Chesnokov 6-3, 7-5, 6-4; Amos Mansdorf outlasted No. 8 Brad Gilbert 5-7, 5-7, 6-3, 7-5, 6-1; Andrei Cherkasov beat No. 11 Michael Chang 6-4, 6-4, 6-3; Gary Muller knocked off No. 14 Jim Courier 4-6, 6-4, 7-6, 7-6; Darren Cahill defeated No. 15 Goran Ivanisevic 4-6, 4-6, 6-2, 7-6, 6-0; and Paul Annacone beat No. 16 Martin Jaita 7-6, 6-2, 6-2. In the women's draw, No. 2 Martina Navratilova was upset by Manuela Maleeva-Fragniere 7-5, 3-6, 6-3; No. 3 Monica Seles lost to Linda Ferrando 1-6, 6-1, 7-6; Nathalie Tauziat breezed past No. 10 Conchita Martinez 6-2, 6-1; and Leila Meskhi downed No. 14 Natalia Zvereva 6-4, 6-0.

**TRACK & FIELD**—MAX MORINIERE, DANIEL SANGOUMA, JEAN-CHARLES TROUBAL and BRUNO MARIE ROSE of France set a world record in the men's 400-meter relay with a time of 37.79 seconds at the European Track & Field Championships, in Split, Yugoslavia. .04 of a second faster than the previous mark set by the United States team at the 1984 Olympics.

**VOLLEYBALL**—The SOVIET UNION defeated China 15-13, 6-15, 15-9, 16-14 to win the women's world championship, in Beijing. The U.S. finished third.

**MILEPOSTS**—CANCELED: By World Championship Tennis, the remainder of its tour.

NAMED: As coach of the 1992 U.S. Olympic hockey team, DAVE PETERSON, 59, who also served as coach of Team USA in '88.

As head football coach at Army, BOB SUTTON, 39, effective at the conclusion of this season. Sutton, who is

currently the Cadets' defensive coordinator, will replace Jim Young.

**SUSPENDED:** For 10 weeks by the Association of Tennis Professionals, THOMAS MUSTER, 22, for defaulting a match on Aug. 6. He was also fined \$20,000.

**TRADED:** By the New York Mets, minor league pitcher ARCHIE CORBIN, 22, to the Kansas City Royals for outfielder-first baseman PAT TABLER, 32; also by the Mets, two players to be named later to the Milwaukee Brewers for catcher CHARLIE O'BRIEN, 29; and two minor leaguers to the Philadelphia Phillies for second baseman TOMMY HERR, 34; also by the Phillies, outfielder-first baseman CARMELO MARTINEZ, 30, to the Pittsburgh Pirates for outfielders WES CHAMBERLAIN, 23, and JULIO PEGUERO, 21; also by the Pirates, righthanded relief pitcher RANDY KRAMER, 29, to the Chicago Cubs for minor league pitcher GREG KALLEVIG, 26; by the Houston Astros, righthanded relief pitcher LARRY ANDERSON, 37, to the Boston Red Sox for minor league third baseman JEFF BAGWELL, 22; also by the Astros, second baseman BILL DORAN, 32, to the Cincinnati Reds for three players to be named later; by the St. Louis Cardinals, outfielder WILLIE MCGEE, 31, to the Oakland Athletics for outfielder FELIX JOSE, 25, and two minor leaguers; and by the Texas Rangers, outfielder-designated hitter HAROLD BAINES, 31, also to the Athletics, for two players to be named later (page 28).

By the New York Jets, wide receiver REGGIE REMBERT, 23, to the Cincinnati Bengals for linebacker JOE KELLY, 25, and offensive tackle SCOTT JONES, 24; also by the Bengals, defensive end JIM SKOW, 27, to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers for cornerback ROD JONES, 26; by the Atlanta Falcons, offensive tackle RONNIE LEE, 33, to the Seattle Seahawks for an undisclosed draft choice in '91; by the San Diego Chargers, punter KEITH ENGLISH, 24, to the L.A. Rams for an undisclosed draft choice; and by the Phoenix Cardinals, tight end ROB AWALT, 26, to the Dallas Cowboys for an undisclosed conditional draft choice.

**DIED:** LARRY JACKSON, 59, a four-time National League All-Star who pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals (1955-62), Chicago Cubs ('63-66) and Philadelphia Phillies ('66-68); of cancer; in Boise, Idaho.

**NAT (Sweetwater)** CLIFTON, 67, who in eight NBA seasons at forward and center, for the New York Knicks (1950-57) and the Detroit Pistons ('57-58), played in three NBA Finals and one All-Star Game; of a heart attack; in Chicago.

## FACES IN THE CROWD

DAVE GEIGERO



**AFRIKA KING**  
FORT MEADE, FLA.

Afrika, 16, won the judo title at 134 pounds for the 15- to 16-year-old age group at the National Junior Olympic championships. Earlier this year she placed first at the National High School Championships and seventh at the Junior World Games.

MARK BUCKNER



**GEORGE HENDRY**  
ST. LOUIS

Hendry, 70, a retired accountant, beat Louis Radzell of Cleveland 21-10, 18-21, 21-16 to win the over-70 division at the World Seniors Table Tennis championships. In July he took U.S. Open crowns in the over-60 and over-70 classes.

GABE PALACIO



**LIANE GALLAGHER**  
MAMARONECK, N.Y.

Liane, a junior at Mamaroneck High, won gold medals in the one- and three-meter scholastic women's diving competition at the Empire State Games. Her scores of 430.65 in the one-meter and 454.40 in the three-meter set meet records.

JERRY UHL



**CHUCK BROOKS**  
LOGAN, OHIO

Chuck, 12, a righthanded pitcher for Hack-Keynes of the Logan Recreation Midget League, threw four no-hitters and a one-hitter in seven starts. On the season, Chuck struck out 104 batters in 41 innings and had a record of 5-2.

JEBB HARRIS



**ERIN WHITE**  
ERIE, PA.

Erin, 16, became the youngest woman to win the Erie District Golf Association championship when she defeated Darcey Powell, 5 and 4 in match play. Erin also won the Pennsylvania State (Division 10) championship in 1988 and '89.

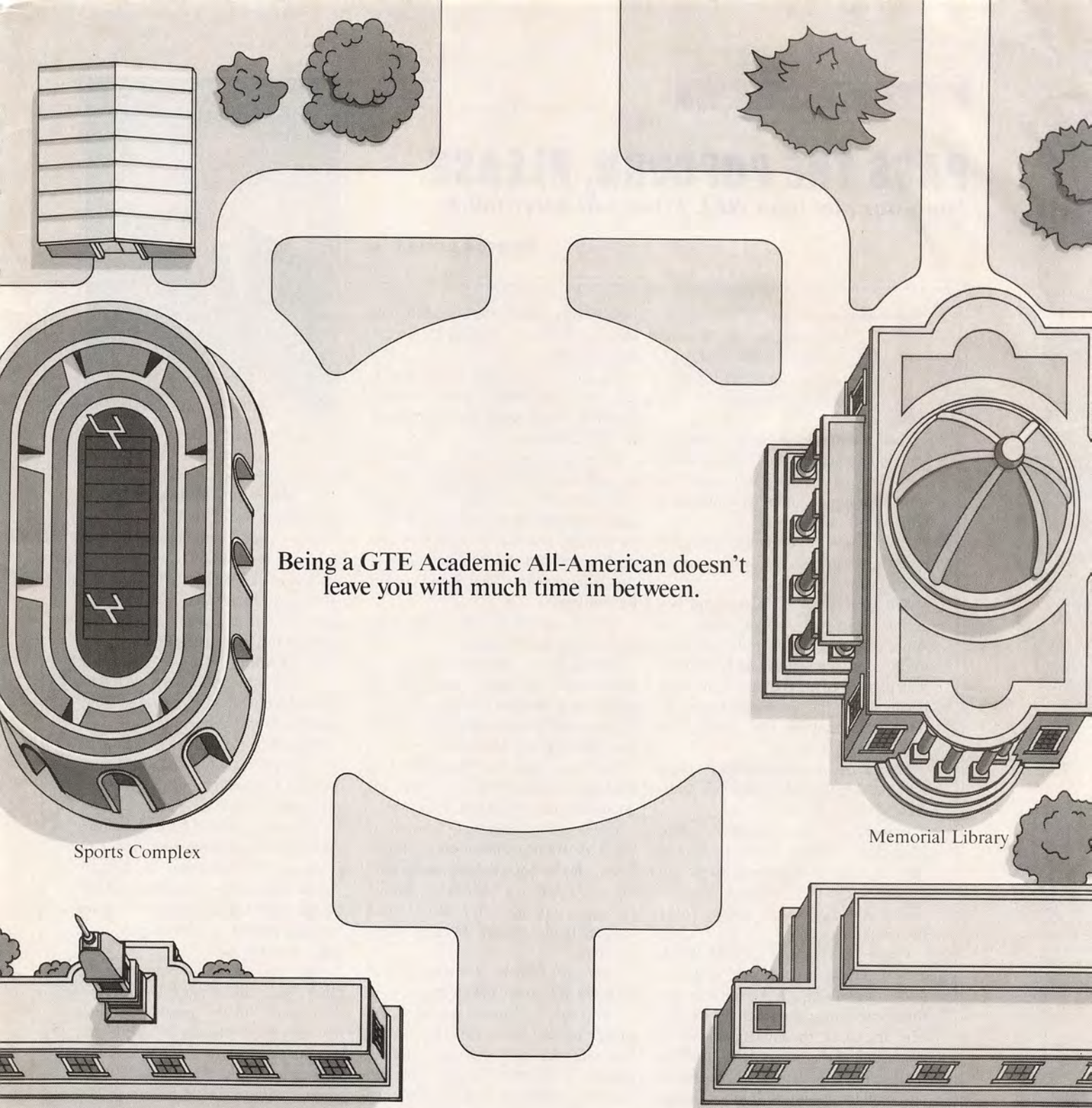
JEBB HARRIS



**MICHAEL LALUM**  
ORANGE, CALIF.

Lalum, 46, an assistant manager at a pharmacy, won his 95th TAC masters' road race in South El Monte, Calif. Lalum, who has run in 23 marathons, has been racing since 1980; he has placed in 521 events, 213 over the last 40 months.





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BY RICK REILLY ■



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*Total Recall*—John Elway wakes up screaming uncontrollably in the middle of the night, having dreamed that somebody handed him his cumulative Super Bowl stats.

*Tremors*—A young family unknowingly moves into the apartment under Refrigerator Perry's.

*Red Heat*—A 6' 1", 256-pound Nigerian, Christian Okoye, comes to America, gets a job as a fullback with the Kansas City Chiefs and finds football players to his liking. "The linebackers and the defensive backs lie down when they see me coming," he says. "That is very kind."

*Planes, Trains & Automobiles*—Docudrama detailing the Al Davis franchise in the NFL.

*Crimes and Misdemeanors*—The Minnesota Vikings team up with a zany driving-school instructor to recreate their favorite traffic violations.

*The Howling*—Inside a Mike Ditka press conference.

*Ghost*—Forty-one-year-old Lyle Alzado attempts a comeback at defensive end with the L.A. Raiders but misses training camp when his sciatica acts up. Later, rheumatism forces an anguished Alzado onto the disabled list. Finally, Lyle decides he should not risk it all by playing with fallen arches and retires again.

*Dead Calm*—The history of Tampa Stadium.

*Do the Right Thing*—Paul Tagliabue plays an NFL commissioner who knows he should return franchises to St. Louis and Baltimore because the only crime fans in those cities committed was not handing over their wallets to dunces. Tags is about to do it when

Jacksonville calls, offering \$500 million and Southern Florida for an expansion team.

*It's a Wonderful Life*—Greg Gumbel, Terry Bradshaw and the cast of *The NFL Today* learn to cope without Brent Musburger.

*Missing*—The continuing adventures of Vinny Testaverde in the NFL.

*Running Scared*—Action flick starring Randall Cunningham and his running backs, who try to stay alive while working behind the Philadelphia Eagles' offensive line. May be too violent for children.

*The Parent Trap*—Oh, wait. This one's about Steve Garvey.

*Altered States*—Scientists discover a formula that changes a man into an animal at a moment's notice. The fun starts when they accidentally drop it into Sam Wyche's Mr. Coffee.

*Christmas Vacation*—The N.Y. Jets host this travelogue of great places to go in your postseason free time.

*Pennies from Heaven*—Your hostess, L.A. Rams owner Georgia Frontiere, who last opened her purse during the Johnson (Andrew) Administration, outlines her fiscal and management policies in this video seminar.

*Ordinary People*—Ten-year documentary of Dallas Cowboy drafts.

*She-Devil*—A great young pass-rusher for the New York Jets leaves his wife for a statuesque blonde, played by Brigitte Nielsen. The fun couple's problems begin when they contemplate a move to Canada, only to learn that the country does not have nearly enough mirrors.

*Darkman*—A docudrama that stars new Atlanta Falcons coach Jerry Glanville, who brings his black clothes, his black-hat reputation and his black 1950 Mercury "James Dean Special" to Atlanta, changes the Falcons' jerseys and helmets to black, and begins

looking very hard at the goalposts and popcorn. But how is he at coaching football teams stuck in black holes?

*The Money Pit*—Horror flick starring running back Eric Dickerson and his new agent Leigh Steinberg. The problems start when Steinberg explains how he likes his clients to donate part of their salaries to their colleges. Dickerson explains that his college isn't through paying him yet.

*Say Anything*—The heartrending story of a young defensive back who falls in love with an Eyewitness News minicam. Stars Deion Sanders.

*Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy*—Jerry Jones (Abbott) and Jimmy Johnson (Costello) find out that the quarterback they used a No. 1 on, Steve Walsh, couldn't hit a Buick on a showroom floor. Johnson's best performance since *Hairspray*.

*Less than Zero*—NFL Players Association chief Gene Upshaw sits down to count how many players paid their union dues last year.

*Pretty in Pink*—Don Shula and the other NFL rule makers decide that their inane "in the grasp" rule does not baby quarterbacks enough. Shula sets out to redesign the quarterbacks' uniforms in a color that will make them totally off-limits to beastly defensive ends.

*Little Shop of Horrors*—Week-by-week look inside the front office of the Phoenix Cardinals.

*The Longest Day*—Jim Kelly and the Buffalo Bills call a team meeting.

*16 Days of Glory*—Documentary detailing how the San Francisco 49ers spend their Sundays during the season. Released twice previously. ■



A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is sitting on a large, light-colored, textured rock. She is wearing a bright red, sleeveless, form-fitting dress. She is barefoot and has three diamond-encrusted anklets on her right leg. She is leaning back on her right hand, resting her head on it, and looking towards the camera. The background is a continuation of the rocky terrain.

**A temperament distinctly volcanic in nature.**

A diamond's birth remains one of the most fascinating of earth's natural phenomena.

Over three billion years ago, deep below the surface of the earth, extremes of heat and pressure miraculously transformed simple carbon into diamond.

Nature chose but a few isolated volcanoes to carry diamonds to the earth's surface to cool in "kimberlite pipes," where most diamonds are found today.

A diamond's miraculous birth may be one reason a diamond ranks among the most costly of treasured stones.

Yet isn't it worth it for the woman you love?

A diamond is forever.



# PEPSI AND BO JACKSON INVITE YOU TO TAKE THE BODACIOUS BACK-TO-SCHOOL QUIZ.

1. How would you prefer to spend your time between classes?
  - a. Doing push-ups in the hot sun.
  - b. Attending a meeting of the Calculus Club.
  - c. Eating free lunch for an entire semester.
2. How would you prefer to get to and from classes?
  - a. Make the trip in a pair of broken flip-flops.
  - b. Drive your grandfather's '57 Studebaker.
  - c. Get a ride in a limo for an entire semester.
3. How would you prefer to spend free time on a weekend?
  - a. Going on a \$1,000 shopping spree.
  - b. Studying for 12 hours straight without sleep.
  - c. Doing macrame.
4. What would you rather get for school?
  - a. A four-year supply of #2 pencils.
  - b. A four-year scholarship worth up to \$100,000.
  - c. Your name sewn in all your underwear.

If you got the correct answers, you know just what kind of terrific prizes you could win in the Pepsi Bodacious Back-to-School Sweepstakes. And if you thought this *quiz* was easy, wait 'til you enter the *sweepstakes*. Simply print your name, address and telephone number on an official entry form or a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper. Mail your completed entry to: Back-to-School Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1367, Young America, MN 55394-1367. But hurry. Because like any college assignment, this contest has a deadline.

Answers: 1.c, 2.c, 3.a, 4.b.

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Prizes include: One (1) Grand Prize of up to \$100,000 full four-year college scholarship. Four (4) First Prizes of chauffeured limousine service back and forth to school for one semester. (62) Second Prizes of \$1,000 shopping spree and (400) Third Prizes of lunch money for a semester will be awarded in cash and coupons. All entries must be

postmarked by October 31, 1990. For complete details, see official rules, or write to the above address. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. No photocopied or mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. No responsibility is assumed for lost, late, illegible (so print clearly, OK?) or misdirected entries.

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